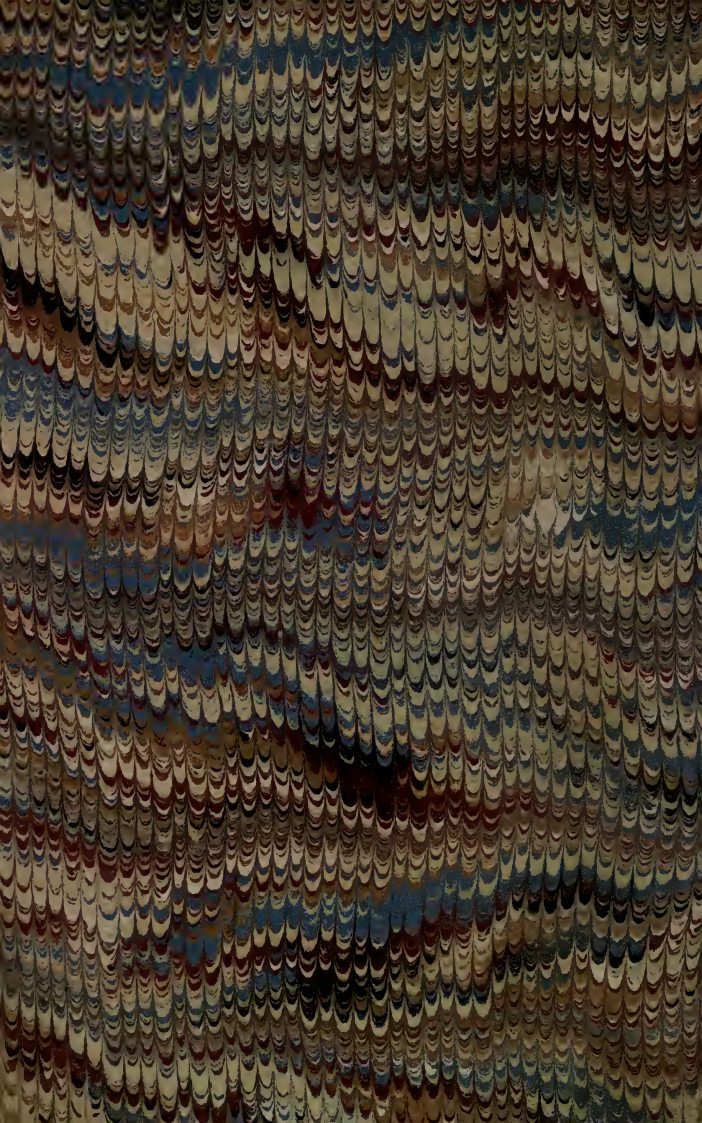
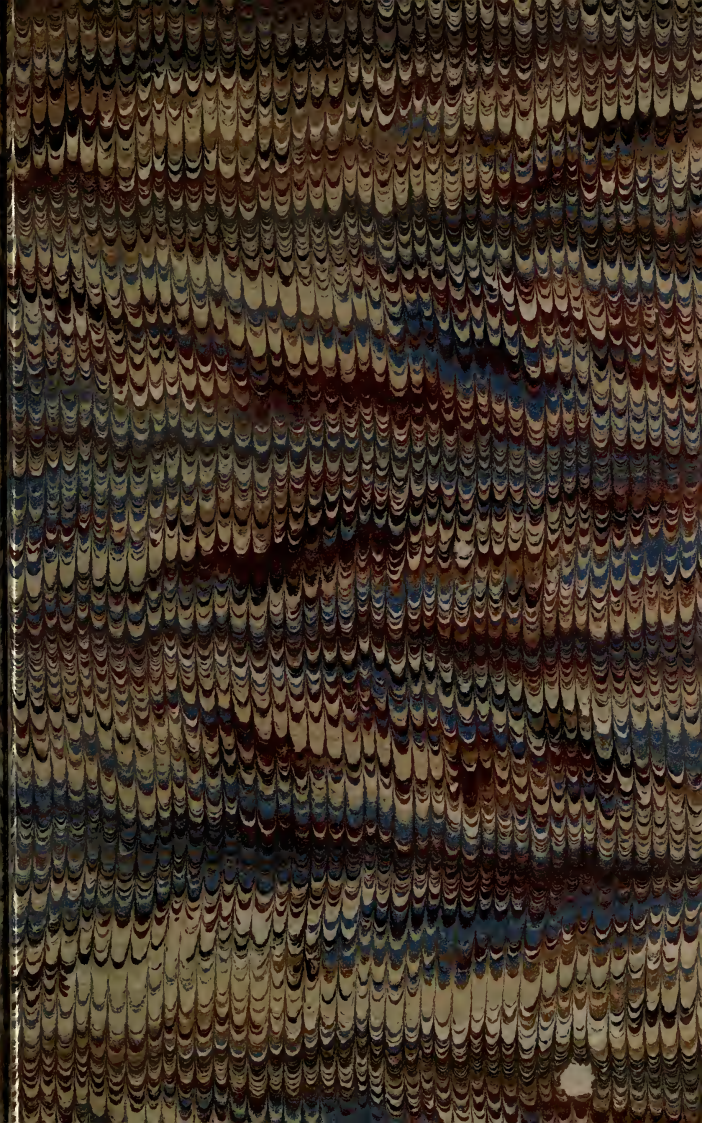
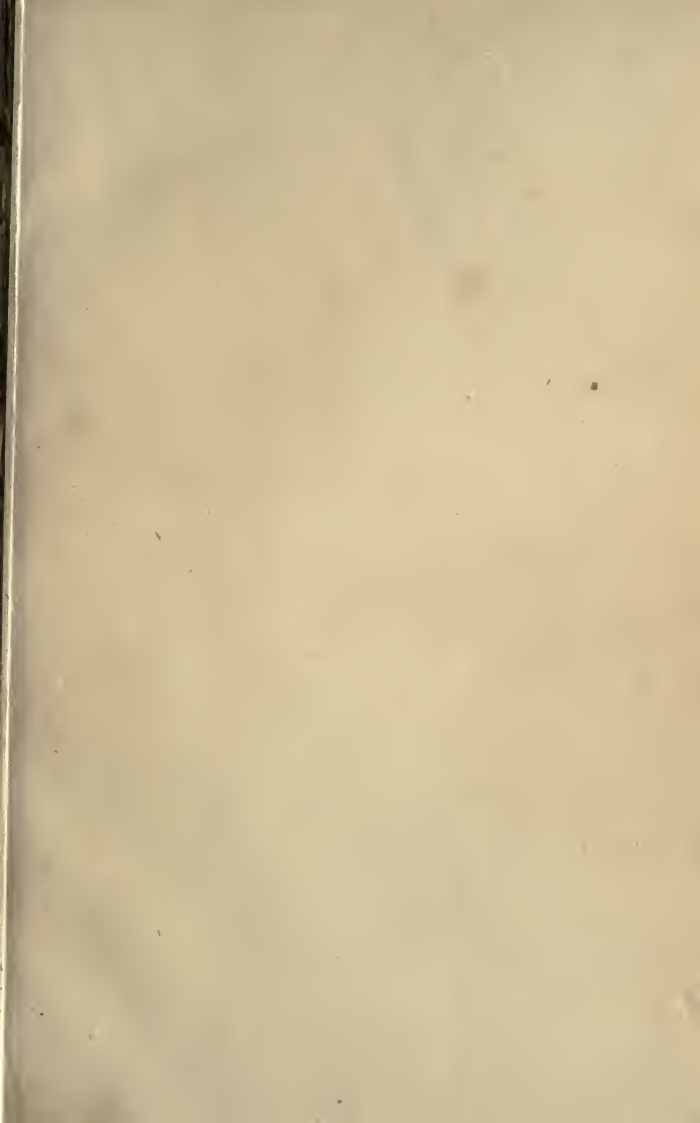


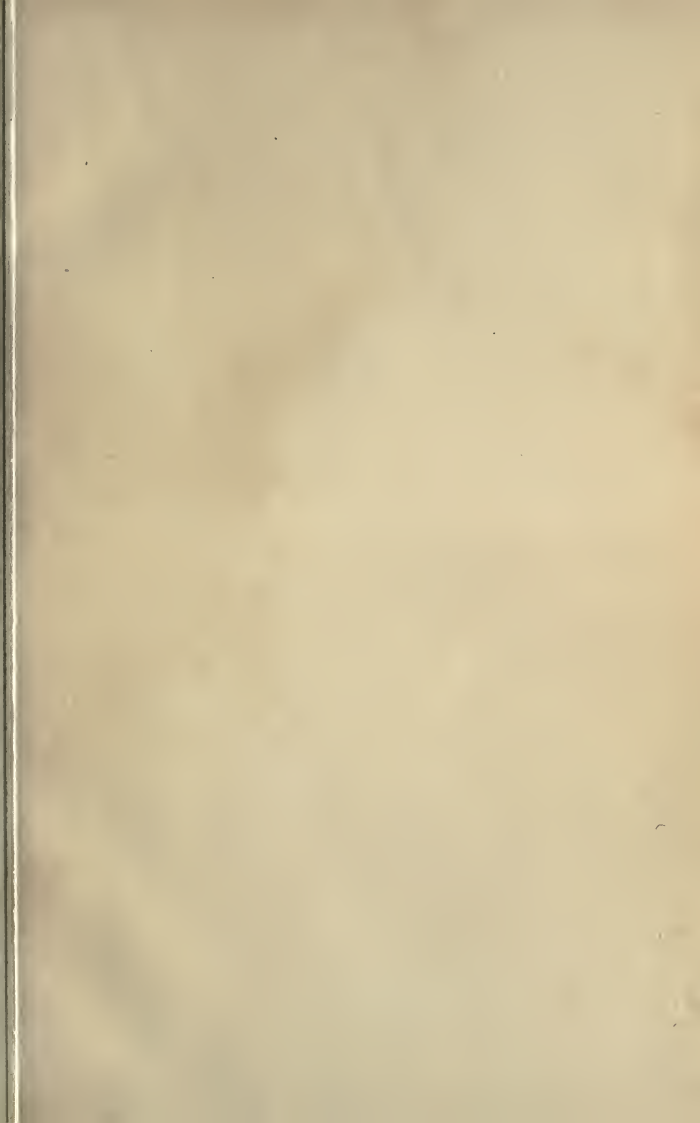
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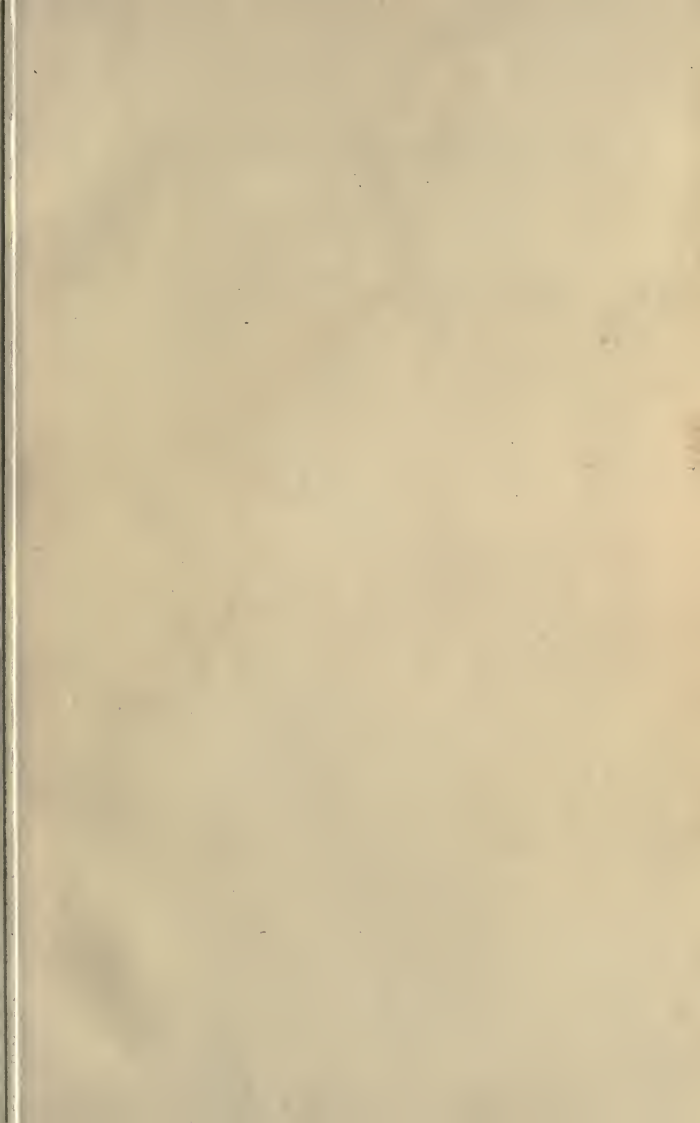














St. Albans

SAINT NICHOLAS LOCH

J. B. B. 1874

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.
VOL. V



Kelso Abbey

BLACKIE & SON QUEEN ST GLASGOW.

SCOTT COLLEGE ST EDINBURGH & WARWICK SQUARE LONDON.

THE
P O E T I C A L W O R K S

OF THE
ETTRICK SHEPHERD,

INCLUDING
THE QUEEN'S WAKE, PILGRIMS OF THE SUN, MADOR OF
THE MOOR, MOUNTAIN BARD, &c. &c.

WITH AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,
AND ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS,

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS,

BY D. O. HILL, Esq., S. A.

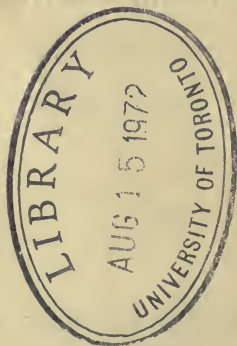
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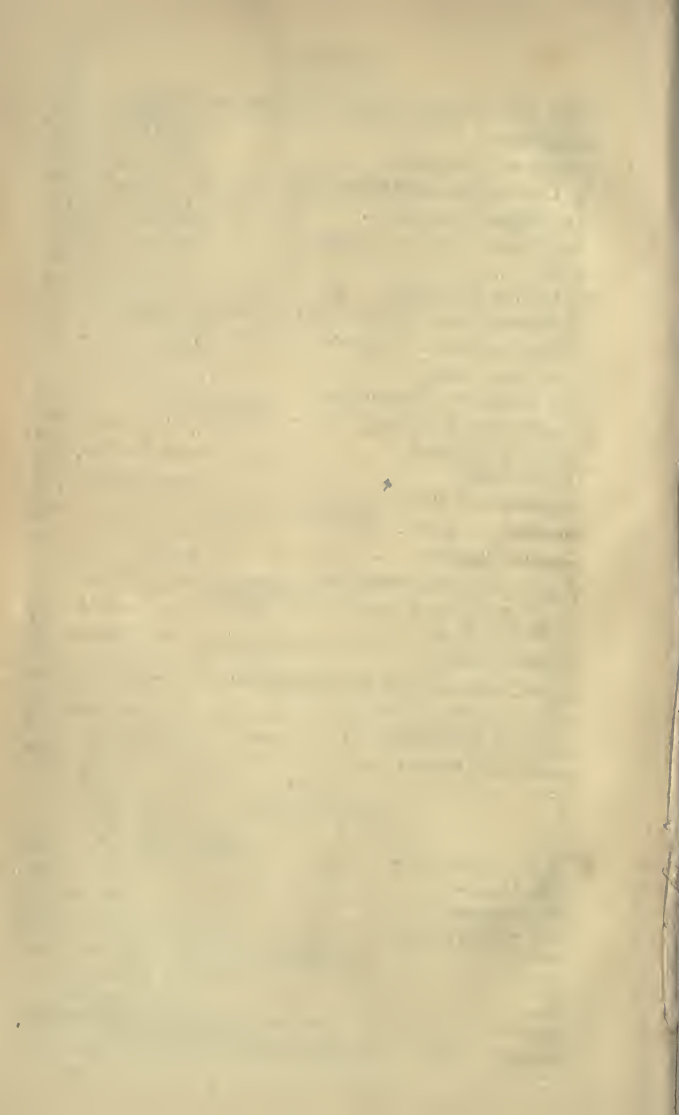
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MEMOIR

OF

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

I LIKE to write about myself :* in fact, there are few things which I like better ; it is so delightful to call up old reminiscences. Often have I been laughed at for what an Edinburgh editor styles my good-natured egotism, which is sometimes any thing but that ; and I am aware that I shall be laughed at again. But I care not : for this *important* Memoir, now to be brought forward for the fourth time,† at different

* [This is an auspicious opening for an Autobiography, and highly characteristic of the Shepherd. Many have affected, and some, perhaps, have even felt, a reluctance at entering upon a history of their own life, deploring the dire necessity which obliges them, for the sake of truth and justice, to outrage the habitual modesty of their nature, by speaking of themselves ; but the Shepherd neither feels, nor thinks it necessary to pretend to feel, any reluctance of the kind : he jumps with glee to his work, and at once acknowledges that he *likes to write about himself* ; in fact, he adds, *there are few things which he likes better*. The candour of this avowal must prepare the reader, at the outset, for a very frank and open-hearted narrative—and indeed he will not be disappointed in that matter—yet the author's history of himself and his friends must be taken with the usual allowance for that child-like love of exaggeration and mystery in which Hogg sometimes indulged, but which his honest simplicity always rendered so transparent that no body was deceived by it.]

† [This was written for a projected collection of his Tales, to be published in London—a work of which only one volume appeared.]

periods of my life, I shall narrate with the same frankness as formerly; and in all, relating either to others or myself, speak fearlessly and unreservedly out. Many of those formerly mentioned are no more; others have been unfortunate; but of all I shall tell the plain truth, and nothing but the truth. So, without premising further, I shall proceed with an autobiography, containing much more of a romance than mere fancy could have suggested; and shall bring it forward to the very hour at which I am writing. The following note was prefixed by SIR WALTER SCOTT to the first edition of the Memoir in 1806.

“THE friend to whom Mr Hogg made the following communication had some hesitation in committing it to the public. On the one hand, he was sensible, not only that the incidents are often trivial, but that they are narrated in a style more suitable to their importance to the Author himself, than to their own nature and consequences. But the efforts of a strong mind and vigorous imagination, to develop themselves even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, may be always considered with pleasure, and often with profit; and if, upon a retrospect, the possessor be disposed to view with self-complacency his victory under difficulties, of which he only can judge the extent, it will be readily pardoned by those who consider the Author’s scanty opportunities of knowledge,—and remember, that it is only on attaining the last and most recondite recess of human science, that we discover how little we really know. To those who are unacquainted with the pastoral scenes in which our Author was educated, it may afford some amusement to find real shepherds actually contending for a poetical prize, and to remark some other peculiarities in their habits and manners. Above all, these Memoirs ascertain the authenticity of the publication, and are therefore entitled to be prefixed to it.”

MY DEAR SIR,

Mitchell-Slack, Nov. 1806.

According to your request, which I never disregard, I am now going to give you some account of my manner of life and *extensive* education. I must again apprise you, that, whenever I have occasion to speak of myself and my performances, I find it impossible to divest myself of an inherent vanity; but, making allowances for that, I will lay before you the outlines of my life,—with the circumstances that gave rise to my juvenile pieces, and my own opinion of them, as faithfully

As if you were the minister of heaven
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.

I am the second of four sons by the same father and mother; namely, Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, and was born on the 25th of January, 1772.* My progenitors were all shepherds of this country. My father, like myself, was bred to the occupation of a shepherd, and served in that capacity until his marriage with my mother; about which time, having saved a considerable sum of money, for those days, he took a lease of the farms of Ettrick House and Ettrick Hall. He then commenced dealing in sheep—bought up great numbers, and drove them both to the English and Scottish markets; but, at length, owing to a great fall in the price of sheep, and the absconding of his principal debtor, he was ruined, became bankrupt, every thing was sold by auction,

* [He was born in a cottage on the banks of the Ettrick, in the shire of Selkirk.]

and my parents were turned out of doors without a farthing in the world. I was then in the sixth year of my age, and remember well the distressed and destitute condition that we were in. At length the late worthy Mr Brydon, of Crosslee, took compassion upon us; and, taking a short lease of the farm of Ettrick House, placed my father there as his shepherd, and thus afforded him the means of supporting us for a time. This gentleman continued to interest himself in our welfare until the day of his untimely death, when we lost the best friend that we had in the world.

At such an age, it cannot be expected that I should have made great progress in learning. The school-house, however, being almost at our door, I had attended it for a short time, and had the honour of standing at the head of a juvenile class, who read the Shorter Catechism and the Proverbs of Solomon. At the next Whitsunday after our expulsion from the farm I was obliged to go to service; and, being only seven years of age, was hired by a farmer in the neighbourhood to herd a few cows; my wages for the half year being a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. Even at that early age my fancy seems to have been a hard neighbour for both judgment and memory. I was wont to strip off my clothes, and run races against time, or rather against myself; and, in the course of these exploits, which I accomplished much to my own admiration, I first lost my plaid, then my bonnet, then my coat, and, finally, my hosen, for, as for shoes, I had none. In that naked state

did I herd for several days, till a shepherd and maid-servant were sent to the hills to look for them, and found them all. Next year my parents took me home during the winter quarter, and put me to school with a lad named Ker, who was teaching the children of a neighbouring farmer. Here I advanced so far as to get into the class who read in the Bible. I had likewise, for some time before my quarter was out, tried writing; and had horribly defiled several sheets of paper with copy-lines, every letter of which was nearly an inch in length.

Thus terminated my education. After this I was never another day at any school whatever. In all I had spent about half a year at it. It is true, my former master denied this; and when I was only twenty years of age, said, if he was called on to make oath, he would swear I never was at his school. However, I know I was at it for two or three months; and I do not choose to be deprived of the honour of having attended the school of my native parish; nor yet that old John Beattie should lose the honour of such a scholar. I was again, that very spring, sent away to my old occupation of herding cows. This employment, the worst and lowest known in our country, I was engaged in for several years under sundry masters, till at length I got into the more honourable one of keeping sheep.

It will scarcely be believed that at so early an age I should have been an admirer of the other sex. It is nevertheless strictly true. Indeed I have liked the women a great deal better than the men ever since I

remember. But that summer, when only eight years of age, I was sent out to a height called Broad-heads with a rosy-cheeked maiden to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But, as she had no dog and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel-sike head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, "Poor little laddie! he's juist tired to death," and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee.* I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he, I would know well what to do.

There is one circumstance which has led some to imagine that my abilities as a servant had not been exquisite; namely, that when I was fifteen years of age I had served a dozen masters; which circumstance I myself am rather willing to attribute to my having gone to service so young, that I was yearly growing stronger, and consequently adequate to a

* [We do not remember, in the whole range of autobiography, a more beautiful, or more affecting, boy-anecdote than this—so simple in its character, and yet so profound and so true in its nature.]

harder task and an increase of wages: for I do not remember of ever having served a master who refused giving me a verbal recommendation to the next, especially for my inoffensive behaviour. This character, which I, some way or other, got at my very first outset, has, in some degree, attended me ever since, and has certainly been of utility to me; yet, though Solomon avers that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," I declare that I have never been so much benefited by mine, but that I would have chosen the latter by many degrees. From some of my masters I received very hard usage; in particular, while with one shepherd, I was often nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue. All this while I neither read nor wrote; nor had I access to any book save the Bible. I was greatly taken with our version of the Psalms of David, learned the most of them by heart, and have a great partiality for them unto this day. Every little pittance of wages that I earned was carried directly to my parents, who supplied me with what clothes I had. These were often scarcely worthy of the appellation. In particular, I remember being exceedingly bare of shirts: time after time I had but two, which often grew so bad that I was obliged to leave wearing them altogether. At these times I certainly made a very grotesque figure; for, on quitting the shirt, I could never induce my trews, or lower vestments, to keep up to their proper sphere, there being no braces in those days. When fourteen years of age I saved five shillings of my wages, with which I bought an old

violin. This occupied all my leisure hours, and has been my favourite amusement ever since. I had commonly no spare time from labour during the day ; but when I was not over-fatigued, I generally spent an hour or two every night in sawing over my favourite old Scottish tunes ; and my bed being always in stables and cow-houses, I disturbed nobody but myself and my associate quadrupeds, whom I believed to be greatly delighted with my strains. At all events they never complained, which the biped part of my neighbours did frequently, to my pity and utter indignation. This brings to my remembrance an anecdote, the consequence of one of these nocturnal endeavours at improvement.

When serving with Mr Scott of Singlec, there happened to be a dance one evening, at which a number of the friends and neighbours of the family were present. I, being admitted into the room as a spectator, was all attention to the music ; and, on the company breaking up, I retired to my stable-loft, and fell to essaying some of the tunes to which I had been listening. The musician going out to a short distance from the house, and not being aware that another of the same craft was so near him, was not a little surprised when the tones of my old violin assailed his ears. At first he took it for the late warbles of his own ringing through his head ; but, on a little attention, he, to his horror and astonishment, perceived that the sounds were real,—and that the tunes, which he had lately been playing with so much skill, were now murdered by some invisible being hard by him.

Such a circumstance at that dead hour of the night, and when he was unable to discern from what quarter the sounds proceeded, convinced him all at once that it was a delusion of the devil; and, suspecting his intentions from so much familiarity, he fled precipitately into the hall, speechless with affright, and in the utmost perturbation, to the no small mirth of Mr Scott, who declared that he had lately been considerably annoyed himself by the same discordant sounds.

From Singlee I went to Elibank upon Tweed, where, with Mr Laidlaw, I found my situation more easy and agreeable than it had ever yet been. I staid there three half-years—a term longer than usual; and from thence went to Willenslee, to Mr Laidlaw's father, with whom I served as a shepherd two years,—having been for some seasons preceding employed in working with horses, threshing, &c.

It was while serving here, in the eighteenth year of my age, that I first got a perusal of "The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace," and "The Gentle Shepherd;" and though immoderately fond of them, yet (what you will think remarkable in one who hath since dabbled so much in verse) I could not help regretting deeply that they were not in prose, that every body might have understood them; or, I thought if they had been in the same kind of metre with the Psalms, I could have borne with them. The truth is, I made exceedingly slow progress in reading them. The little reading that I had learned I had nearly lost, and the Scottish dialect quite confounded me; so that, before I got to the end of a

line, I had commonly lost the rhyme of the preceding one; and if I came to a triplet, a thing of which I had no conception, I commonly read to the foot of the page without perceiving that I had lost the rhyme altogether. I thought the author had been straitened for rhymes, and had just made a part of it do as well as he could without them. Thus, after I got through both works, I found myself much in the same predicament with the man of Eskdalemuir, who had borrowed Bailey's Dictionary from his neighbour. On returning it, the lender asked him what he thought of it. "I dinna ken, man," replied he; I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book that ever I saw in my life!" The late Mrs Laidlaw of Wilenslee took some notice of me, and frequently gave me books to read while tending the ewes; these were chiefly theological. The only one, that I remember any thing of, is "Bishop Burnet's Theory of the Conflagration of the Earth." Happy it was for me that I did not understand it! for the little of it that I did understand had nearly overturned my brain altogether. All the day I was pondering on the grand millennium, and the reign of the saints; and all the night dreaming of new heavens and a new earth—the stars in horror, and the world in flames! Mrs Laidlaw also gave me sometimes the newspapers, which I pored on with great earnestness—beginning at the date, and reading straight on, through advertisements of houses and lands, balm of Gilead, and every thing; and, after all, was often no wiser than

when I began. To give you some farther idea of the progress I had made in literature—I was about this time obliged to write a letter to my elder brother, and, having never drawn a pen for such a number of years, I had actually forgotten how to make sundry letters of the alphabet; these I had either to print, or to patch up the words in the best way I could without them.

At Whitsunday, 1790, being still only in the eighteenth year of my age, I left Willenslee, and hired myself to Mr Laidlaw of Black House, with whom I served as a shepherd ten years. The kindness of this gentleman to me it would be the utmost ingratitude in me ever to forget; for, indeed, it was much more like that of a father than a master,—and it is not improbable that I should have been there still, had it not been for the following circumstance.

My brother William had, for some time before, occupied the farm of Ettrick House, where he resided with our parents; but, having taken a wife, and the place not suiting two families, he took another residence, and gave up the farm to me. The lease expiring at Whitsunday, 1803, our possession was taken by a wealthier neighbour.

The first time that I attempted to write verses was in the spring of the year 1796. Mr Laidlaw having a number of valuable books, which were all open to my perusal, I about this time began to read with considerable attention;—and no sooner did I begin to read so as to understand, than, rather prematurely, I began to write. For several years my

compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads made up for the lasses to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chaunting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of "Jamie the poeter."

I had no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at present; and I was equally well pleased with them. But, then, the writing of them!—that was a job! I had no method of learning to write, save by following the Italian alphabet; and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new, I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn; but, in place of it, I borrowed a small vial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose. I cannot make out one sentence by study, without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise, and I never write two copies of the same thing.

My manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe, much more singular. Let the piece

be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind, or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper; and then I write it down as fast as the A, B, C. When once it is written, it remains in that state; it being, as you very well know, with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice.

It is a fact, that, by a long acquaintance with any poetical piece, we become perfectly reconciled to its faults. The numbers, by being frequently repeated, wear smoother to our minds; and the ideas having been expanded, by our reflection on each particular scene or incident therein described, the mind cannot, without reluctance, consent to the alteration of any part of it.

The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1797, the year after he died. One day during that summer a half daft man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and to amuse me repeated Tam O'Shanter. I was delighted! I was far more than delighted—I was ravished! I cannot describe my feelings; but, in short, before Jock Scott left me, I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born; but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied. He told me all about him, how he was born on the 25th of January, bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died last harvest, on the 21st of August.

This formed a new epoch of my life. Every day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns. I wept, and always thought with myself—what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I too was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns.

I remember in the year 1812, the year before the publication of the “Queen’s Wake,” that I told my friend, the Rev. James Nicol, that I had an inward consciousness that I should yet live to be compared with Burns; and though I might never equal him in some things, I thought I might excel him in others. He reprobated the idea, and thought the assumption so audacious, that he told it as a bitter jest against me in a party that same evening. But the rest seeing me mortified, there was not one joined in the laugh against me, and Mr John Grieve* replied in these words, which I will never forget, “After what he has done, there is no man can say *what* he may do.”

* [MR JOHN GRIEVE, one of Hogg’s best friends, was the son of a clergyman of the Reformed Presbyterian or Cameronian Church, and carried on the business of a hat manufacturer in Edinburgh. He was of literary habits himself, and wrote highly creditable verses, but he is mainly to be remembered for the extensive patronage which he bestowed on many suffering men of letters, and for the judgment and good taste which he displayed in estimating their productions. About the year 1818, a disorder in the spine incapacitated him from prosecuting his business, but being by this time possessed of a competency, he was still able to indulge in his literary tastes and benevolent propensities. His summers were now spent at Cacerabank in Ettrick, and his winters in a cottage in the suburbs of Edinburgh, where were often assembled around his hospitable board, men of

My friend, Mr William Laidlaw,* has often remonstrated with me, in vain, on the necessity of a revival of my pieces; but, in spite of him, I held fast my integrity: I said I would try to write the next better, but that should remain as it was. He was the only person who, for many years, ever pretended to discover the least merit in my essays, either in verse or prose; and, as he never failed to have plenty of them about him, he took the opportunity of showing them to every person, whose capacity he supposed adequate to judge of their merits: but it was

science and literature of all sects and parties. He died, unmarried, in the spring of 1836, aged about fifty-five years, and was interred in the cemetery of St Mary's in Yarrow. The kindness of Grieve to Hogg, in the most disastrous period of the Shepherd's fortunes, is recorded further on in the Memoir. In return, Hogg dedicated *Mador of the Moor* to his friend, in a manner highly creditable to both parties. The poet also introduces him as one of the competing minstrels in the *Queen's Wake*, where he is thus described:

"The bard that night who foremost came
Was not enrolled, nor known his name:
A youth he was of manly mould,
Gentle as lamb, as lion bold;
But his fair face and forehead high
Glowed with instinctive modesty.
'Twas said by bank of southland stream
Glided his youth in soothing dream;
The harp he loved, and wont to stray
Far to the wilds and woods away,
And sing to brooks that gurgled by
Of maiden's form and maiden's eye;
That, when his dream of youth was past,
Deep in the shade his harp he cast;
In busy life his cares beguiled,
His heart was true, and fortune smiled."]

* [Author of the beautiful song of "Lucy's Flitting." Mr Laidlaw was long the friend, and for some time the amanuensis, of Sir Walter Scott. He is now factor on the estate of Sir Charles Lockhart Ross, Bart. of Balnagowan, in Ross-shire.]

all to no purpose; he could make no proselytes to his opinion of any note, save one, who, in a little time, apostatized, and left us as we were. He even went so far as to break with some of his correspondents altogether, who persisted in their obstinacy. All this had not the least effect upon me; as long as I had his approbation and my own, which last never failed me, I continued to persevere. At length he had the good fortune to appeal to you, who were pleased to back him; and he came off triumphant, declaring, that the world should henceforth judge for themselves for him.

I have often opposed his proposals with such obstinacy, that I was afraid of losing his countenance altogether; but none of these things had the least effect upon him; his friendship continued unimpaired, attended with the most tender assiduities for my welfare; and I am now convinced that he is better acquainted with my nature and propensities than I am myself.

I have wandered insensibly from my subject: but to return.—In the spring of the year 1798, as Alexander Laidlaw, a neighbouring shepherd, my brother William, and myself, were resting on the side of a hill above Ettrick church, I happened, in the course of our conversation, to drop some hints of my superior talents in poetry. William said, that, as to putting words into rhyme, it was a thing which he never could do to any sense: but that, if I liked to enter the lists with him in blank verse, he would take me up for any bet that I pleased. Laidlaw declared that

he would venture likewise. This being settled, and the judges named, I accepted the challenge ; but a dispute arising respecting the subject, we were obliged to resort to the following mode of decision : Ten subjects having been named, the lots were cast, and, amongst them all, that which fell to be elucidated by our matchless pens, was, *the stars* !—things which we knew little more about, than merely that they were burning and twinkling over us, and to be seen every night when the clouds were away. I began with high hopes and great warmth, and in a week declared my theme ready for the comparison ; Laidlaw announced his next week ; but my brother made us wait a full half year ; and then, on being urged, presented his unfinished. The arbiters were then dispersed, and the cause was never properly judged ; but those to whom they were shown rather gave the preference to my brother's.—This is certain, that it was far superior to either of the other two in the sublimity of the ideas ; but, besides being in bad measure, it was often bombastical. The title of it was “*Urania's Tour* ;” that of Laidlaw's, “*Astronomical Thoughts* ;” and that of mine, “*Reflections on a View of the Nocturnal Heavens*.”

Alexander Laidlaw and I tried, after the same manner, a paraphrase of the 117th Psalm, in English verse. I continued annually to add numbers of smaller pieces of poetry and songs to my collection, mostly on subjects purely ideal, or else legendary. I had, from my childhood, been affected by the frequent return of a violent inward complaint ; and it attacked me once in a friend's

house, at a distance from home, and, increasing to an inflammation, all hopes were given up of my recovery. While I was lying in the greatest agony, about the dead of the night, I had the mortification of seeing the old woman, who watched over me, fall into a swoon, from a supposition that she saw my *wraith*:—a spirit which, the vulgar suppose, haunts the abodes of such as are instantly to die, in order to carry off the soul as soon as it is disengaged from the body: and, next morning, I overheard a consultation about borrowing sheets to lay me in at my decease; but Almighty God, in his providence, deceived both them and the officious spirit; for, by the help of an able physician, I recovered, and have never since been troubled with the distemper.

My first published song was “Donald M'Donald,” which I composed this year, 1800, on the threatened invasion by Bonaparte. The first time I sung it was to a party of social friends at the Crown Tavern, Edinburgh. They commended it, on which I proffered it to one of them for his magazine. He said it was much too good for that, and advised me to give it to Mr John Hamilton, who would set it to music and get it engraved. I did so, and went away again to the mountains, where I heard from day to day, that the popularity of my song was unbounded, and yet no one ever knew, or inquired who was the author.

There chanced to be about that time a great masonic meeting in Edinburgh, the Earl of Moira in the chair; on which occasion, Mr Oliver, of the house of Oliver and Boyd, then one of the best singers in

Scotland, sung "Donald M'Donald." It was loudly applauded, and three times encored; and so well pleased was Lord Moira with the song, that he rose and in a long speech descanted on the utility of such songs at that period—thanked Mr Oliver, and proffered him his whole interest in Scotland. This to the singer; yet, strange to say, he never inquired who was the author of the song!

There was at that period, and a number of years afterwards, a General M'Donald, who commanded the northern division of the British army. The song was sung at his mess every week-day, and sometimes twice and thrice. The old man was proud of, and delighted in it, and was wont to snap his thumbs and join in the chorus. He believed, to his dying day, that it was made upon himself; yet neither he nor one of his officers ever knew or inquired who was the author—so thankless is the poet's trade!

In 1801, believing that I was then become a grand poet, I most sapiently determined on publishing a pamphlet, and appealing to the world at once. This noble resolution was no sooner taken than executed; a proceeding much of a piece with many of my subsequent transactions. Having attended the Edinburgh market one Monday, with a number of sheep for sale, and being unable to dispose of them all, I put the remainder into a park until the market on Wednesday. Not knowing how to pass the interim, it came into my head that I would write a poem or two from my memory, and get them printed. The thought had no sooner struck me than it was put in practice; and I

was obliged to select, not the best poems, but those that I remembered best. I wrote several of these during my short stay, and gave them all to a person to print at my expense, and, having sold off my sheep, on Wednesday morning, I returned to the Forest. I saw no more of my poems until I received word that there were one thousand copies thrown off.* I knew no more about publishing than the man of the moon; and the only motive that influenced me was, the gratification of my vanity by seeing my works in print. But, no sooner did the first copy come to hand, than my eyes were open to the folly of my conduct; for, on comparing it with the MS. which I had at home, I found many of the stanzas omitted, others misplaced, and typographical errors abounding in every page.

Thus were my first productions pushed headlong into the world, without either patron or preface, or even apprising the public that such a thing was coming, and "unhousell'd, unanointed, unaneled, and with all their imperfections on their heads." "Will an' Keatie," however, had the honour of being copied into some periodical publications of the time, as a favourable specimen of the work. Indeed, all of them were sad stuff, although I judged them to be exceedingly good.

The truth was, that notwithstanding my pride of authorship, in a few days I had discernment enough left, to wish my publication far enough, and I had

* [Surely never were the productions of a poet issued under more peculiar circumstances, or more signal disadvantages, than those here recorded.]

hopes that long ago it had been consigned to eternal oblivion; when, behold! a London critic had in malice of heart preserved a copy, and quoted liberally out of it last year, to my intense chagrin and mortification.

On the appearance of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," I was much dissatisfied with the imitations of the ancient ballads contained in it, and immediately set about imitating the ancient ballads myself,—selecting a number of traditionary stories, and put them in metre, by chanting them to certain old tunes. In these I was more successful than in any thing I had hitherto tried, although they were still but rude pieces of composition.



THE above is the substance of three letters, written in the same year, and alluding mostly to Poetical Trifles. Since that time I have experienced a very unexpected reverse of fortune. After my return from the Highlands in June last, I put every thing in readiness for my departure to settle in Harris,* and I wrote and published my "Farewell to Ettrick," wherein the real sentiments of my heart, at that time, are simply related, which constitute its only claim to merit. It would be tedious and trifling, were I to relate all the disagreeable circumstances which ensued;

* [The island of Lewis and Harris, one of the Hebrides.]

suffice it to say, that my scheme was absolutely frustrated.

Miserably disappointed, and vexed at having been thus baffled in an undertaking about which I had talked so much, to avoid a great many disagreeable questions and explanations, I went to England during the remainder of the summer. On my return to Scotland, having lost all the money that I had made by a regular and industrious life, and in one week too, I again cheerfully hired myself as a shepherd, with Mr Harkness of Mitchel-Slack, in Nithsdale. It was while here that I published "The Mountain Bard," consisting of the above mentioned ballads. Sir Walter, then Mr Scott, had encouraged the publication of the work in some letters that he sent me; consequently I went to Edinburgh to see about it. He went with me to Mr Constable, who received me very kindly, but told me frankly that my poetry would not sell. I said I thought it was as good as any body's I had seen. He said that might be, but that nobody's poetry would sell; it was the worst stuff that came to market, and that he found; but, as I appeared to be a gay, queer chiel, if I would procure him two hundred subscribers he would publish my work for me, and give me as much for it as he could. I did not like the subscribers much; but, having no alternative, I accepted the conditions. Before the work was ready for publication I had got above five hundred subscribers; and Mr Constable, who, by that time had conceived a better opinion of the work, gave me half-guinea copies for all my subscribers, and a letter for a small sum over and above.

I have forgot how much ; but, upon the whole, he acted with great liberality. He gave me, likewise, that same year, eighty-six pounds for that celebrated work, "Hogg on Sheep ;" and I was now richer than I had ever been before.

I had no regular plan of delivering those copies that were subscribed for, but sent them simply to the people, intending to take their money in return ; but though some paid me double, triple, and even ten times the price, about one-third of my subscribers thought proper to take the copies for nothing, never paying for them to this day.

Being now master of nearly three hundred pounds, I went perfectly mad. I first took one pasture farm, at exactly one half more than it was worth, having been cheated into it by a great rascal, who meant to rob me of all I had, and which, in the course of one year, he effected by dint of law. But, in the mean time, having taken another extensive farm, I found myself fairly involved in business far above my capital. It would have required at least one thousand pounds for every one hundred pounds that I possessed to have managed all I had taken in hand ; so I got every day out of one strait and confusion into a worse. I blundered and struggled on for three years between these two places, giving up all thoughts of poetry or literature of any kind. I have detailed these circumstances in a larger MS. work ; but though they are most laughable, they must be omitted here, as it is only a short sketch of my literary life that I can include in this introduction.

Finding myself, at length, fairly run aground, I gave my creditors all that I had, or rather suffered them to take it, and came off and left them. I never asked any settlement, which would not have been refused me; and severely have I smarted for that neglect since. None of these matters had the least effect in depressing my spirits—I was generally rather most cheerful when most unfortunate. On returning again to Ettrick Forest, I found the countenances of all my friends altered; and even those whom I had loved and trusted most, disowned me, and told me so to my face; but I laughed at and despised these persons, resolving to show them, by and by, that they were in the wrong. Having appeared as a poet, and a speculative farmer besides, no one would now employ me as a shepherd. I even applied to some of my old masters, but they refused me, and for a whole winter I found myself without employment, and without money, in my native country; therefore, in February, 1810, in utter desperation, I took my plaid about my shoulders, and marched away to Edinburgh, determined, since no better could be, to push my fortune as a literary man. It is true, I had estimated my poetical talent high enough, but I had resolved to use it only as a staff, never as a crutch; and would have kept that resolve, had I not been driven to the reverse. On going to Edinburgh, I found that my poetical talents were rated nearly as low there as my shepherd qualities were in Ettrick. It was in vain that I applied to newsmongers, booksellers, editors of magazines, &c., for employment. Any of these were willing enough to

accept of my lucubrations, and give them publicity, but then there was no money going—not a farthing ; and this suited me very ill.

I again applied to Mr Constable, to publish a volume of songs for me ; for I had nothing else by me but the songs of my youth, having given up all these exercises so long. He was rather averse to the expedient ; but he had a sort of kindness for me, and did not like to refuse ; so, after waiting on him three or four times, he agreed to print an edition, and give me half the profits. He published one thousand copies, at five shillings each ; but he never gave me any thing ; and as I feared the concern might not have proved a good one, I never asked any remuneration.

The name of this work was “ The Forest Minstrel ; ” of which about two-thirds of the songs were my own, the rest furnished by correspondents—a number of them by the ingenious Mr T. M. Cunningham. In general they are not good, but the worst of them are all mine, for I inserted every ranting rhyme that I had made in my youth, to please the circles about the firesides in the country ; and all this time I had never been once in any polished society—had read next to nothing—was now in the thirty-eighth year of my age, and knew no more of human life or manners than a child. I was a sort of natural songster, without another advantage on earth. Fain would I have done something ; but, on finding myself shunned by every one, I determined to push my own fortune independent of booksellers, whom I now began to view as enemies to all genius. My plan was to begin a lite-

rary weekly paper, a work for which I certainly was rarely qualified, when the above facts are considered. I tried Walker and Greig, and several printers, offering them security to print it for me.—No ; not one of them would print it without a bookseller's name to it as publisher. “Confound them,” said I to myself, as I was running from one to another, “the folks here are all combined in a body.” Mr Constable laughed at me exceedingly, and finally told me he wished me too well to encourage such a thing. Mr Ballantyne was rather more civil, and got off by subscribing for so many copies, and giving me credit for ten pounds worth of paper. David Brown would have nothing to do with it, unless some gentleman, whom he named, should contribute. At length, I found an honest man, James Robertson, a bookseller in Nicolson Street, whom I had never before seen or heard of, who undertook it at once on my own terms ; and on the 1st of September, 1810, my first number made its appearance on a quarto demy sheet, price fourpence.

A great number were sold, and many hundreds delivered gratis ; but one of Robertson's boys, a great rascal, had demanded the price in full for all that he was to have delivered gratis. They showed him the imprint, that they were to be delivered gratis : “So they are,” said he ; “I take nothing for the delivery ; but I must have the price of the paper, if you please.”

This money that the boy brought me, consisting of a few shillings and an immense number of half pence, was the first and only money I had pocketed of my own making, since my arrival in Edinburgh in Fe-

bruary. On the publication of the first two numbers, I deemed I had as many subscribers as, at all events, would secure the work from being dropped; but on the publication of my third or fourth number, I have forgot which, it was so indecorous, that no fewer than seventy-three subscribers gave up. This was a sad blow for me; but, as usual, I despised the fastidiousness and affectation of the people, and continued my work. It proved a fatal oversight for the paper, for all those who had given in set themselves against it with the utmost inveteracy. The literary ladies, in particular, agreed, in full divan, that I would never write a sentence which deserved to be read. A reverend friend of mine has often repeated my remark on being told of this—"Gaping deevils! wha cares what they say? If I leeve ony time, I'll let them see the contrary o' that."

My publisher, James Robertson, was a kindhearted, confused body, who loved a joke and a dram. He sent for me every day about one o'clock, to consult about the publication; and then we uniformly went down to a dark house in the Cowgate, where we drank whisky and ate rolls with a number of printers, the dirtiest and leanest-looking men I had ever seen. My youthful habits having been so regular, I could not stand this; and though I took care, as I thought, to drink very little, yet when I went out, I was at times so dizzy, I could scarcely walk; and the worst thing of all was, I felt that I was beginning to relish it.

Whenever a man thinks seriously of a thing, he ge-

nerally thinks aright. I thought frequently of these habits and connections, and found that they never would do; and that, instead of pushing myself forward, as I wished, I was going straight to the devil. I said nothing about this to my respectable acquaintances, nor do I know if they ever knew or suspected what was going on; but, on some pretence or other, I resolved to cut all connection with Robertson; and, sorely against his will, gave the printing to the Messrs Aikman, then proprietors of the *Star* newspaper, showing them the list of subscribers, of which they took their chance, and promised me half profits. At the conclusion of the year, instead of granting me any profits, they complained of being minus, and charged me with the half of the loss. This I refused to pay, unless they could give me an account of all the numbers published, on the sale of which there should have been a good profit. This they could not do; so I paid nothing, and received as little. I had, however, a good deal to pay to Robertson, who likewise asked more; so that, after a year's literary drudgery, I found myself a loser rather than a gainer.

The name of this periodical was "The Spy." I continued it for a year, and to this day I cannot help regarding it as a literary curiosity. It has, doubtless, but little merit; but yet I think that, all circumstances considered, it is rather wonderful. In my farewell paper I see the following sentence occurs, when speaking of few who stood friends to the work:

"They have, at all events, the honour of patronizing an undertaking quite new in the records of litera-

ture ; for, that a common shepherd, who never was at school ; who went to service at seven years of age, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty ; yet who, smitten with an unconquerable thirst after knowledge, should leave his native mountains, and his flocks to wander where they chose, come to the metropolis with his plaid wrapped about his shoulders, and all at once set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste and genius—has much more the appearance of a romance than a matter of fact ; yet a matter of fact it certainly is ;—and such a person is the editor of ‘The Spy.’”

I begun it without asking, or knowing of any assistance ; but when Mr and Mrs Gray* saw it was on foot, they interested themselves in it with all their power, and wrote a number of essays for it. Several other gentlemen likewise contributed a paper quietly now and then, and among others Robert Sym, Esq., which I never discovered till after the work was discontinued. Professor T. Gillespie, the Rev. Wm. Gillespie, J. Black of the Morning Chronicle, and sundry others, lent me an occasional lift. The greater part, however, is my own writing, and consists of four hundred and fifteen quarto pages, double columned,—no easy task for one person to accomplish in a year. I speak of this work as of one that existed, for it flew abroad, like the sibyl's papers, every week, and I believe there are not above five complete copies existing, if indeed there is one ; and, as it never will be reprinted, if

* [Mr James Gray of the High School, Edinburgh.]

the scarcity of a work makes it valuable, no one can be more so, to exist at all.

All this while there was no man who entered into my views, and supported them, save Mr John Grieve, a friend, whose affection neither misfortune nor imprudence could once shake. Evil speakers had no effect on him. We had been acquainted from our youth; and he had formed his judgment of me as a man and a poet; and from that nothing could ever make him abate one item. Mr Grieve's opinion of me was by far too partial, for it amounted to this, that he never conceived any effort in poetry above my reach, if I would set my mind to it; but my carelessness and indifference he constantly regretted and deprecated. During the first six months that I resided in Edinburgh, I lived with him, and his partner, Mr Scott, who, on a longer acquaintance, became as firmly attached to me as Mr Grieve; and, I believe, as much so as to any other man alive. We three have had many very happy evenings together; we indeed were seldom separate when it was possible to meet. They suffered me to want for nothing, either in money or clothes; and I did not even need to ask these. Mr Grieve was always the first to notice my wants, and prevent them. In short, they would not suffer me to be obliged to any one but themselves for the value of a farthing; and without this sure support I could never have fought my way in Edinburgh. I was fairly starved into it, and if it had not been for Messrs Grieve and Scott, would, in a very short time, have been starved out of it again.

The next thing in which I became deeply interested, in a literary way, was the FORUM, a debating society, established by a few young men, of whom I, though far from being a young man, was one of the first. We opened our house to the public, making each individual pay a sixpence, and the crowds that attended, for three years running, were beyond all bounds. I was appointed secretary with a salary of twenty pounds a-year, which never was paid, though I gave away a great deal in charity. We were exceedingly improvident; but I never was so much advantaged by anything as by that society; for it let me feel, as it were, the pulse of the public, and precisely what they would swallow, and what they would not. All my friends were averse to my coming forward in the Forum as a public speaker, and tried to reason me out of it, by representing my incapacity to harangue a thousand people in a speech of half an hour. I had, however, given my word to my associates, and my confidence in myself being unbounded, I began, and came off with flying colours. We met once a week. I spoke every night, and sometimes twice the same night; and, though I sometimes incurred pointed disapprobation, was in general a prodigious favourite. The characters of all my brother members are given in the larger work, but here they import not. I have scarcely known any society of young men who have all got so well on. Their progress has been singular; and, I am certain, people may say what they will, that they were greatly improved by their weekly appearances in the Forum. Private societies

signify nothing ; but a discerning public is a severe test, especially in a multitude, where the smallest departure from good taste, or from the question, was sure to draw down disapproval, and where no good saying ever missed observation and applause. If this do not assist in improving the taste, I know not what will. Of this I am certain, that I was greatly the better for it, and I may safely say, I never was in a school before. I might and would have written the "Queen's Wake" had the Forum never existed, but without the weekly lessons that I got there I could not have succeeded as I did. Still our meetings were somewhat ludicrous, especially the formality of some of the presidents. To me they were so irresistible, that I wrote a musical farce, in three acts, called "The Forum, a Tragedy for Cold Weather," wherein all the members are broadly taken off, myself not excepted, and some of our evening scenes depicted. I believe it is a good thing of the kind, at least I remember thinking so at the time ; but it was so severe on some of my friends, who had a few peculiarities about them, that I never showed it to any one. I have it by me ; but I believe never man saw it save myself. About the same time I wrote another musical drama of three acts, and showed it to Mr Siddons. He approved of it very highly, with the exception of some trivial scene, which I promised to alter, and he undertook to have it acted on the return of the season ; but I never saw him again. He was always kind and friendly to me, and made me free to the theatre from year to year.

During the time that the Forum was going on, the

poetry of Mr Walter Scott and Lord Byron was exciting general attention. I had published some pieces in "The Spy" that Grieve thought exceedingly good; and nothing would serve him but that I should take the field once more as a poet, and try my fate with others. I promised; and having some ballads or metrical tales by me, which I did not like to lose, I planned the "Queen's Wake," in order that I might take these all in, and had it ready in a few months after it was first proposed. I was very anxious to read it to some person of taste; but no one would either read it, or listen to my reading it, save Grieve, who assured me it would do. As I lived at Deanhaugh then, I invited Mr and Mrs Gray to drink tea, and to read a part of it with me before offering it for publication. Unluckily, however, before I had read half a page, Mrs Gray objected to a word, which Mr Grieve approved of and defended, and some high disputes arose; other authors were appealed to, and notwithstanding my giving several very broad hints, I could not procure a hearing for another line of my new poem. Indeed, I was sorely disappointed, and told my friends so on going away; on which another day was appointed, and I took my manuscript to Buccleugh Place. Mr Gray had not got through the third page when he was told that an itinerant bard had entered the lobby and was repeating his poetry to the boarders. Mr Gray went out and joined them, leaving me alone with a young lady, to read or not, as we liked. In about half an hour he sent a request for me likewise to come: on which I went, and heard a poor

crazy beggar repeating such miserable stuff as I had never heard before. I was terribly affronted ; and putting my manuscript in my pocket, I jogged away home in very bad humour. Gray has sometimes tried to deny the truth of this anecdote, and to face me out of it, but it would not do. I never estimated him the less as a friend ; but I did not forget it, in one point of view ; for I never read any more new poems to him.

I next went to my friend Mr Constable, and told him my plan of publication ; but he received me coldly, and told me to call again. I did so—when he said he would do nothing until he had seen the MS. I refused to give it, saying, “What skill have you about the merits of a book ?”—“It may be so, Hogg,” said he ; “but I know as well how to sell a book as any man, which should be some concern of yours ; and I know how to buy one too !”

Finally, he told me, that if I would procure him two hundred subscribers, to insure him from loss, he would give me £100 for liberty to print one thousand copies ; and more than that he would not give. I felt I should be obliged to comply ; and, with great reluctance, got a few subscription papers thrown off privately, and gave them to friends, who soon procured me the requisite number. But before this time, one George Goldie, a young bookseller in Princes Street, a lad of some taste, had become acquainted with me at the Forum, and earnestly requested to see my MS. I gave it to him with reluctance, being predetermined to have nothing to do with him. He had not, how-

ever, well looked into the work till he thought he perceived something above common-place ; and, when I next saw him, he was intent on being the publisher of the work, offering me as much as Mr Constable, and all the subscribers to myself over and above. I was very loth to part with Mr Constable ; but the terms were so different, that I was obliged to think of it. I tried him again ; but he had differed with Mr Scott, and I found him in such bad humour, that he would do nothing farther than curse all the poets, and declare that he had met with more ingratitude from literary men than all the rest of the human race. Of course Goldie got the work, and it made its appearance in the spring of 1813.

As I said, nobody had seen the work ; and, on the day after it was published, I went up to Edinburgh as anxious as a man could be. I walked sometimes about the streets, and read the title of my book on the booksellers' windows, yet I durst not go into any of the shops. I was like a man between death and life, waiting for the sentence of the jury. The first encouragement that I got was from my country-man, Mr William Dunlop, who, on observing me going sauntering up the plainstones of the High Street, came over from the Cross, arm-in-arm with another gentleman, a stranger to me. I remember his salutation, word for word ; and, singular as it was, it made a strong impression ; for I knew that Mr Dunlop had a great deal of rough common sense.

“ Ye useless poetical deevil that ye're ! ” said he, “ what hae ye been doing a' this time ? ” — “ What do-

ing, Willie ! what do you mean ?” “ Ye hae been pestering us wi’ fourpenny papers an’ daft shilly-shally sangs, an’ bletherin’ an’ speakin’ i’ the Forum, an’ yet had stuff in ye to produce a thing like this !”—“ Ay, Willie,” said I ; “ have you seen my new beuk ?”—“ Ay, faith, that I have, man ; and it has cheatit me out o’ a night’s sleep. Ye hae hit the right nail on the head now. Yon’s the very thing, sir.”—“ I’m very glad to hear you say sae, Willie ; but what do ye ken about poems ?”—“ Never ye mind how I ken ; I gi’e you my word for it, yon’s the thing that will do. If ye had hadna made a fool o’ yoursel’ afore, man, yon wad hae sold better than ever a book sold. Od, wha wad hae thought there was as muckle in that sheep’s-head o’ yours ?” And with that he went away, laughing and miscalling me over his shoulder.

This address give me a little confidence, and I faced my acquaintances one by one ; and every thing that I heard was laudatory. The first report of any work that goes abroad, be it good or bad, spreads like fire set to a hill of heather in a warm spring day, and no one knows where it will stop. From that day forward every one has spoken well of the work ; and every review praised its general features, save the Eclectic, which, in the year 1813, tried to hold it up to ridicule and contempt. Mr Jeffrey ventured not a word about it, either good or bad, himself, until the year after, when it had fairly got into a second and third edition. He then gave a very judicious and sensible review of it ; but he committed a most horrible blunder, in classing Mr Tennant, the author of

“Anster Fair,” and me together, as two self-taught geniuses; whereas there was not one point of resemblance.* Tennant being a better educated man than the reviewer himself, was not a little affronted at being classed with me. From that day to this Mr Jeffrey has taken no notice of any thing that I have published, which I think can hardly be expected to do him any honour at the long run. I should like the worst poem that I have since published to stand a fair comparison with some that he has strained himself to bring forward. It is a pity that any literary connection, which with the one party might be unavoidable, should ever prejudice one valued friend and acquaintance against another. In the heart-burnings of party spirit, the failings of great minds are more exposed than in all other things in the world put together.

Mr Goldie had little capital, and less interest among the trade; nevertheless, he did all for my work that lay in his power, and sold two editions of it in a short time. About that period a general failure took place

* [Mr Jeffrey committed no such “blunder,” as he is here accused of. The *Queen’s Wake* and *Anster Fair* were reviewed in the same No. of the *Edinburgh Review*, in *separate articles*. The authors were spoken of as both originally belonging to an humble condition of life, but no further parallel was drawn between them. Mr Tennant’s scholarship is not overlooked in the *Review*: on the contrary, he is recognised as being a “distinguished proficient in classical learning” and in “the modern languages.” As to the Shepherd’s complaint of Mr Jeffrey’s silence regarding his later productions, every one acquainted with the character of the critic will feel it to be unmerited. Hogg never surpassed his *Queen’s Wake*, and it was not the province of the *Edinburgh Review* to notice the works of any author *seriatim*. In 1824, to be sure, the *Jacobite Reliques* were reviewed in that journal, but this had more relation to the Jacobite party than to the poet.]

among the secondary class of booksellers, and it was reported that Goldie was so much involved with some of the houses, that it was impossible he could escape destruction. A third edition of my poem was wanted, and, without more ado, I went and offered it to Mr Constable. We closed a bargain at once, and the book was sent to Mr Ballantyne to print. But after a part was thrown off, Goldie got notice of the transaction, and was neither to hold nor bind, pretending that he had been exceedingly ill used. He waited on Mr Constable one hour, and corresponded with him the next, till he induced him to give up the bargain. It was in vain that I remonstrated, affirming that the work was my own, and I would give it to whom I pleased. I had no one to take my part, and I was browbeat out of it—Goldie alleging that I had no reason to complain, as he now entered precisely into Constable's terms, and had run all the risk of the former editions. I durst not say that he was going to break, and never pay me; so I was obliged to suffer the edition to be printed off in Goldie's name. This was exceeding ill done of him—nothing could be more cruel—and I was grieved that he did so, for I had a good opinion of him. The edition had not been lodged in his premises a week before he stopped payment, and yet, in that time, he had contrived to sell, or give away, more than one half of the copies; and thus all the little money that I had gained, which I was so proud of, and on which I depended for my subsistence, and the settling of some old farming debts that were

pressing hard upon me, vanished from my grasp at once.*

It was on the occasion of Mr Blackwood being appointed one of the trustees upon the bankrupt estate that I was first introduced to him. I found him and the two Messrs. Bridges deeply interested in my case. I shall never forget their kindness and attention to my interests at that unfortunate period. I applied to Mr Samuel Aitken, who was the head trustee, with fear and trembling, for I judged of him as a severe and strict man, who I knew would do justice to me, but I expected nothing farther. When I waited on him he looked at me with his gray stiff eye. "It is all over with me here," thought I. I never was more mistaken in my life; for no sooner had I stated my case than Samuel entered into my interests with his whole heart, and said, that provided he could save the creditors from losing any thing, which he was bound to do, he saw no right they had to make any thing by my edition. He then and there consigned over to me the whole of the remaining copies, 490 in number, charging me only with the expenses of printing, &c. These, to my agreeable astonishment, amounted only to two shillings and tenpence halfpenny per volume. The work sold at twelve shillings, so that a good reversion appeared to be mine. Mr Blackwood sold the copies for me on commission, and ultimately paid me more than double of what I was to have received from

* [Mr Goldie, we believe, published a counter-statement to this, in which he exonerated himself from having dealt unfairly by the Shepherd.]

Goldie. For this I was indebted to the consideration and kindness of the trustees.

I had likewise, before this time, been introduced to most of the great literary characters in the metropolis, and lived with them on terms of intimacy, finding myself more and more a welcome guest at all their houses. However, I was careful not to abuse their indulgence ; for, with the exception of a few intimate friends, I made myself rather scarce. I was indebted for these introductions, in a great degree, to the Reverend Dr Morehead, one of the most amiable men I have ever known, and to two worthy ladies of the name of Lowes.

On the appearance of Mr Wilson's "Isle of Palms," I was so greatly taken with many of his fanciful and visionary scenes, descriptive of bliss and woe, that it had a tendency to divest me occasionally of all worldly feelings. I reviewed this poem, as well as many others, in a Scottish Review then going on in Edinburgh, and was exceedingly anxious to meet with the author ; but this I tried in vain, for the space of six months. All I could learn of him was, that he was a man from the mountains in Wales, or the West of England, with hair like eagles' feathers, and nails like birds' claws ; a red beard, and an uncommon degree of wildness in his looks. Wilson was then utterly unknown in Edinburgh, except slightly to Mr Walter Scott, who never introduces any one person to another, nor judges it of any avail. However, having no other shift left, I sat down and wrote him a note, telling him that I wished much to see him, and if he

wanted to see me, he might come and dine with me at my lodgings in the Road of Gabriel, at four. He accepted the invitation, and dined with Grieve and me; and I found him so much a man according to my own heart, that for many years we were seldom twenty-four hours asunder, when in town. I afterwards went and visited him, staying with him a month at his seat in Westmoreland, where we had some curious doings among the gentlemen and poets of the lakes. It is a pity I have not room here to give a description of all these scenes, being obliged, according to my plan, to return to a subject far less interesting, namely, my own literary progress.

The “Queen’s Wake” being now consigned to Messrs. Murray and Blackwood, I fairly left it to its fate; and they published a fourth edition, which was in fact not a new edition, but only the remainder of Goldie’s third; so that I gained an edition in the eyes of the world, although not in the weight of my purse, to which this edition in reality made no *addition*. It has, however, been a good work to me, and has certainly been read and admired much above what its merits warrant.

The same year in which I wrote the two musical dramas, I also wrote a tragedy, which was called “The Hunting of Badlewe;” but of this Goldie only printed a few copies, to see how the public relished it. It was not favourably received;—but more of this hereafter.

Although it should rather have been mentioned at a period subsequent to this, I may take notice here, that the *fifth edition* of the “Queen’s Wake,” in royal

octavo, with plates, was a plan concocted by Mr Blackwood to bring me in a little money. He was assisted in this undertaking by Charles Sharpe, Esq., Mr Walter Scott, and several other friends ; but most of all by the indefatigable Mr David Bridges, junior, a man that often effects more in one day than many others can do in six, and who is, in fact, a greater prodigy than any self-taught painter or poet in the kingdom.

†The only other anecdote which I have recorded in my Diary relating to this poem is one about the dedication. As it related to the amusements of a young queen, I thought I could dedicate it to no one so appropriately as to her royal and beautiful descendant, the Princess Charlotte ; which I did. By the advice of some friends, I got a large paper copy bound up in an elegant antique style, which cost three guineas, and sent it as a present to her Royal Highness, directing it to the care of Dr Fisher, bishop of Salisbury, and requesting him to present it to his royal pupil. His lordship was neither at the pains to acknowledge the receipt of the work or of my letter, nor, I dare say, to deliver it as directed. The dedication I have never had the heart to cancel, even now when she is no more, and I have let the original date remain.*

* [The dedication, which is omitted in the present édition, may be here subjoined. It is remarkable for its elegance and simplicity.

“ TO THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES,
A SHEPHERD
FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND
DEDICATES THIS POEM.”]

During all this time I generally went on a tour into the Highlands every summer, and always made a point of tarrying some time at Kinnaird House in Athol, the seat of Chalmers Izett, Esq., whose lady had taken an early interest in my fortunes, which no circumstance has ever abated. I depended much on her advice and good taste ; and had I attended more to her friendly remonstrances, it would have been much better for me. In the summer of 1814, having been seized with a severe cold while there, it was arranged that I should reside at Kinnaird House two or three weeks ; and as Mrs Izett insisted that I should not remain idle, she conducted me up stairs one morning, and introduced me into a little study, furnished with books and writing materials. “Now,” said she, “I do not wish you to curtail your fishing hours, since you seem to delight so much in it, but whenever you have a spare hour, either evening or morning, you can retire to this place, either to read or write, as the humour suits you.”—“Since you will set me down to write,” said I, “you must choose a subject for me, for I have nothing in hand, and have thought of nothing.”—“How can you be at a loss for a subject,” returned she, “and that majestic river rolling beneath your eyes?”—“Well,” said I, “though I consider myself exquisite at descriptions of nature, and mountain-scenery in particular, yet I am afraid that a poem wholly descriptive will prove dull and heavy.”—“You may make it the shorter,” said she ; “only write something to prevent your mind from rusting.

Upon this I determined immediately to write a

poem descriptive of the river Tay, and after spending about two hours considering in what verse I should write it, I fixed on the stanza of Spenser. "That is the finest verse in the world," said I to myself; "it rolls off with such majesty and grandeur. What an effect it will have in the description of mountains, cataracts, and storms!"

I had also another motive for adopting it. I was fond of the Spenserian measure; but there was something in the best models that always offended my ear. It was owing to this. I thought it so formed, that every verse ought to be a structure of itself, resembling an arch, of which the two meeting rhymes in the middle should represent the key-stone, and on these all the strength and flow of the verse should rest. On beginning this poem, therefore, I had the vanity to believe that I was going to give the world a new specimen of this stanza in its proper harmony. It was under these feelings that my poem of "Mador of the Moor" was begun, and in a very short time completed: but I left out to the extent of one whole book of the descriptive part. There is no doubt whatever that my highest and most fortunate efforts in rhyme are contained in some of the descriptions of nature in that poem, and in the "Ode to Superstition" in the same measure.

In the same year, and immediately on finishing the above poem, I conceived a plan for writing a volume of romantic poems, to be entitled "Midsummer Night Dreams," and am sorry to this day that a friendly advice prevented me from accomplishing my design, for

of all other subjects, there were none that suited the turns of my thoughts so well.

The first of these dreams that I wrote was "Connel of Dee," now published in the "Winter Evening Tales," and the second was "The Pilgrims of the Sun." It happened that a gentleman, Mr James Park of Greenock, on whose literary taste I had great reliance, came to Edinburgh for a few weeks about this time; and, as we had been intimate acquaintances and correspondents for a number of years, I gave him a perusal of all my recent pieces in manuscript. His approbation of the "Pilgrims of the Sun" was so decided, and so unqualified, that he prevailed upon me to give up my design of the Midsummer Night Dreams, and also that of publishing Mador, and to publish the former poem as an entire work by itself. This advice of my inestimable and regretted friend, though given in sincerity of heart, I am convinced was wrong; but I had faith in every one that commended any of my works, and laughed at those who did otherwise, thinking, and asserting, that they had not sufficient discernment. Among other wild and visionary subjects, the "Pilgrims of the Sun" would have done very well, and might at least have been judged one of the best; but, as an entire poem by itself, it bears an impress of extravagance, and affords no relief from the story of a visionary existence. After my literary blunders and miscarriages are a few months old, I can view them with as much indifference, and laugh at them as heartily, as any of my neighbours. I have often felt, that Mary Lee reminded me of a beautiful

country girl turned into an assembly in dishabille, "for a world's wonder," whose beauties might be gazed at, but were sure to be derided.

There were some circumstances attending the publication of this poem which show the doings and the honour of the bookselling profession in a peculiar light. I called on my old friend, Mr Constable, from whom I was very loth to part, and told him my design and views in publishing the poem. He received me with his usual kindness, and seemed to encourage the plan : but in the mean time, said he was busy, and that if I would call again on Saturday, he would have time to think of it, and give me an answer. With the solicitude of a poor author, I was punctual to my hour on Saturday, and found Mr Constable sitting at his confined desk up stairs, and alone, which was a rare incident. He saluted me, held out his hand without lifting his eyes from the paper, and then resuming his pen, continued writing. I read the backs of some of the books on his shelves, and then spoke of my new poem ; but he would not deign to lift his eyes, or regard me. I tried to bring on a conversation by talking of the Edinburgh Review ; but all to no purpose. "Now, the devil confound the fellow," thought I to myself, "he will sit there scribbling till we are interrupted by some one coming to talk to him of business, and then I shall lose my opportunity—perhaps it is what he wants ! Hang him, if I thought he were not wanting my book, I should be as sauey as he is !" At length he turned his back to the window, with his face to me, and addressed me in a long set speech, a

thing I never heard him do before. It had a great deal of speciousness in it ; but with regard to its purport, I leave the world to judge. I pledge myself, that in this short Sketch of my Literary Life, as well as in the extended memoir, should that ever appear, to relate nothing but the downright truth. If any should feel that they have done or said wrong, I cannot help it.

“Hogg,” said he, “you are a very extraordinary fellow ! you are a man of very great genius, sir ! I don’t know if ever there was such another man born !” I looked down, and brushed my hat with my elbow ; for what could any man answer to such an address ? “Nay, it is all true, sir ; I do not jest a word—I never knew such a genius in my life. I am told, that since the publication of the “Queen’s Wake” last year, you have three new poems, all as long, and greatly superior to that, ready for publication. By G—, sir, you will write Scott, and Byron, and every one of them, off the field.”

“Let us alane o’ your gibes, Maister Constable,” said I, “and tell me at aince what ye’re gaun to say about yon.”

“I have been thinking seriously about your proposal, Hogg,” said he ; “and though you are the very sort of man whom I wish to encourage, yet I do not think the work would be best in my hands. I am so deeply engaged, my dear sir, in large and ponderous works, that a small light work has no good chance in my hands at all. For the sako of the authors, I have often taken such works in hand—among others, your

friend Mr Paterson's—and have been grieved that I had it not in my power to pay that minute attention to them, individually, that I wished to have done. The thing is impossible! And then the authors come fretting to me; nor will they believe that another bookseller can do much more for such works than I can. There is my friend, Mr Miller, for instance—he has sold three times as many of *Discipline* as perhaps I could have done.”—“No, no,” said I, “I’ll deal none with Mr Miller: if you are not for the work yourself, I will find out one who will take it.”—“I made the proposal in friendship,” said he: “if you give the work to Miller I shall do all for it the same as if it were my own. I will publish it in all my catalogues, and in all my reviews and magazines, and I will send it abroad with all these to my agents in the country. I will be security for the price of it, should you and he deal; so that, in transferring it to Miller in place of me, you only secure for it two interests in place of one.”

This was all so unobjectionable, that I could say nothing in opposition to it; so we agreed on the price at one word, which was, I think, to be eighty-six pounds for liberty to print one thousand copies. Mr Miller was sent for, who complied with every thing as implicitly as if he had been Mr Constable’s clerk, and without making a single observation. The bargain was fairly made out and concluded; the manuscript was put into Mr Miller’s hands, and I left Edinburgh, leaving him a written direction how to forward the proofs. Week passed after week, and no proofs

arrived. I grew impatient, it having been stipulated that the work was to be published in two months, and wrote to Mr Miller ; but I received no answer. I then wrote to a friend to inquire the reason. He waited on Mr Miller, he said, but received no satisfactory answer : " the truth of the matter," added he, " is this : Mr Miller, I am privately informed, sent out your MS. among his blue-stockings for their verdict. They have condemned the poem as extravagant nonsense. Mr Miller has rued his bargain, and will never publish the poem, unless he is sued at law." How far this information was correct I had no means of discovering ; but it vexed me exceedingly, as I had mentioned the transaction to all my friends, and how much I was pleased at the connection. However, I waited patiently for two months, the time when it ought to have been published, and then I wrote Mr Miller a note, desiring him to put my work forthwith to the press, the time being now elapsed ; or, otherwise, to return me the manuscript. Mr Miller returned me the poem with a polite note, as if no bargain had existed, and I thought it beneath me ever to mention the circumstance again, either to him or Mr Constable. As I never understood the real secret of this transaction, neither do I know whom to blame. Mr Miller seemed all along to be acting on the ground of some secret arrangement with his neighbour, and it was perhaps by an arrangement of the same kind that the poem was given up. But I only relate what I know.

Some time after this Mr Blackwood introduced me

to Mr John Murray, the London bookseller, with whom I was quite delighted ; and one night, after supping with him in Albany Street, I mentioned the transaction with Mr Miller. He said Mr Constable was to blame ; for, as matters stood, he ought to have seen the bargain implemented ; but, at all events, it should be no loss to me, for he was willing to take the poem according to Mr Miller's bargain. There was nothing more said ; we at once agreed, and exchanged letters on it ; the work was put to press, and soon finished. But, alas ! for my unfortunate Pilgrim ! The running copy was sent up to Mr Murray in London ; and that gentleman, finding his critical friends of the same opinion with Mr Miller's blue-stockings, would not allow his name to go to the work. It was in vain that Mr Blackwood urged that it was a work of genius, however faulty, and that it would be an honour for any bookseller to have his name to it. Mr Murray had been informed, by those on whose judgment he could rely, that it was the most wretched poem that ever was written.

Mr Blackwood felt a delicacy in telling me this, and got a few friends to inform me of it in as delicate a way as possible. I could not, however, conceal my feelings, and maintained that the poem was a good one. Mr Grieve checked me, by saying it was impossible that I could be a better judge than both the literary people of Scotland and England—that they could have no interest in condemning the poem ; and after what had happened, it was vain to augur any good of it. I said it would be long ere any of those

persons who had condemned it could write one like it ; and I was obliged to please myself with this fancy, and put up with the affront.

The poem came out, and was rather well received. I never met with any person, who really had read it, that did not like the piece ; the reviewers praised it ; and the Eclectic, in particular, gave it the highest commendation I ever saw bestowed on a work of genius. It was reprinted in two different towns in America, and ten thousand copies of it sold in that country. Mr Murray very honourably paid me the price agreed on three months before it was due ; but the work sold heavily here, and neither my booksellers nor I have proposed a second edition. The trade were all, except Mr Blackwood, set against it, in defence of their own good taste. It is indeed a faulty poem, but I think no shame of it ; neither, I trust, will any of my friends when I am no more.

My next literary adventure was the most extravagant of any. I took it into my head that I would collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a neat and elegant volume, by which I calculated I might make my fortune. I either applied personally, or by letter, to Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Morehead, Pringle, Paterson, and several others ; all of whom sent me very ingenious and beautiful poems. Wordsworth afterwards reclaimed his ; and although Lord Byron and Rogers both promised, neither of them ever performed. I believe they intended it, but some other concerns of deeper moment interfered. In one of Lord Byron's

letters he told me he was busy inditing a poem for me, and assured me that "he would appear in my work in his best breeks." That poem was "Lara," and who it was that influenced him to detain it from me, I do not know. I have heard a report of one; but the deed was so ungenerous, I cannot believe it.

I may here mention, by way of advertising, that I have lost all Lord Byron's letters to me, on which I put a very high value; and which I know to have been stolen from me by some one or other of my tourist visitors, for I was so proud of these letters, that I would always be showing them to every body. It was exceedingly unkind, particularly as they never can be of use to any other person, for they have been so often and so eagerly read by many of my friends, that any single sentence out of any one of them could easily be detected. I had five letters of his of two sheets each, and one of three. They were indeed queer *harumscarum* letters, about women, and poetry, mountains, and authors, and blue-stockings; and what he sat down to write about was generally put in the postscript. They were all, however, extremely kind, save one, which was rather a satirical, bitter letter. I had been joking him about his approaching marriage, and assuring him he was going to get himself into a confounded scrape. I wished she might prove both a good *mill* and a *bank* to him; but I much doubted they would not be such as he was calculating on. I think he felt that I was using too much freedom with him.

The last letter that I received from him was shortly

after the birth of his daughter Ada. In it he breathed the most tender affection both for the mother and child. How much I was astounded by the news that soon followed that!—Peace be to his manes! He was a great man; and I do not think that one on earth appreciated his gigantic genius so highly as I did. He sent me previous to that period all his poems as they were printed.

But to return to my publication: Mr Walter Scott absolutely refused to furnish me with even one verse, which I took exceedingly ill, as it frustrated my whole plan. What occasioned it I do not know, as I accounted myself certain of his support from the beginning, and had never asked any thing of him in all my life that he refused. It was in vain that I represented that I had done as much for him, and would do ten times more if he required it. He remained firm in his denial, which I thought very hard; so I left him in high dudgeon, sent him a very abusive letter, and would not speak to him again for many a day. I could not even endure to see him at a distance, I felt so degraded by the refusal; and I was, at that time, more disgusted with all mankind than I had ever been before, or have ever been since.

I began, with a heavy heart, to look over the pieces I had received, and lost all hope of the success of my project. They were, indeed, all very well; but I did not see that they possessed such merit as could give celebrity to any work; and after considering them well, I fancied that I could write a better poem than any that had been sent or would be sent to me,

and this so completely in the style of each poet, that it should not be known but for his own production. It was this conceit that suggested to me the idea of "The Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain." I set to work with great glee, as the fancy had struck me, and in a few days I finished my imitations of Wordsworth and Lord Byron. Like a fool, I admired the latter poem most, and contrived to get a large literary party together, on pretence, as I said, of giving them a literary treat. I had got the poem transcribed, and gave it to Mr Ballantyne to read, who did it ample justice. Indeed, he read it with extraordinary effect; so much so, that I was astonished at the poem myself, and before it was half done all pronounced it Byron's. Every one was deceived, except Mr Ballantyne, who was not to be imposed on in that way; but he kept the secret until we got to the bridge, and then he told me his mind.

"The "Poetic Mirror" was completely an off-hand production. I wrote it all in three weeks, except a very small proportion; and in less than three months it was submitted to the public. The second poem in the volume, namely, the Epistle to R—— S——, the most beautiful and ingenious piece in the work, is not mine. It was written by Mr Thomas Pringle, and was not meant as an imitation of Mr Scott's manner at all. There is likewise another small secret connected with that work, which I am not yet at liberty to unfold, but which the ingenious may perhaps discover. The first edition was sold in six weeks, and another of seven hundred and fifty copies has since been sold. I

do not set any particular value on any poem in the work by myself, except the *Gude Greye Katte*," which was written as a caricature of "The Pilgrims of the Sun," the "Witch of Fife," and some others of my fairy ballads. It is greatly superior to any of them. I have also been told that in England, one of the imitations of Wordsworth's *Excursion* has been deemed excellent.

The year following I published two volumes of *Tragedies* : to these I affixed the title of "Dramatic Tales, by the Author of the *Poetic Mirror*." I forgot, however, to mention, that the *Poetic Mirror* was published anonymously, and I was led to think that, had the imitations of Wordsworth been less a caricature, the work might have passed, for a season at least, as the genuine productions of the authors themselves, whose names were prefixed to the several poems. I was strongly urged by some friends, previous to the publication of these plays, to try "Sir Anthony Moore" on the stage ; and once, at the suggestions of Sir Walter Scott, I consented to submit it to the players, through Mr Ballantyne. But, by a trivial accident the matter was delayed till I got time to consider of it ; and then I shrunk from the idea of intrusting my character as a poet in the hands of every bungling and absurd actor, who, if dissatisfied with his part, had the power of raising as much disapprobation as might damn the whole piece. Consequently, my first attempts in the drama have never been offered for representation. "Sir Anthony Moore" is the least original, and the least poetical piece of the whole, and

I trust it will never be acted while I live ; but, if at any period it should be brought forward, and one able performer appear in the character of Old Cecil, and another in that of Caroline, I may venture my credit and judgment, as an author, that it will prove successful. The pastoral drama of "All-Hallow Eve" was written at the suggestion of the Reverend Robert Morehead. "The Profligate Princess" is a modification of my first play, "The Hunting of Badlewe," printed by Goldie ; and the fragment of "The Haunted Glen" was written off-hand, to make the second volume of an equal extent with the first.

The small degree of interest that these dramas excited in the world finished my dramatic and poetical career. I had adopted a resolution of writing a drama every year as long as I lived, hoping to make myself perfect by degrees, as a man does in his calling, by serving an apprenticeship ; but the failure of those to excite notice fully convinced me, that either this was not the age to appreciate the qualities of dramatic composition, or that I was not possessed of the talents fitting me for such an undertaking : and so I gave up the ambitious design.

Before this period, all the poems that I had published had been begun and written by chance and at random, without any previous design. I had at that time commenced an epic poem on a regular plan, and I finished two books of it, pluming myself that it was to prove my greatest work. But, seeing that the poetical part of these dramas excited no interest in the public, I felt conscious that no poetry I should ever

be able to write would do so ; or, if it did, the success would hinge upon some casualty, on which it did not behove me to rely. So, from that day to this, save now and then an idle song to beguile a leisure hour, I determined to write no more poetry.

Several years subsequent to this, at the earnest intreaties of some literary friends, I once more set to work and finished the epic, which I entitled "Queen Hynde," in a time shorter than any person would believe. I submitted it first to Sir Walter Scott, who gave it his approbation in the most unqualified terms ; so the work was put to press with every prospect of high success. I sold an edition of one thousand copies to Longman and Co. ; but Mr Blackwood, who had been chiefly instrumental in urging me to finish the poem, claimed the half of the edition, and got it. But it proved to him like the Highlandman's character—"he would have peen as petter without it." That malicious *deevil*, Jerdan, first took it up and damned it with faint praise. The rest of the reviewers followed in his wake, so that, in short, the work sold heavily and proved rather a failure.

It is said the multitude never are wrong, but, in this instance, I must take Mr Wordsworth's plan, and maintain that they *were* wrong. I need not say how grievously I was disappointed, as what unsuccessful candidate for immortal fame is not ? But it would have been well could I have refrained from exposing myself. I was invited to a public dinner given by a great number of young friends, a sort of worshippers of mine (for I have a number of those in Scotland.)

It was to congratulate me on my new work, and drink success to it. The president made a speech, in which, after some laudatory remarks on the new poem, he boldly and broadly asserted that it was much inferior to their beloved "Queen's Wake." I was indignantly wroth, denying his assertion both in principle and position, and maintained not only that it was infinitely superior to the "Queen's Wake," but I offered to bet the price of the edition with any or all of them that it was the best epic poem that ever had been produced in Scotland. None of them would take the bet, but as few backed me. I will however stake my credit on "Queen Hynde." It was unfortunate that the plot should have been laid in an age so early that we have no interest in it.

From the time I gave up "The Spy," I had been planning with my friends to commence the publication of a Magazine on a new plan ; but, for several years we only conversed about the utility of such a work, without doing any thing farther. At length, among others, I chanced to mention it to Mr Thomas Pringle ; when I found that he and his friends had a plan in contemplation of the same kind. We agreed to join our efforts, and try to set it a-going ; but, as I declined the editorship on account of residing mostly on my farm at a distance from town, it became a puzzling question who was the best qualified among our friends for that undertaking. We at length fixed on Mr Gray as the fittest person for the principal department, and I mentioned the plan to Mr Blackwood, who, to my astonishment, I found had likewise long

been cherishing a plan of the same kind. He said he knew nothing about Pringle, and always had his eye on me as a principal assistant ; but he would not begin the undertaking until he saw he could do it with effect. Finding him, however, disposed to encourage such a work, Pringle, at my suggestion, made out a plan in writing, with a list of his supporters, and sent it in a letter to me. I inclosed it in another, and sent it to Mr Blackwood ; and not long after that period Pringle and he came to an arrangement about commencing the work, while I was in the country. Thus I had the honour of being the beginner, and almost sole instigator of that celebrated work, “ Blackwood’s Magazine ;” but from the time I heard that Pringle had taken in Cleghorn as a partner I declined all connection with it, farther than as an occasional contributor. I told him the connection would not likely last for a year, and insisted that he should break it at once ; but to this proposal he would in nowise listen. As I had predicted, so it fell out, and much sooner than might have been expected. In the fourth month after the commencement of that work, I received a letter from Mr Blackwood, soliciting my return to Edinburgh ; and when I arrived there, I found that he and his two redoubted editors had gone to loggerheads, and instead of arguing the matter face to face, they were corresponding together at the rate of about a sheet an hour. Viewing this as a ridiculous mode of proceeding, I brought about two meetings between Mr Blackwood and Mr Pringle, and endeavoured all that I could to bring them to a right understanding about the mat-

ter. A reconciliation was effected at that time, and I returned again to the country. Soon, however, I heard that the flames of controversy, and proud opposition, had broken out between the parties with greater fury than ever ; and shortly after, that they had finally separated, and the two champions gone over and enlisted under the banners of Mr Constable, having left Mr Blackwood to shift for himself, and carried over, as they pretended, their right to the Magazine, with all their subscribers and contributors to the other side.

I received letters from both parties. I loved Pringle, and would gladly have assisted him had it been in my power ; but, after balancing fairly the two sides, I thought Mr Blackwood more sinned against than sinning, and that the two editors had been endeavouring to bind him to a plan which could not possibly succeed ; so, on considering his disinterested friendship for me, manifested in several strong instances, I stuck to him, expecting excellent sport in the various exertions and manœuvres of the two parties for the superiority.

I know not what wicked genius put it into my head, but it was then, in an evil hour, when I had determined on the side I was to espouse, that I wrote the "Chaldee Manuscript," and transmitted it to Mr Blackwood from Yarrow. On first reading it, he never thought of publishing it ; but some of the rascals to whom he showed it, after laughing at it, by their own accounts till they were sick, persuaded him, nay almost forced him, to insert it ; for some of them went so far as to tell him, that if he did not admit

that inimitable article, they would never speak to him again so long as they lived. Needless however it is now to deny, that they interlarded it with a good deal of deevilry of their own, which I had never thought of; and one who had a principal hand in these alterations has never yet been named as an aggressor.

Certain of my literary associates call me *The Chaldee Shepherd*, and pretend to sneer at my assumption of being the author of that celebrated article. Certes they have long ago persuaded the country that I was not. Luckily, however, I have preserved the original proof slips and three of Mr Blackwood's letters relating to the article. These proofs show exactly what part was mine, which, if I remember aright (for I write this in London), consists of the first two chapters, part of the third, and part of the last. The rest was said to have been made up conjointly in full divan. I do not know, but I always suspected Lockhart of a heavy responsibility there.

I declare I never once dreamed of giving anybody offence by that droll article, nor did I ever think of keeping it a secret either from Mr Constable or Mr Pringle: so far from that, I am sure, had I been in town, I would have shown the manuscript to the latter before publication. I meant it as a sly history of the transaction, and the great literary battle that was to be fought. All that I expected was a little retaliation of the same kind in the opposing magazine; and when I received letter after letter, informing me what a dreadful flame it had raised in Edinburgh, I could not be brought to believe that it

was not a joke. I am not certain but that I confessed the matter to Mr George Thomson, in the course of our correspondence, before I was aware of its importance. No one ever suspected me as the author. When I came to town, every one made his remarks, and pronounced his anathemas upon it, without any reserve, in my hearing, which afforded me much amusement. Still I could not help viewing the whole as a farce, or something unreal and deceptive; and I am sure I never laughed so much in my life as at the rage in which I found so many people.

That same year I published "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," and other Tales, in two volumes. I suffered unjustly in the eyes of the world with regard to that tale, which was looked on as an imitation of the tale of "Old Mortality," and a counterpart to that; whereas it was written long ere the tale of "Old Mortality" was heard of, and I well remember my chagrin on finding the ground, which I thought clear, pre-occupied before I could appear publicly on it, and that by such a redoubted champion. It was wholly owing to Mr Blackwood that this tale was not published a year sooner, which would effectually have freed me from the stigma of being an imitator, and brought in the author of the "Tales of My Landlord" as an imitator of me. That was the only ill turn that ever Mr Blackwood did me; and it ought to be a warning to authors never to intrust booksellers with their manuscripts.

I mentioned to Mr Blackwood that I had two tales I wished to publish, and at his request I gave him a

reading of the manuscript. One of them was "The Brownie," which, I believe, was not quite finished. He approved of it, but with "The Bridal of Polmood" he would have nothing to do. Of course, my manuscripts were returned, and I had nothing else for it but to retire to the country, and there begin and write two other tales in place of the one rejected. "The Bridal of Polmood," however, was published from the same copy, and without the alteration of a word, and has been acknowledged by all who have read it as the most finished and best written tale that I ever produced. Mr Blackwood himself must be sensible of this fact, and also, that in preventing its being published along with "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," he did an injury both to himself and me. As a farther proof how little booksellers are to be trusted, he likewise wished to prevent the insertion of "The Wool-Gatherer," which has been a universal favourite; but I know the source from whence it proceeded. I would never object trusting a bookseller, were he a man of any taste; for unless he wishes to reject an author altogether, he can have no interest in asserting what he does not think. But the plague is, they *never read works themselves*, but give them to their minions, with whom there never fails to lurk a literary jealousy; and whose suggestions may uniformly be regarded as any thing but the truth. For my own part, I know that I have always been looked on by the learned part of the community as an intruder in the paths of literature, and every opprobrium has been thrown on me from that quarter. The truth is, that I am so. The

walks of learning are occupied by a powerful aristocracy, who deem that province their own peculiar right ; else, what would avail all their dear-bought collegiate honours and degrees ? No wonder that they should view an intruder, from the humble and despised ranks of the community, with a jealous and indignant eye, and impede his progress by every means in their power.

I was unlucky therefore in the publication of my first novel, and what impeded me still farther, was the publication of "Old Mortality ;" for, having made the redoubted Burley the hero of my tale, I was obliged to go over it again, and alter all the traits in the character of the principal personage, substituting John Brown of Caldwell for John Balfour of Burley, greatly to the detriment of my story. I tried also to take out Clavers, but I found this impossible. A better instance could not be given of the good luck attached to one person, and the bad luck which attended the efforts of another.

I observe that in the extended MS. I had detailed all the proceedings of a club, the most ridiculous perhaps that ever was established in any city, and, owing to some particular circumstances, I cannot refrain from mentioning them here. This club was established one night, in a frolic, at a jovial dinner party, in the house of a young lawyer, now of some celebrity at the bar, and was christened *The Right and Wrong Club*. The chief principle of the club was, that whatever any of its members should assert, the whole were bound to support the same, whether *right or wrong*. We

were so delighted with the novelty of the idea, that we agreed to meet the next day at Oman's Hotel, and celebrate its anniversary. We were dull and heavy when we met, but did not part so. We dined at five, and separated at two in the morning, before which time the club had risen greatly in our estimation; so we agreed to meet next day, and every successive day for five or six weeks, and during all that time our hours of sitting continued the same. No constitutions on earth could stand this. Had our meetings been restricted to once a month, or even once a week, the club might have continued to this day, and would have been a source of much pleasure and entertainment to the members; but to meet daily was out of the question. The result was, that several of the members got quite deranged, and I drank myself into an inflammatory fever. The madness of the members proved no bar to the hilarity of the society; on the contrary, it seemed to add a great deal of zest to it, as a thing quite in character. An inflammatory fever, however, sounded rather strange in the ears of the joyous group, and threw a damp on their spirits. They continued their meetings for some days longer, and regularly sent a deputation at five o'clock to inquire after my health, and I was sometimes favoured with a call from one or more of the members, between two and three in the morning, when they separated. The mornings after such visits I was almost sure to have to provide new knockers and bell-handles for all the people on the stair. Finding, however, that I still grew worse, they had the generosity to discon-

tinue their sittings, and to declare that they would not meet again until their poet was able to join them ; and if that should never happen, they would never meet again. This motion (which was made by a newly-initiated member, Mr John Ballantyne,) was hailed with shouts of approbation, and from that hour to this *The Right and Wrong Club* never more met. It was high time that it should have been given up, for one term at least. It proved a dear club to me. I was three weeks confined to my bed, and if it had not been for Dr Saunders, I believe I should have died. Its effect turned out better with regard to several of the other members, as it produced a number of happy marriages. During the period of high-excitation, the lads wrote flaming love-letters to young ladies of their acquaintance, containing certain proffers, which, with returning reflection, they found they could not with propriety retract. It made some of them do the wisest acts that ever they did in their lives.

This brings me to an anecdote which I must relate, though with little credit to myself ; one that I never call to mind without its exciting feelings of respect, admiration, and gratitude. I formerly mentioned that I had quarrelled with Sir Walter Scott. It is true, I had all the quarrel on my own side : no matter for that ; I was highly offended, exceedingly angry, and shunned all communications with him for a twelve-month. He heard that I was ill, and that my trouble had assumed a dangerous aspect. Every day, on his return from the Parliament-House, he called at Messrs. Grieve and Scott's to inquire after my health, with

much friendly solicitude ; and this, too, after I had renounced his friendship, and told him that I held both it and his literary talents in contempt ! One day in particular, he took Mr Grieve aside, and asked him if I had proper attendants and an able physician. Mr Grieve assured him that I was carefully attended, and had the skill of a professional gentleman, in whom I had the most implicit confidence. “ I would fain have called,” said he, “ but I knew not how I would be received. I request, however, that he may have every proper attendance, and want for nothing that can contribute to the restoration of his health. And in particular, I have to request that you will let no pecuniary consideration whatever prevent his having the best medical advice in Edinburgh, for I shall see it paid. Poor Hogg ! I would not for all that I am worth in the world that any thing serious should befall him.”

As Mr Grieve had been enjoined, he never mentioned this circumstance to me. I accidentally, however, came to the knowledge of it some months afterwards. I then questioned him as to the truth of it, when he told me it all, very much affected. I went straight home, and wrote an apology to Sir Walter, which was heartily received, and he invited me to breakfast next morning, adding, that he was longing much to see me. The same day, as we were walking round St Andrew's Square, I endeavoured to make the cause of our difference the subject of conversation, but he eluded it. I tried it again some days afterwards, sitting in his study, but he again parried it with equal dexterity ; so that I have been left to conjecture what could

be his motive in refusing so peremptorily the trifle that I had asked of him. I knew him too well to have the least suspicion that there could be any selfish or unfriendly feeling in the determination that he adopted, and I can account for it in no other way, than by supposing that he thought it mean in me to attempt either to acquire gain, or a name, by the efforts of other men ; and that it was much more honourable, to use a proverb of his own, " that every herring should hang by its own head."

Mr Wilson once drove me also into an ungovernable rage, by turning a long and elaborate poem of mine, on "The Field of Waterloo," into ridicule, on learning which I sent him a letter, which I thought was a tickler. There was scarcely an abusive epithet in our language that I did not call him by. My letter, however, had not the designed effect : the opprobrious names proved only a source of amusement to Wilson, and he sent me a letter of explanation and apology, which knit my heart closer to him than ever. My friends in general have been of opinion that he has amused himself and the public too often at my expense ; but, except in one instance, which terminated very ill for me, and in which I had no more concern than the man in the moon, I never discerned any evil design on his part, and thought it all excellent sport. At the same time, I must acknowledge, that it was using too much freedom with any author, to print his name in full, to poems, letters, and essays, which he himself never saw. I do not say that he has done this ; but either he or some one else has done it many a time.

My next literary undertaking was the "Jacobite Relics of Scotland." Of this work it is proper to mention, that it was first proposed in the Highland Society of London, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex being in the chair ; yet, for all that, the native Highlanders were so jealous of a Sassenach coming plodding among them, gathering up their rebellious scraps, that, had it not been for the influence of the ladies over the peasantry of their respective districts, I could never have succeeded.

I published the first volume in 1819, reserving the second volume until the following year, in the hope of collecting every remnant that was worthy of preservation. The task was exceedingly troublesome, but far from being unmixed with pleasure. The jealousy of the Highlanders was amusing beyond conception. I shall never forget with what sly and disdainful looks Donald would eye me, when I told him I was gathering up old songs. And then he would say, "Ohon, man, you surely haif had very less to do at home ; and so you want to get some of the songs of the poor re-
pellioners from me ; and then you will give me up to King Shorge to be hanged ? Hoo, no !—that will never do."

In the interim between the publication of the first and second volumes I collected and arranged for publication "The Winter Evening Tales," which were published by Oliver and Boyd in 1820, in two volumes, closely printed. The greater part of these Tales was written in early life, when I was a shepherd among the mountains, and on looking

them over, I saw well enough that there was a blunt rusticity about them ; but I liked them the better for it, and altered nothing. To me they appeared not only more characteristic of the life that I then led, but also of the manners that I was describing. As to the indelicacies hinted at by some reviewers, I do declare that such a thought never entered into my mind, so that the public are indebted for these indelicacies to the acuteness of the discoverers. Wo be to that reader who goes over a simple and interesting tale fishing for indelicacies, without calculating on what is natural for the characters with whom he is conversing ; a practice, however, too common among people of the present age, especially if the author be not a blue-stock-ing. All that I can say for myself in general, is, that I am certain I never intentionally meant ill, and that I hope to be forgiven, both by God and man, for every line that I have written injurious to the cause of religion, of virtue, or of good manners. On the other hand, I am so ignorant of the world, that it can scarcely be expected I should steer clear of all inadvertencies.

The following list of works may appear trifling in the eyes of some, but when it is considered that they have been produced by a man almost devoid of education, and principally, in his early days, debarred from every advantage in life, and possessed only of a quick eye in observing the operations of nature, it is certainly a sufficient excuse for inserting them here, more especially as some of them run a great risk of being lost. I am proud of it myself, and I do not deny it ; nor is there one in the list, for the contents of which

I have any reason to blush, when all things are taken into account. I was forty years of age before I wrote the "Queen's Wake." That poem was published in 1813 ; so that in that and the next six years I wrote and published

	Vols.
The Queen's Wake	1
Pilgrims of the Sun	1
The Hunting of Badlewe	1
Mador of the Moor	1
Poetic Mirror	1
Dramatic Tales	2
Brownie of Bodsbeck	2
Winter Evening Tales	2
Sacred Melodies	1
Border Garland, No. I.	1
Jacobite Relics of Scotland	2

Making fifteen volumes in seven years, besides many articles in periodical works. To these may now be added

	Vols.
The Spy	1
Queen Hynde	1
The Three Perils of Man	3
The Three Perils of Women	3
Confessions of a Fanatic	1
The Shepherd's Calendar	2
A Selection of Songs	1
The Queer Book	1

The Royal Jubilee	1
The Mountain Bard	1
The Forest Minstrel	1

Making in all about thirty volumes, which, if the quality were at all proportioned to the quantity, are enough for any man's life.

I omitted to mention formerly, that in 1815, I was applied to by a celebrated composer of music, in the name of a certain company in London, to supply verses, suiting some ancient Hebrew Melodies, selected in the synagogues of Germany. I proffered to furnish them at a guinea a stanza, which was agreed to at once, and I furnished verses to them all. The work was published in a splendid style, price one guinea; but it was a hoax upon me, for I was never paid a farthing.

In this short Memoir, which is composed of extracts from a larger detail, I have confined myself to such anecdotes only as relate to my progress as a writer, and these I intend to continue from year to year as long as I live. There is much that I have written which cannot as yet appear; for the literary men of Scotland, my contemporaries, may change their characters, so as to forfeit the estimate at which I have set them. Of my own productions, I have endeavoured to give an opinion, with perfect candour; and, although the partiality of an author may be too apparent in the preceding pages, yet I trust every generous heart will excuse, and make due allowance for the failing.

REMINISCENCES OF FORMER DAYS.

I MUST now proceed with my reminiscences at random, as from the time the last journal was finished and published I ceased keeping any notes. From 1809 until 1814 I resided in Edinburgh, having no home or place of retirement in my native district of Ettrick Forest, a want which I felt grievously in summer. But in the course of the last-mentioned year I received a letter from the late Duke Charles of Buccleugh, by the hands of his chamberlain, presenting me with the small farm of Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow. The boon was quite unsolicited and unexpected, and never was a more welcome one conferred on an unfortunate wight, as it gave me once more a habitation among my native moors and streams, where each face was that of a friend, and each house was a home, as well as a residence for life to my aged father.

The letter was couched in the kindest terms, and informed me that I had long had a secret and sincere friend whom I knew not of, in his late Duchess, who had in her lifetime solicited such a residence for me. In the letter he said, "The rent shall be nominal;" but it has not even been nominal, for such a thing as rent has never once been mentioned. Subsequently to that period I was a frequent guest at his Grace's table; and, as he placed me always next him, on his right hand, I enjoyed a good share of his conversation,

and I must say of my benefactor, that I have never met with any man whom I deemed his equal. There is no doubt that he was beloved and esteemed, not only by his family and friends, but by all who could appreciate merit ; yet strange to say, Duke Charles was not popular among his tenantry. This was solely owing to the change of times, over which no nobleman can have any control, and which it is equally impossible for him to redress ; for a more considerate, benevolent, and judicious gentleman I never saw. It is natural to suppose that I loved him, and felt grateful towards him ; but exclusive of all feelings of *that* nature, if I am any judge of mankind, Duke Charles had every qualification both of heart and mind, which ought to endear a nobleman to high and low, rich and poor. From the time of his beloved partner's death his spirits began to droop ; and, though for the sake of his family he made many efforts to keep them up, the energy that formerly had supported them was broken, and the gnawings of a disconsolate heart brought him to an untimely grave. Blessed be the memory of my two noble and only benefactors ! they were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were but shortly divided.

I then began and built a handsome cottage on my new farm, and forthwith made it my head-quarters. But not content with this, having married in 1820 Miss Margaret Phillips, youngest daughter of Mr Phillips, late of Longbridge-moor, in Annandale, and finding that I had then in the hands of Mr Murray, Mr Blackwood, Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, and Messrs.

Longman and Co., debts due, or that would soon be due, to the amount of a thousand pounds, I determined once more to farm on a larger scale, and expressed my wish to the Right Honourable Lord Montague, head trustee on his nephew's domains. His lordship readily offered me the farm of Mount-Benger, which adjoined my own. At first I determined not to accept of it, as it had ruined two well qualified farmers in the preceding six years ; but was persuaded at last by some neighbours, in opposition to my own judgment, to accept of it, on the plea that the farmers on the Buccleugh estate were never suffered to be great losers, and that at all events, if I could not *make* the rent, I could write for it. So accordingly I took a lease of the farm for nine years.

I called in my debts, which were all readily paid, and amounted to within a few pounds of one thousand ; but at that period the sum was quite inadequate, the prices of ewes bordering on thirty shillings per head. The farm required stocking to the amount of one thousand sheep, twenty cows, five horses, farming utensils of all sorts, crop, manure, and moreover, draining, fencing, and building, so that I soon found I had not half enough of money ; and though I realized by writing, in the course of the next two years, seven hundred and fifty pounds, beside smaller sums paid in cash, yet I got into difficulties at the very first, out of which I could never redeem myself till the end of the lease, at which time live stock of all kinds having declined one half in value, the speculation left me once more without a sixpence in the world—and

at the age of sixty it is fully late enough to begin it anew.

It will be consolatory however to my friends to be assured that none of these reverses ever preyed in the smallest degree on my spirits. As long as I did all for the best, and was conscious that no man could ever accuse me of dishonesty, I laughed at the futility of my own calculations, and let my earnings go as they came, amid contentment and happiness, determined to make more money as soon as possible, although it should go the same way.

One may think, on reading over this Memoir, that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew either man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly from the conviction that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that on a retrospect I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice. Those who desire to peruse my youthful love adventures will find some of the best of them in those of "George Cochrane."

Now, as I think the best way of writing these by-gone reminiscences is to finish the subject one is on, before beginning another, I must revert to several circumstances of importance to nobody but myself. In 1822; perceiving that I was likely to run short of

money, I began and finished in the course of a few months, "The Three Perils of Man, viz. War, Women, and Witchcraft!" Lord preserve us! what a medley I made of it! for I never in my life rewrote a page of prose; and being impatient to get hold of some of Messrs. Longman and Co.'s money or their bills, which were the same, I dashed on, and mixed up with what might have been made one of the best historical tales our country ever produced, such a mass of diablerie as retarded the main story, and rendered the whole perfectly ludicrous. But the worst thing of all effected by this novel, or at least by the novel part of an authentic tale, was its influencing the ingenious Allan Cunningham to follow up the idea, and improve the subject; whereas, he made matters rather worse. I received one hundred and fifty pounds for the edition of one thousand copies as soon as it was put to press. The house never manifested the least suspicion of me, more than if I had been one of their own firm.

The next year I produced "The Three Perils of Women," also in three volumes, and received the same price likewise, in bills, as soon as it was put to press. There is a good deal of pathos and absurdity in both the tales of this latter work; but I was all this while writing as if in desperation, and see matters now in a different light.

The next year, 1824, I published "The Confessions of a Fanatic;" but it being a story replete with horrors, after I had written it I durst not venture to put my name to it: so it was published anonymously, and of course did not sell very well—so at least I be-

lieve, for I do not remember ever receiving any thing for it, and I am sure if there had been a reversion I should have had a moiety. However, I never asked any thing; so on that point there was no misunderstanding.

But the same year I offered them two volumes 12mo of "The Lives of Eminent Men;" to which they answered, "that my last publication had been found fault with in some very material points, and they begged leave to decline publishing the present one until they consulted some other persons with regard to its merits." Oho! thinks I, since my favourite publishers thus think proper to take two thousand volumes for nothing, ("Queen Hynde" and the "Confessions of a Fanatic,") and then refuse the third, it is time to give them up; so I never wrote another letter to that house.

I confess that there was a good deal of wrangling between Mr Blackwood and me with regard to a hundred pound bill of Messrs. Longman and Co.'s, advanced on the credit of these works. When Mr Blackwood came to be a sharer in them, and to find that he was likely to be a loser of that sum, or a great part of it, he caused me to make over a bill to him of the same amount, which he afterwards charged me with, and deducted from our subsequent transactions:—so that, as far as ever I could be made to understand the matter, after many letters and arguments, I never received into my own hand one penny for these two works. I do not accuse Mr Blackwood of dishonesty; on the contrary, with all his faults, I

never saw any thing but honour and integrity about him. But this was the fact. Messrs. Longman and Co. advanced me one hundred pounds on the credit of one or both of the works : I drew the money for the note, or rather I believe Mr Blackwood drew it out of the bank for me. But he compelled me, whether I would or not, to grant him my promissory note for the same sum, and I was to have a moiety of the proceeds from both houses. The account was carried on against me till finally obliterated; but the proceeds I never heard of; and yet, on coming to London, I find that Messrs. Longman and Co. have not a copy of either of the works, nor have had any for a number of years. It is probable that they may have sold them off at a trade sale, and at a very cheap rate too; but half of the edition was mine, and they ought to have consulted me, or, at least, informed me of the transaction. It was because I had an implicit confidence in Blackwood's honour that I signed the bill, though I told him I could not comprehend it. The whole of that trifling business has to this day continued a complete mystery to me. I have told the plain truth, and if any of the parties can explain it away I shall be obliged to them. If the money should ever by any chance drop in, "better late than never" will be my salutation.

In 1822 I bargained with Constable and Co. for an edition of my best poems in four volumes, for which they were to pay me two hundred pounds. It was with Mr Robert Cadell that I made the bargain. He was always a near and intimate friend of mine, but one

whom at our club we reckoned a perfect Nabal ; and in all our social parties we were wont to gibe him about his niggardly hardness, which he never took the least amiss. He offered not the smallest objection to the conditions ; but he made a reserve (as I needed a bill at a short date) that if there were not above five hundred copies of the work sold when the bill became due, he was entitled to a renewal of the bill for six months. Accordingly, I attended the day before the bill became due and offered to accept of the renewal. Cadell took up the missive, read it over, and standing upright, he lifted his large eyes toward the cornice, his pale face looking more cadaverous than usual. He then conversed shortly with Mr Fyffe, his cashier, studied the letter again for a good while, and then said, “ And what are you going to do with the money, Hogg, that you draw out of the bank to-day on our bill ? ”

“ I am gaun to bring it to you ye see,” says I, “ to lift the other bill wi’. An’ I ’ll pay the four per centage out o’ my ain pouch wi’ great cheerfulness, for the good I hae gottin o’ the siller.”

“ You have got full payment for the edition, have you ? ”

“ Yes, I hae. Think ye I’m gaun to deny that ? ”

“ And what did you do with it ? ”

“ Od man, ye’re no blate to speer. But the truth is that I gae it away in rent.”

“ Then you have no chance ever to get it again ? ”

“ Deil a grain.”

“ And do you consider that by this transaction you

will change the sterling value that is already in your hand for our paper?"

"Ay, an' excepting the bit interest they are the very same to me."

"But I won't trust you to make the experiment. There's your missive. Keep hold of what you have, and I'll pay the bill when it is presented."

"There are some waur chaps than Cadell, for as sairly as I hae misca'd him whiles," thought I, as I went down stairs.

I have recorded every word that passed here, for I thought very highly of his conduct at the time; and when I saw what soon after followed, I thought ten times more of it, and never reported Cadell as a scrub again. Sir Walter Scott at the same time sent me a credit order on his banker for a hundred pounds for fear of any embarrassment; so that altogether I find I lost upwards of two thousand pounds on Mount-Benger lease,—a respectable sum for an old shepherd to throw away.

Having been so much discouraged by the failure of "Queen Hynde," I gave up all thoughts of ever writing another long poem, but continued for six years to write fairy tales, ghost stories, songs, and poems for periodicals of every description, sometimes receiving liberal payment, and sometimes none, just as the editor or proprietor felt disposed. It will be but justice to give a list of such as pay and such as do not, and their several grades, which I may add to this by and by.

In 1829 Baillie Blackwood published a selection of

my best songs that could be recovered, with notes, consisting of about one hundred and forty. The work was exceedingly well received, and has paid me a good sum already. In the following year, that is, the year before last, the baillie also ventured to *print* one thousand copies of a miscellaneous work of mine, which, for fear of that great bugbear, REFORM, he has never dared to publish, and I am convinced never will.

I have had many dealings with that gentleman, and have been often obliged to him, and yet I think he has been as much obliged to me, perhaps a good deal more, and I really believe in my heart that he is as much disposed to be friendly to me as to any man; but there is another principle that circumscribes that feeling in all men, and into very narrow limits in some. It is always painful to part with one who has been a benefactor even on a small scale, but there are some things that no independent heart can bear. The great fault of Blackwood is, that he regards no man's temper or disposition; but the more he can provoke an author by insolence and contempt, he likes the better. Besides, he will never once confess, that he is in the wrong, else any thing might be forgiven; no, no, the thing is impossible that he can ever be wrong! The poor author is not only always in the wrong, but, "Oh, he is the most insufferable beast!"

What has been the consequence? He has driven all his original correspondents from him that first gave Maga her zest, save one, who, though still his friend, can but seldom write for him, being now otherwise occupied, and another, who is indeed worth his weight

in gold to him ; but who, though invaluable, and I am sure much attached, yet has been a thousand times at the point of bolting off like a flash of lightning. I know it well, and Ebony, for his own sake, had better take care of this last remaining stem of a goodly bush, for he may depend on it that he has only an eel by the tail.

For my part, after twenty years of feelings hardly suppressed, he has driven me beyond the bounds of human patience. That Magazine of his, which owes its rise principally to myself, has often put words and sentiments into my mouth of which I have been greatly ashamed, and which have given much pain to my family and relations, and many of those after a solemn written promise that such freedoms should never be repeated. I have been often urged to restrain and humble him by legal measures as an incorrigible offender deserves. I know I have it in my power, and if he dares me to the task, I want but a hair to make a tether of.

I omitted to mention that I wrote and published a Masque or Drama, comprehending many songs, that summer the king was in Scotland. It was a theme that suited me to a tittle, as I there suffered fancy to revel free. I got no money for it ; but I got what I held in higher estimation, his Majesty's thanks, for that and my other loyal and national songs. The note is written by Sir Robert Peel, in his Majesty's name, and I have preserved it as a relic.

[As Mr Hogg's autobiography breaks off several years before his literary labours terminated, it will be proper to continue the narrative very shortly down to the time of his death. In 1831, when the practice was becoming general of publishing works such as the *Waverly Novels*, in monthly volumes, Mr Hogg entertained the idea of bringing out some part of his productions in the same manner. With this view he left Altrive about the middle of December that year, and arrived in London upon the 1st of January. Previous to his departure from Scotland, he had corresponded with Mr James Cochrane about the publication of the *Altrive Tales*. This gentleman, who was then a bookseller and publisher in Pall Mall, readily entered into the transaction upon the terms which the author proposed; and it was agreed that the *Tales* should appear in volumes every two months. Mr Hogg remained in London about three months, collecting and revising his works for publication, and returned to Altrive about the beginning of April. During his visit to the metropolis he met with the most flattering attentions from all classes; and although, as he said, he got too much of it, yet when he was quietly seated at his own fire-side, and had leisure to take a retrospect of what had passed, he could not but record his visit to London as the proudest era of his life.

The first volume of the series appeared on the 31st of March, 1832, under the title of "*Altrive Tales: collected among the Peasantry of Scotland, and from Foreign Adventures. By the Ettrick Shepherd. With Il-*

illustrations by George Cruikshanks." Immediately after its appearance, however, Mr Cochrane failed, and this disaster of course put a stop at once to the publication of the work. This proved a severe blow to his hopes, as he had expected to derive from this adventure some remuneration for his labours; but still he bore the misfortune with his usual serenity, and appeared cheerful as ever. After the publisher's failure, he did nothing farther with the sales, and during the years 1832 and 1833 he produced no new works, but occupied himself in writing for the Magazines and other periodicals. In 1834 he wrote a volume of Lay Sermons, or more properly Essays, which was published by Mr James Fraser, of Regent Street, London. It is believed they have sold well.

In the same year having beside him some excellent Tales, the incidents of which were laid about the same period, he added what was necessary to make up three volumes, and published them under the title of the "Montrose Tales." Mr Cochrane, who had resumed business, offered again to become his publisher; and as Mr Hogg had always entertained a warm friendship for him, although they had been so unlucky in their first connection, he assented to Mr Cochrane's proposal. The work accordingly appeared in April 1835, and would probably have sold well had not Mr Cochrane been so unfortunate as to fail a second time, about eight months after the publication. These were the only works that appeared after the period at which his own Memoir breaks off; and it may be mentioned that before his last illness he had

been engaged in compiling a small volume of Sacred Poetry, which will speedily be published. For two or three years previous to his death, his health had been gradually declining, although he was never seriously ill. During the summer of 1835 he continued much in his usual state, and in the month of August he went to the moors for about three weeks, and thought himself rather better on his return. In October he grew much worse, and by the end of the month was confined to bed. His malady at first assumed the appearance of jaundice, and hopes were fondly entertained of his recovery, as the disease began to abate. But alas ! these hopes were soon disappointed ; his complaint appeared to be a latent affection of the liver, and it became evident that his end was fast approaching. He became gradually weaker and weaker, and on the 21st of November he expired, after an illness of four weeks.

It might naturally be expected perhaps that something should be said here both of his literary and his private character ; and this is only what justice to his memory and his talents seems to require. The foregoing sketch, however, which was merely intended to give a short outline of his poetical career, and his connection with the press as a writer, is not the most fitting occasion for the performance of this duty. Another and a more suitable opportunity will occur when the more extended *Life of Mr Hogg* by Professor Wilson makes its appearance. It would be improper, however, to close these brief remarks without bearing testimony to the extraordinary powers of his

genius, as well as to the many amiable and excellent qualities that adorned his character as a man. If nature had endowed him with a vigorous intellect and a singular vivacity of imagination, she had been no less bountiful to him in those gentler gifts which do not always accompany the possession of great abilities or high literary reputation. Many might be captivated with his talents, and admire the truly Scottish productions of his muse ; but it was only those who knew him—who had listened to his conversation, or mixed in his society, that could appreciate the kindliness of his disposition, and the genuine benevolence of his heart. It was in the domestic circle, and by the light of his own hospitable fire-side, that the finer and more fascinating qualities of his mind were seen to the greatest advantage. With the higher range of his faculties there mixed a homely frankness and confiding simplicity that won attachment and esteem, even more than his poetical genius or his literary fame. By the latter endowments only he was known to the world, and will be remembered by posterity : but the former and more enduring qualities will be embalmed in the recollections of those who enjoyed his acquaintance or shared in his friendships and affections. His numerous works will remain an honourable demonstration of his rare talents and unwearied industry ; but no monument, except the living memory, can perpetuate the virtues and ornaments of his private life.]

REMINISCENCES
OF
SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ONE fine day in the summer of 1801, as I was busily engaged working in the field at Ettrick House, Wat Shiel came over to me and said, that "I boud gang away down to the Ramseycleugh as fast as my feet could carry me, for there war some gentlemen there wha wantit to speak to me."

"Wha can be at the Ramseycleuch that want me, Wat?"

"I coudna say, for it wasna me that they spak to i' the byganging. But I'm thinking it's the Shirra an' some o' his gang."

I was rejoiced to hear this, for I had seen the first volumes of the "Minstrelsy of the Border," and had copied a number of old ballads from my mother's recital, and sent them to the editor preparatory for a third volume. I accordingly went towards home to put on my Sunday clothes, but before reaching it I met with THE SHIRRA and Mr William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They alighted and remained in

our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of Old Maitlan' to them, with which Mr Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy, (not a very perfect one, as I found afterwards, from the singing of another Laidlaw,) but I thought Mr Scott had some dread of a part being forged, that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it he was quite satisfied, and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed; and her answer was, "Oo, na, na, sir, it was never printed i' the world, for my brothers an' me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an' he learned it, an' mony mae, frae auld Baby Mettlin, that was house-keeper to the first laird o' Tushilaw."

"Then that must be a very auld story, indeed, Margaret," said he.

"Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursell, an' ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They war made for singing, an' no for reading; and they 're nouthier right spelled nor right setten down.'

"Heh—heh—heh! Take ye that, Mr Scott," said Laidlaw.

Mr Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse, but I have forgot what it was, and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said "It is true enough, for a' that."

We were all to dine at Ramseycleugh with the Messrs. Brydon; but Mr Scott and Mr Laidlaw went

away to look at something before dinner, and I was to follow. On going into the stable-yard at Ramsey-cleugh, I met with Mr Scott's liveryman, a far greater original than his master, at whom I asked if the Shirra was come?

"O, ay, lad, the Shirra's come," said he. "Are ye the chiel that maks the auld ballads and sings them?"

"I said I fancied I was he that he meant, though I had never made ony very *auld* ballads."

"Ay, then, lad, gae your ways in an' speir for the Shirra. They'll let ye see where he is. He'll be very glad to see you."

During the sociality of the evening, the discourse ran very much on the different breeds of sheep, that curse of the community of Ettrick Forest. The original black-faced forest breed being always called *the short sheep*, and the Cheviot breed *the long sheep*, the disputes at that period ran very high about the practicable profits of each. Mr Scott, who had come into that remote district to preserve what fragments remained of its legendary lore, was rather bored with the everlasting question of the long and the short sheep. So at length, putting on his most serious calculating face, he turned to Mr Walter Brydon and said, "I am rather at a loss regarding the merits of this *very* important question. How long must a sheep actually measure to come under the denomination of a *long sheep*?"

Mr Brydon, who, in the simplicity of his heart, neither perceived the quiz nor the reproof, fell to answer with great sincerity,—“It's the woo, sir—it's the

woo that makes the difference. The lang sheep hae the short woo, and the short sheep hae the lang thing ; and these are just kind o' names we gie them like." Mr Scott could not preserve his grave face of strict calculation ; it went gradually awry, and a hearty guffaw followed. When I saw the very same words repeated near the beginning of the Black Dwarf, how could I be mistaken of the author ? It is true, Johnnie Ballantyne persuaded me into a nominal belief of the contrary for several years following, but I could never get the better of that and several similar coincidences.

The next day we went off, five in number, to visit the wilds of Rankleburn, to see if on the farms of Buccleugh there were any relics of the Castles of Buccleugh or Mount-Comyn, the ancient and original possession of the Scotts. We found no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and church-yard, and a mill and mill-dam, where corn never grew, but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says,

Had heather-bells been corn of the best,
The Buccleugh mill would have had a noble grist.

It must have been used for grinding the chief's black mails, which, it is known, were all paid to him in kind. Many of these still continue to be paid in the same way ; and if report say true, he would be the better of a mill and kiln on some part of his land at this day, as well as a sterling conscientious miller to receive and render.

Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, there

was a remaining tradition in the country that there was a font stone of blue marble, out of which the ancient heirs of Buccleugh were baptized, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr Scott was curious to see if we could discover it; but on going among the ruins we found the rubbish at the spot, where the altar was known to have been, dug out to the foundation,—we knew not by whom, but no font had been found. As there appeared to have been a kind of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a turning over some loose stones, to see if the font was not concealed there, when we came to one half of a small pot, encrusted thick with rust. Mr Scott's eye brightened, and he swore it was an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said, "Ay, the truth is, sir, it is neither mair nor less than a piece of a tar pat that some o' the farmers hae been buisting their sheep out o', i' the auld kirk langsyne." Sir Walter's shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying, that "we had just ridden all the way to see that there was nothing to *be* seen."

I remember his riding upon a terribly high-spirited horse, which had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch that came in our way; the consequence was, that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes the rider kept his seat despite of the animal's plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could.

In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, "Mr Scott, that's the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye."

"Ay," said he, "he and I have been very often, these two days past, like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoe-lachets." I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet, but I think these were his words.

We visited the old castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined and spent the afternoon, and the night, with Mr Brydon of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good-humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude, which we traversed, exceedingly. Indeed, I never saw him otherwise, in the fields. On the rugged mountains—or even toiling in Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee not only surpass his own, but that of all other men. His memory, or, perhaps, I should say, his recollection, surpasses that of all men whom I ever knew. I saw a pleasant instance of it recorded lately, regarding Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope;" but I think I can relate a more extraordinary one.

He and Skene of Rubislaw and I were out one night, about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed, and on going to kindle a light at the Elibank March, we found, to our inexpressible grief, that our coal had gone out. To think of giving up our sport was out of the question; so we had no other shift, save to send Rob Fletcher home, all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat.

While Fletcher was absent, we three sat down on a piece of beautiful greensward, on the brink of the river, and Scott desired me to sing him my ballad of "Gilmanscleugh." Now, be it remembered, that this ballad had never been either printed or penned. I had merely composed it by rote, and on finishing it, three years before, I had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it at his request ; but, at the eighth or ninth verse, I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line ; on which he began it a second time, and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment. He said that he had lately been out on a pleasure party on the Forth, and that, to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's, ("The Abbot of Aberbrothock,") both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he had recited them both without misplacing a word.

Rob Fletcher came at last, and Mr Laidlaw of Peel with him, and into the foaming river we plunged, in our frail bark, with a fine blazing light. In a few minutes we came into Gliddy's Weal, the deepest pool in Tweed, when we perceived that our boat gave evident symptoms of sinking. When Scott saw the terror that Peel was in, he laughed till the tears blinded his eyes. Always, the more mischief, the better sport for him ! "For God's sake, push her to the side !" roared Peel. "Oh, she goes fine !" said Scott ; "An' gin the boat were bottomless, an' seven miles to row ;" and, by the time he had well got out the words, down

she went to the bottom, plunging us all into Tweed over head and ears. It was no sport to me at all ; but that was a glorious night for Sir Walter, and the next day was no worse.

I remember leaving Altrive Lake once with him, accompanied by my dear friend William Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Ferguson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of the Gray Mare's Tail, and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I dare say, 'never rode by another human being. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf, and got a sad fright, but Sir Walter, in the very worst paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene, to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment ; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another ; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes, and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times. It may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will, for

he has rarely ever been known to interest himself, either in a scene or a character, which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities.

There are not above five people in the world, who I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the mean time, this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains.

The enthusiasm with which he recited, and spoke of our ancient ballads, during that first tour of his through the Forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. I dedicated "The Mountain Bard" to him:—

Bless'd be his generous heart for aye;
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

WORDSWORTH.

I have forgotten what year it was, but it was in the summer that the "Excursion" was first published,

when Mr James Wilson came to me, one day, in Edinburgh, and asked me to come to his mother's house in Queen Street to dinner, and meet Mr Wordsworth and his lady. I said I should be glad to meet any friend of his kind and venerated mother's at any time, and should certainly come. But not having the least conception that the great poet of the Lakes was in Edinburgh, and Wilson having called him *Mr* Wordsworth, I took it for the celebrated horse-dealer of the same name, and entertained some shrewd misgivings, how he should chance to be a guest in a house where only the first people in Edinburgh were wont to be invited.

"You will like him very much," said Wilson ; "for although he proses a little, he is exceedingly intelligent."

"I dare say he is," returned I ; "at all events, he is allowed to be a good judge of horse-flesh !" The Entomologist liked the joke well, and carried it on for some time ; and I found, in my tour southward with the celebrated poet, that several gentlemen fell into the same error, expressing themselves as at a loss why I should be travelling the country with a *horse-couper*. He was clothed in a gray russet jacket and pantaloons, be it remembered, and wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat, so that to strangers he doubtless had a very original appearance.

When I finally learned from Wilson that it was the poet of the Lakes whom I was to meet, I was overjoyed, for I admired many of his pieces exceedingly, though I had not then seen his ponderous "Excur-

sion." I listened to him that night as to a superior being, far exalted above the common walks of life. His sentiments seemed just, and his language, though perhaps a little pompous, was pure, sentient, and expressive. We called on several noblemen and gentlemen in company; and all the while he was in Scotland I loved him better and better. Old Dr Robert Anderson travelled along with us as far as the sources of the Yarrow, and it was delightful to see the deference which Wordsworth paid to that venerable man. We went into my father's cot, and partook of some homely refreshment, visited St Mary's Lake, which that day was calm, and pure as any mirror; and Mrs Wordsworth in particular testified great delight with the whole scene. In tracing the windings of the pastoral Yarrow, from its source to its confluence with the sister stream, the poet was in great good-humour, delightful and most eloquent. Indeed it was impossible to see Yarrow to greater advantage; and yet it failed of the anticipated inspiration; for "Yarrow Visited" is not so sweet or ingenious a poem as "Yarrow Unvisited;" so much is hope superior to enjoyment.

From Selkirk we were obliged to take different routes, as Wordsworth had business in Teviotdale, and I in Eskdale; and, at last, I landed at Ryedale Mount, his delightful dwelling, a day and a night before him and his lady. I found his sister there, however, a pure ingenious child of nature; kind, benevolent, and greatly attached to her brother. Her conversation

was a true mental treat ; and we spent the time with the children delightfully till the poet's arrival.

I dined with him, and called on him several times afterwards, and certainly never met with any thing but the most genuine kindness ; therefore people have wondered why I should have indulged in caricaturing his style in the "Poetic Mirror." I have often regretted that myself ; but it was merely a piece of ill-nature at an affront which I conceived had been put on me. It was the triumphal arch scene. This anecdote has been told and told again, but never truly ; and was likewise brought forward in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," as a joke ; but it was no joke ; and the plain, simple truth of the matter was thus :—

It chanced one night, when I was there, that there was a resplendent arch across the zenith, from the one horizon to the other, of something like the aurora borealis, but much brighter. It was a scene that is well remembered, for it struck the country with admiration, as such a phenomenon had never before been witnessed in such perfection ; and, as far as I could learn, it had been more brilliant over the mountains and pure waters of Westmoreland than any where else. Well, when word came into the room of the splendid meteor, we all went out to view it ; and, on the beautiful platform at Mount Ryedale we were all walking, in twos and threes, arm-in-arm, talking of the phenomenon, and admiring it. Now, be it remembered, that Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, Lloyd, De Quincey, and myself, were present, besides several other literary gentlemen, whose names I am not cer-

tain that I remember aright. Miss Wordsworth's arm was in mine, and she was expressing some fears that the splendid stranger might prove ominous, when I, by ill luck, blundered out the following remark, thinking that I was saying a good thing:—"Hout, me'm! it is neither mair nor less than joost a treeum-phal airch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets."

"That's not amiss.—Eh? Eh?—that's very good," said the Professor, laughing. But Wordsworth, who had De Quincey's arm, gave a grunt, and turned on his heel, and leading the little opium-chewer aside, he addressed him in these disdainful and venomous words:—"Poets? Poets?—What does the fellow mean?—Where are they?"

Who could forgive this? For my part, I never can, and never will! I admire Wordsworth; as who does not, whatever they may pretend? but for that short sentence I have a lingering ill-will at him which I cannot get rid of. It is surely presumption in any man to circumscribe all human excellence within the narrow sphere of his own capacity. The "*Where are they?*" was too bad! I have always some hopes that De Quincey was *leeing*, for I did not myself hear Wordsworth utter the words.

I have only a single remark to make on the poetry of Wordsworth, and I do it because I never saw the remark made before. It relates to the richness of his works for quotations. For these they are a mine that is altogether inexhaustible. There is nothing in nature that you may not get a quotation out of Words-

worth to suit, and a quotation too that breathes the very soul of poetry. There are only three books in the world that are worth the opening in search of mottoes and quotations, and all of them are alike rich. These are, the Old Testament, Shakspeare, and the poetical works of Wordsworth, and, strange to say, the "Excursion" abounds most in them.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

One day, about the beginning of autumn, some three-and-twenty years ago, as I was herding my master's ewes on the great hill of Queensberry, in Nithsdale, I perceived two men coming towards me, who appeared to be strangers. I saw, by their way of walking, they were not shepherds, and could not conceive what the men were seeking there, where there was neither path nor aim towards any human habitation. However, I stood staring about me, till they came up, always ordering my old dog Hector to silence in an authoritative style, he being the only servant I had to attend to my orders. The men approached me rather in a breathless state, from climbing the hill. The one was a tall thin man, of a fairish complexion, and pleasant intelligent features, seemingly approaching to forty, and the other a dark ungainly youth of about eighteen, with a boardly frame for his age, and strongly marked manly features—the very model of Burns, and exactly such a man. Had

they been of the same age, it would not have been easy to distinguish the one from the other.

The eldest came up and addressed me frankly, asking me if I was Mr Harkness's shepherd, and if my name was James Hogg? to both of which queries I answered cautiously in the affirmative, for I was afraid they were come to look after me with an accusation regarding some of the lasses. The younger stood at a respectful distance, as if I had been the Duke of Queensberry, instead of a ragged servant lad herding sheep. The other seized my hand and said, "Well, then, sir, I am glad to see you. There is not a man in Scotland whose hand I am prouder to hold."

I could not say a single word in answer to this address; but when he called me SIR, I looked down at my bare feet and ragged coat, to remind the man whom he was addressing. But he continued: "My name is James Cunningham, a name unknown to you, though yours is not entirely so to me; and this is my younger brother Allan, the greatest admirer that you have on earth, and himself a young aspiring poet of some promise. You will be so kind as excuse this intrusion of ours on your solitude, for, in truth, I could get no peace either night or day with Allan till I consented to come and see you."

I then stepped down the hill to where Allan Cunningham still stood, with his weather-beaten cheek toward me, and, seizing his hard brawny hand, I gave it a hearty shake, saying something as kind as I was able, and, at the same time, I am sure as stupid as it possibly could be. From that moment we were

friends ; for Allan has none of the proverbial Scottish caution about him ; he is all heart together, without reserve either of expression or manner : you at once see the unaffected benevolence, warmth of feeling, and firm independence, of a man conscious of his own rectitude and mental energies. Young as he was, I had heard of his name, although slightly, and, I think, seen one or two of his juvenile pieces. Of an elder brother of his, Thomas Mouncey, I had, previous to that, conceived a very high idea, and I always marvel how he could possibly put his poetical vein under lock and key, as he did all at once ; for he certainly then bade fair to be the first of Scottish bards.

I had a small bothy upon the hill, in which I took my breakfast and dinner on wet days, and rested myself. It was so small, that we had to walk in on all-fours ; and when we were in, we could not get up our heads any way, but in a sitting posture. It was exactly my own length, and, on the one side, I had a bed of rushes, which served likewise as a seat ; on this we all three sat down, and there we spent the whole afternoon,—and, I am sure, a happier group of three never met on the hill of Queensberry. Allan brightened up prodigiously after he got into the dark bothy, repeating all his early pieces of poetry, and part of his brother's, to me. The two brothers partook heartily, and without reserve, of my scrip and bottle of sweet milk, and the elder Mr Cunningham had a strong bottle with him—I have forgot whether it was brandy or rum, but I remember it was excessively good, and helped to keep up our spirits to a

late hour. Thus began at that bothy in the wilderness a friendship, and a mutual attachment between two aspiring Scottish peasants, over which the shadow of a cloud has never yet passed.

From that day forward I failed not to improve my acquaintance with the Cunninghams. I visited them several times at Dalswinton, and never missed an opportunity of meeting with Allan when it was in my power to do so. I was astonished at the luxuriousness of his fancy. It was boundless; but it was the luxury of a rich garden overrun with rampant weeds. He was likewise then a great mannerist in expression, and no man could mistake his verses for those of any other man. I remember seeing some imitations of Ossian by him, which I thought exceedingly good; and it struck me that that style of composition was peculiarly fitted for his vast and fervent imagination.

When Cromeek's "Nithsdale and Galloway Relics" came to my hand, I at once discerned the strains of my friend, and I cannot describe with what sensations of delight I first heard Mr Morrison read the "Mermaid of Galloway," while at every verse I kept naming the author. It had long been my fixed opinion, that if a person could once succeed in the genuine ballad style, his muse was adequate for any other; and after seeing Allan's strains in that work, I concluded that no man could calculate what he was capable of.

I continued my asseverations to all my intimate friends, *that Allan Cunningham was the author of all that was beautiful in the work.* Gray, who had an attachment to Cromeek, denied it positively on his

friend's authority. Grieve joined him. Morrison, I saw, had strong lurking suspicions ; but then he stickled for the ancient genius of Galloway. When I went to Sir Walter Scott, (then Mr Scott,) I found him decidedly of the same opinion as myself ; and he said he wished to God we had that valuable and original young man fairly out of Cromek's hands again.

I next wrote a review of the work, in which I laid the saddle on the right horse, and sent it to Mr Jeffrey ; but, after retaining it for some time, he returned it with a note, saying, that he had read over the article, and was convinced of the fraud which had been attempted to be played off on the public, but he did not think it worthy of exposure. I have the article, and card, by me to this day.

Mr Cunningham's style of poetry is greatly changed of late for the better. I have never seen any style improved so much. It is free of all that crudeness and mannerism that once marked it so decidedly. He is now uniformly lively, serious, descriptive, or pathetic, as he changes his subject ; but formerly he jumbled all these together, as in a boiling caldron, and when once he began, it was impossible to calculate where or when he was going to end. If these reminiscences should meet his friendly eye, he will pardon them, on the score that they are the effusions of a heart that loves to dwell on some scenes of former days.

GALT.

I first met with this most original and most careless writer at Greenock, in the summer of 1804, as I and two friends were setting out on a tour through the Hebrides ; so that Galt and I have been acquainted these twenty-eight years.

That was a memorable evening for me, for it was the first time I ever knew that my name had been known beyond the precincts of my native wilds, and was not a little surprised at finding it so well known in a place called Greenock, at the distance of one hundred miles. I had by some chance heard the name of the town, and had formed an idea of its being a mouldy-looking village on an ugly coast. How agreeably was I deceived, not only in the appearance of the town, but the metal which it contained !

My two friends and I, purposing to remain there only a night, had no sooner arrived, than word had flown it seems through the town that a strange poetical chap had arrived there, and a deputation was sent to us, inviting us to a supper at the Tontine Hotel. Of course we accepted ; and, on going there, found no fewer than thirty gentlemen assembled to welcome us, and among the rest was Mr Galt, then a tall thin young man, with something a little dandyish in his appearance. He was dressed in a frock-coat and new top-boots ; and it being then the fashion to wear the shirt collars as high as the eyes, Galt wore

his the whole of that night with the one side considerably above his ear, and the other flapped over the collar of his frock-coat down to his shoulder. He had another peculiarity, which appeared to me a singular instance of perversity. He walked with his spectacles on, and conversed with them on; but when he read he took them off. In short, from his first appearance, one would scarcely have guessed him to be a man of genius.

The first thing that drew my attention to him was an argument about the moral tendency of some of Shakspeare's plays, in which, though he had two opponents, and one of them both obstinate and loquacious, he managed his part with such good-nature and such strong emphatic reasoning, that my heart whispered me again and again, "This is no common youth." Then his stories of old-fashioned and odd people were so infinitely amusing, that his conversation proved one of the principal charms of that enchanting night. The conversation of that literary community of friends at Greenock, as well as their songs and stories, was much above what I had ever been accustomed to hear. I formed one other intimate and highly valued acquaintance that night, which continued with increasing affection till his lamented death: I allude to James Park, Esq., junior, of that place, Mr Galt's firm and undeviating friend. I like Galt's writings exceedingly, and have always regretted that he has depicted so much that is selfish and cunning in the Scottish character, and so little that is truly amiable, when he could have done it so well.

SOUTHEY.

My first interview with Mr Southey was at the Queen's Head inn, in Keswick, where I had arrived, wearied, one evening, on my way to Westmoreland ; and not liking to intrude on his family circle that evening, I sent a note up to Greta Hall, requesting him to come down and see me. He came on the instant, and stayed with me about an hour and a half. But I was a grieved as well as an astonished man, when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon ; and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendant poetical genius can exist together. In Scotland I am sure they cannot. With regard to the English, I shall leave them to settle that among themselves, as they have little that is worth drinking.

Before we had been ten minutes together my heart was knit to Southey, and every hour thereafter my esteem for him increased. I breakfasted with him next morning, and remained with him all that day and the next ; and the weather being fine, we spent the time in rambling on the hills and sailing on the lake ; and all the time he manifested a delightful flow of spirits, as well as a kind sincerity of manner, repeating convivial poems and ballads, and always between hands breaking jokes on his nephew, young Coleridge, in

whom he seemed to take great delight. He gave me, with the utmost readiness, a poem and ballad of his own, for a work which I then projected. I objected to his going with Coleridge and me, for fear of encroaching on his literary labours; and, as I had previously resided a month at Keswick, I knew every scene almost in Cumberland; but he said he was an early riser, and never suffered any task to interfere with his social enjoyments and recreations; and along with us he went both days.

Southey certainly is as elegant a writer as any in the kingdom. But those who would love Southey as well as admire him, must see him, as I did, in the bosom, not only of one lovely family, but of three all attached to him as a father, and all elegantly maintained and educated, it is generally said, by his indefatigable pen. The whole of Southey's conversation and economy, both at home and afield, left an impression of veneration on my mind, which no future contingency shall ever either extinguish or injure. Both his figure and countenance are imposing, and deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eye-lids, for these he has no power of raising; so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes; and when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith. This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished laureate. He does not at all see well at a distance, which made me several times disposed to get into a passion with him,

because he did not admire the scenes which I was pointing out. We have only exchanged a few casual letters since that period, and I have never seen this great and good man again.

LOCKHART.

When it is considered what literary celebrity Lockhart has gained so early in life, and how warm and disinterested a friend he has been to me, it argues but little for my sagacity that I scarcely recollect any thing of our first encounters. He was a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified, dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him. But then I found him constantly in company with all the better rank of people with whom I associated, and consequently it was impossible for me not to meet with him. I dreaded his eye terribly ; and it was not without reason, for he was very fond of playing tricks on me, but always in such a way, that it was impossible to lose temper with him. I never parted company with him that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description. Even his household economy seemed clouded in mystery ; and if I got any explanation, it was sure not to be the right thing. It may be guessed how astonished I was one day, on perceiving six black

servants waiting at his table upon six white gentlemen ! Such a train of Blackamoors being beyond my comprehension, I asked for an explanation ; but got none, save that he found them very useful and obliging poor fellows, and that they did not look for much wages, beyond a mouthful of meat.

A young lady hearing me afterwards making a fuss about such a phenomenon, and saying that the Blackamoors would break my young friend, she assured me that Mr Lockhart had only *one* black servant, but that when the master gave a dinner to his friends, the servant, knowing there would be enough, and to spare, for all, invited his friends also. Lockhart always kept a good table, and a capital stock of liquor, especially Jamaica rum, and by degrees I grew not so frightened to visit him.

After Wilson and he, and Sym and I had resolved on supporting Blackwood, it occasioned us to be oftener together ; but Lockhart contrived to keep my mind in the utmost perplexity for years, on all things that related to that Magazine. Being often curious to know when the tremendous articles appeared who were the authors, and being sure I could draw nothing out of either Wilson, or Sym, I always repaired to Lockhart to ask him, awaiting his reply with fixed eyes and a beating heart. Then, with his cigar in his mouth, his one leg flung carelessly over the other, and without the symptoms of a smile on his face, or one twinkle of mischief in his dark gray eye, he would father the articles on his brother, Captain Lockhart, or Peter Robertson, or Sheriff Cay, or James Wilson,

or that queer fat body, Dr Scott ; and sometimes on James and John Ballantyne, and Sam Anderson, and poor Baxter. I remember once, at a festival of the Dilletanti Society, that Lockhart was sitting next me, and charming my ear with some story of authorship. I have forgot what it was ; but think it was about somebody reviewing his own book. On which I said the incident was such a capital one, that I would give any thing to ascertain if it were true.

“ What ? ” said Bridges ; “ did any body ever hear the like of that ? I hope you are not suspecting your young friend of telling you a falsehood ? ”

“ Haud your tongue Davie, for ye ken naething about it,” said I. “ Could ye believe it, man, that callant never tauld me the truth a’ his days but aince, an’ that was merely by chance, an’ without the least intention on his part ? ” These blunt accusations diverted Lockhart greatly, and only encouraged him to farther tricks.

I soon found out that the coterie of my literary associates had made it up to act on O’Dogherty’s principle never to deny a thing that they had *not* written, and never to acknowledge one that they *had*. On which I determined that, in future, I would sign my name or designation to every thing I published, that I might be answerable to the world only for my own offences. But as soon as the rascals perceived this, they signed my name as fast as I did. They then contrived the incomparable “ *Noctes Ambrosianæ*,” for the sole purpose of putting all the sentiments into the Shepherd’s mouth which they durst not avowedly say

themselves, and those too often applying to my best friends.

The thing that most endeared Lockhart to me at that early period was some humorous poetry which he published anonymously in Blackwood's Magazine, and which I still regard as the best of the same description in the kingdom.

Of all the practical jokes that ever Lockhart played off on the public in his thoughtless days, the most successful and ludicrous was that about Dr Scott. He was a strange-looking, bald-headed, bluff little man, that practised as a dentist, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, keeping a good house and hospitable table in both, and considered skilful ; but for utter ignorance of every thing literary, he was not to be matched among a dozen street porters with ropes round their necks. This droll old tippling sinner was a joker in his way, and to Lockhart and his friends a subject of constant mystifications and quizzes, which he partly saw through ; but his uncommon vanity made him like the notice, and when at last the wags began to publish songs and ballads in his name, O then he could not resist going into the delusion ! and though he had a horrid bad voice, and hardly any ear, he would roar and sing the songs in every company as his own.

Ignorant and uneducated as he was, Lockhart sucked his brains so cleverly, and crammed "The Odontist's" songs with so many of the creature's own peculiar phrases, and the names and histories of his obscure associates, that, though I believe the man could scarce spell a note of three lines, even his inti-

mate acquaintances were obliged to swallow the hoax, and by degrees "The Odontist" passed for a first-rate convivial bard, that had continued to eat and drink and draw teeth for fifty years, and more, without ever letting the smallest corner of the napkin appear to be lifted, under which his wonderful talents had lain concealed. I suspect Captain Tom Hamilton, the original O'Dogherty, had also some hand in that ploy; at least he seemed to enjoy it as if he had, for though he pretended to be a high and starched Whig, he was always engaged with these madcap Tories, and the foremost in many of their wicked contrivances.

Well, at last this joke took so well, and went so far, that shortly after the appearance of "The Lament for Captain Paton," one of Lockhart's best things, by-the-bye, but which was published in the doctor's name, he happened to take a trip to Liverpool in a steamboat, and had no sooner arrived there than he was recognised and hailed as Ebony's glorious Odontist! The literary gentry got up a public dinner for him in honour of his great and versatile genius, and the body very coolly accepted the compliment, replying to the toasts and speeches, and all the rest of it. And what is more, none of them ever found him out; which to me, who knew him so well, was quite wonderful. What would I have given to have been at that meeting! I am sure Dean Swift himself never played off a more successful hit than this of "The Odontist."

He is long since dead; but he left a name behind him which has continued to this day, when I have let the secret out. Had he lived till now, I am persua-

ded his works would have swelled out to volumes, and would have been published in his name, with his portrait at the beginning. I never heard whether he left Lockhart any legacy or not ; but he certainly ought to have done so, and both to him and Captain Hamilton. Even the acute Johnie Ballantyne was entrapped, and requested me several times to bring him acquainted with that Dr Scott, who was one of the most original and extraordinary fellows he had ever met with in print, and he wished much to have the honour of being his publisher. In answer to this request I could only laugh in the bibliopole's face, having been for that once in the true secret. I could tell several stories fully as good as this ; but as John is now a reformed character, to all appearance, I shall spare him for the present. Wilson's and his merry doings of those days would make a singular book, and perhaps I may attempt to detail them before I die.

SYM.

I first met with that noble and genuine old Tory, the renowned Timothy Tickler, in his own hospitable mansion of South Side, *alias* George's Square, in the south corner of Edinburgh, and to which I was introduced by one of his sister's sons, I think Mr Robert Wilson, the professor's second brother.

At the very first appearance of my weekly paper

“The Spy,” Mr Sym interested himself for it. Not only did his name appear first on the list of subscribers, but he recommended it strongly to all his friends and acquaintances, as a paper worthy of being patronised. Some of the fine madams pointed out to him a few inadvertences, or more properly, absurdities, which had occurred in the papers ; but he replied, “ O, I don’t deny that ; but I like them the better for these, as they show me at once the character of the writer. I believe him to be a very great blockhead ; still I maintain, that there is some smeddum in him.”

As the paper went on, he sent me some written advices anonymously, which were excellent, and which I tried to conform to as much as I could. He also sent me some very clever papers for the work, which appeared in it, but all the while kept himself closely concealed from me. It is natural to suppose that I had the most kindly feeling towards this friendly stranger ; but it was not till I became acquainted with the Wilsons long afterwards that I knew who he was. When Mr Robert informed me that he was his uncle, I was all impatience to see him.

A little while before the conclusion of “The Spy,” Mr Aikman, the publisher, told me one day that he suspected the friend who had interested himself so much in my success was a Mr Sym ; but I had never heard more than merely his name, and imagined him to be some very little man about Leith. Judge of my astonishment, when I was admitted by a triple-bolted door into a grand house in George’s Square, and introduced to its lord, an uncommonly fine-looking

elderly gentleman, about seven feet high, and as straight as an arrow ! His hair was whitish, his complexion had the freshness and ruddiness of youth, his looks and address full of kindness and benevolence ; but whenever he stood straight up, (for he had always to stoop about half way when speaking to a common-sized man like me,) then you could not help perceiving a little of the haughty air of the determined and independent old aristocrat.

From that time forward, during my stay in Edinburgh, Mr Sym's hospitable mansion was the great evening resort of his three nephews and me ; sometimes there were a few friends beside, of whom Lockhart and Mr Samuel Anderson were mostly two ; but we four for certain ; and there are no jovial evenings of my by-past life which I reflect on with greater delight than those. Tickler is completely an original, as any man may see who has attended to his remarks ; for there is no sophistry there, they are every one his own. Nay, I don't believe that North has, would, or durst put a single sentence into his mouth that had not proceeded out of it. His reading, both ancient and modern, is boundless, his taste and perception acute beyond those of other men ; his satire keen and biting ; but at the same time his good-humour is altogether inexhaustible, save when ignited by coming in collision with Whig or Radical principles. Still there being no danger of that with me, he and I never differed in one single sentiment in our lives, excepting on the comparative merits of some Strathspey reels.

But the pleasantest part of our fellowship is yet to

describe. At a certain period of the night our entertainer knew by the longing looks which I cast to a beloved corner of the dining-room what was wanting. Then he would take out a small gold key that hung by a chain of the same precious metal to a particular button-hole, and stalk away as tall as the life, open two splendid fiddle cases, and produce their contents, first the one, and then the other; but always keeping the best to himself. I'll never forget with what elated dignity he stood straight up in the middle of that floor and rosined his bow: there was a twist of the lip, and an upward beam of the eye, that were truly sublime. Then down we sat side by side, and began—at first gently, and with easy motion, like skilful grooms, keeping ourselves up for the final heat, which was slowly but surely approaching. At the end of every tune we took a glass, and still our enthusiastic admiration of the Scottish tunes increased—our energies of execution redoubled, till, ultimately, it became not only a complete and well-contested race, but a trial of strength to determine which should drown the other. The only feelings short of ecstasy, that came across us in these enraptured moments, were caused by hearing the laugh and joke going on with our friends, as if no such thrilling strains had been flowing. But if Sym's eye chanced at all to fall on them, it instantly retreated upwards again in mild indignation. To his honour be it mentioned, he has left me a legacy of that inestimable violin, provided that I outlive him. But not for a thousand such would I part with my old friend.

SACRED MELODIES.



SACRED MELODIES.

JEWISH CAPTIVES PARTING.

MUST I leave thee broken-hearted,
All our hopes for ever thwarted?
Early met, and early parted,—
 Yet while love was new !
Just when the bud had fondly spread
Its breast to heaven, with blushes red,
The fruit, within its bosom hid,
 Shrunk from its fostering dew !

There's a pang (I may not name it !
Heart of alien cannot frame it,
Tongue of angel cannot blame it)
 Wrings this bosom still :—
Oh ! thou art all with softness blent,
Mild as the lamb, and innocent ;
But thou art in the stranger's tent,
 And subject to his will !

Bitterer term was never spoken !
Take this last, this farewell token,—
All my hopes with it are broken,
 Save in one sole deed :

On that pure breast and form so fair,
Should eye or hand of violence dare—
I say no more ; but to thy care
I trust this sure remede.

How is the gold become so dim?
How hushed the virgin's coral hymn?
Our cup of misery wets the brim—
'Tis slavery or the grave.
Was ever sorrow like to mine?
The daughters young of Judah's line
Are led in bonds and shame to pine,
And none to help or save !



THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

RISE ! rise dawn of the morn !
In glory awake, for thy hour is nigh !
Comest thou afar, by cherubim borne,
O'er lands of the East, o'er star and sky ?
Or sleep'st thou on yon mountain gray ?—
Awake, thou sun ! and come away.
Yes, thou wilt wake ; but, woe is me,
For the shame and guilt thine eye must see !—
The stranger's incense burning still
On the heights of Zion's holy hill ;
And the rude Sabine's altar-stone
In the green groves of Lebanon !—

Awake, O sun ! that I may view
Thy splendour shed (nor grieve the less)
O'er vales of Kedar bathed in dew,
And Chebar's balmy wilderness !
Soon thou wilt smile in beauty bland
Above the Chaldean's sinful land ;—
But, oh ! when shall dawn the day
Of retribution and of grace ?
When shall the shadows pass away
That brood o'er Israel's fallen race ?
Thou holy One ! has Salem's day
By thee forgotten been for aye ?

Sing ! sing !—How shall I sing
A song of Zion or of thee !
Or hymn the name of Israel's King
In darkness and captivity ?
My tabor has no strain nor string
The songs of Zion's land to sing !
But thee—Jerusalem ! when my heart
Ceases to yearn and bleed for thee,
May skill from my right hand depart,
And my reward let bondage be !
There lies engraved thy temple fair,
And NAME that *once* we worshipped there !

Jehovah ! in thy strength awake !
Be vengeance on the heathen driven !
Before thee let the mountains quake,
Thy chariot be the winds of heaven !
Come on the clouds, and who shall stand
Against the sway of thy right hand ?

Think not of us, so far removed,
And as a garment cast away—
Think on our fathers once beloved ;
Must David's house like grass decay ?
Return, and set thy people free,
And captives yet shall sing to thee !



JACOB AND LABAN.

“ DEPART ye,—depart ye,—
For shame, ere the morrow !
Alone let me weep,
In anguish and sorrow,
For her whom so long
I've loved with fond duty ;
For all I have lost
Of sweetness and beauty.

“ These seven long years
I've served hardly for her ;
Yet they seemed but a day,
For the love that I bore her !
The chill hour of midnight
Oft watching has found me,
While the wolf and the lion
Were prowling around me.
Shame on the gift ! shame on the giver .
Woe, woe, now and for ever !”

“ Cheer thee, boy !—cheer thee, boy !
Blame not her willingness ;
Bound to obey,
And swayed by her lovingness.
Striplings may woo,
But age must beware of them ;
Laws must be framed,
And strangers must care for them.

“ Love’s like the young rose ;
Pulled, it will fade and die :
Love’s like the diamond ;
Hardly won, valued high :
For seven years more,
She will kinder and dearer grow ;
Thine shall thy love be,
When thou hast won her so.”
“ Blest be the boon ! blest be the giver
Joy, joy, now and for ever !”

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

OH ! saw ye the Rose of the East
In the valley of Sharon that grows ?
Ye daughters of Judah, how blest
To breathe in the sweets of my Rose !
Come, tell me if yet she’s at rest
In her couch, with the lilies inwove ?
Or if wantons the breeze with her breast ?
For my heart it is sick for my love.

I charge you, ye virgins unveiled,
That stray 'mong the pomegranate trees,
By the roes and the hinds of the field,
That ye wake not my love till she please !
“ The garden with flowers is in blow,
And roses unnumbered are there ;
Then tell how thy love we shall know,
For the daughters of Zion are fair.”

A bed of frankincense her cheek,
And wreath of sweet myrrh is her hand ;
Her eye the bright gem that they seek
By the rivers and streams of the land :
Her smile from the morning she wins ;
Her teeth are the lambs on the hill ;
Her breasts two young roes that are twins,
And feed in the valleys at will.

As the cedar that smiles o'er the wood ;
As the lily 'mid shrubs of the heath ;
As the tower of Damascus that stood
Overlooking the hamlets beneath :
As the moon that in glory you see
'Mid the stars and the planets above ;
Even so among women is she,
And my bosom is ravished with love !

Return with the evening star,
And our couch on Amana shall be ;
From Shinar and Hermon afar
Thou the mountains of leopards shalt see.
O Shulamite ! turn to thy rest,
Where the olive o'ershadows the land ;

As the roe of the desert make haste,
For the singing of birds is at hand !

MAIDEN OF JESHIMON

DUET.

- 1st voice.* O LIVES one love-spark in your breast,
Maiden of Jeshimon ! pray you tell ?
- 2d voice.* Go ask at her whom you now love best,—
Ask her the way you know full well.
- 1st voice.* Women are fickle, and all untrue !
- 2d voice.* Men are ungrateful—so are you !
- 1st voice.* Vanity !
- 2d voice.* Lenity !
- Both voices.* Wormwood and gall !
- 2d voice.* Suavity !
- 1st voice.* Levity !
- Both voices.* Worst of all !
- Once full happy and blithe were we,—
Blithe as bird on the greenwood tree !
- 1st voice.* Long I loved, and loved you dear,—
- 2d voice.* Many a day and many a year :
- Both voices.* Then all nature seemed completer,—
Smiling sweeter.
Ah ! how dear !
- 1st voice.* But 'tis gone !
- 2d voice.* Let it go !

<i>1st voice.</i>	Can'st thou say so, true love?	} <i>Recitante.</i>
<i>2d voice.</i>	Time, that wears all away, Will lay me low !	
<i>Both voices.</i> Again we'll sport, as we have done, Round the tree, over the lea ; Nature then shall smile again, And who so blithe and blest as we ? Sweet the bird shall sing on the tree, And sweet the sun rise over the sea !		

DWELLER IN HEAVEN.

DWELLER in heaven high, Ruler below !
 Fain would I know thee, yet tremble to know !
 How can a mortal deem, how may it be,
 That being can ne'er be but present with thee ?
 Is it true that thou sawest me ere I saw the morn ?
 Is it true that thou knewest me before I was born ?
 That nature must live in the light of thine eye ?—
 This knowledge for me is too great and too high !

That, fly I to noon-day, or fly I to night,
 To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light,
 The light and the darkness to thee are the same,
 And still in thy presence of wonder I am ?
 Should I with the dove to the desert repair,
 Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air :
 In the desert afar—on the mountain's wild brink—
 From the eye of Omnipotence still must I shrink ?

Or mount I, on wings of the morning, away
To caves of the ocean, unseen by the day,
And hide in these uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there to be living and moving in thee !
Nay, scale I the cloud, in the heavens to dwell,
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell,
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still thou art present, and all are the same ?

Yes, present for ever ! Almighty ! Alone !
Great Spirit of nature ! unbounded ! unknown !
What mind can embody thy presence divine ?
I know not my own being ! how can I thine ?
Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend :
The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,
Yet an universe still be rejoicing in thee !*

ON CARMEL'S BROW.

ON Carmel's brow the wreathy vine
Had all its honours shed ;
And, o'er the vales of Palestine,
A sickly paleness spread :
When the old seer, by vision led
And energy sublime,
Into that shadowy region sped,
To muse on distant time.

* This hymn was introduced into the tale of *THE BROWNIE OF BODS-BECK*, and is to be found there, in the first edition.

He saw the valleys far and wide,
But sight of joy was none ;
He looked o'er many a mountain's side,
But silence reigned alone ;
Save that a boding voice sung on
By wave and waterfall.
As still, in harsh and heavy tone,
Deep unto deep did call.

On Kison's strand, and Ephratah,
The hamlets thick did lie ;
No wayfarer between he saw,
No Asherite passed by !
No maiden at her task did ply,
Nor sportive child was seen ;
The lonely dog barked wearily
Where dwellers once had been.

Oh ! beauteous were the palaces
On Jordan wont to be ;
And still they glimmered to the breeze, .
Like stars beneath the sea :—
But vultures held their jubilee
Where harp and cymbal rung ;
And there, as if in mockery,
The baleful satyr sung.

But, oh ! that prophet's visioned eye,
On Carmel that reclined !
It looked not on the times gone by,
But those that were behind ;
His grey hair streamed upon the wind,—
His hands were raised on high,—

As, mirrored on his mystic mind,
Arose futurity !

He saw the feast in Bozrah spread,
Prepared in ancient day ;
Eastward, away the eagle sped,
And all the birds of prey.
“ Who’s this,” he cried, “ comes by the way
Of Edom, all divine,—
Travelling in splendour, whose array
Is red, but not with wine ?

“ Blest be the herald of our King,
That comes to set us free !
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to thee !
Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.

“ The happy child, in dragon’s way,
Shall frolic with delight !
The lamb shall round the leopard play,
And all in love unite !
The dove on Zion’s hill shall light,
That all the world must see ;
Hail to the Journeyer in his might,
That comes to set us free !”

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

DUET.

WHITHER journeyest thou ?
 Where dost thou dwell ?
 Dwell'st thou in the rainbow,
 Or hills of Israel ?
 Beauteous guardian angel
 Tarry here with me ;
 Or guide me through the twilight,
 Far, far, with thee.
 The young and fair
 We'll guard with care,
 From every snare
 And treachery.

TWO VOICES.

Over tower and palace,
 River broad, and fountain,—
 Over den and desert,
 Vale and lofty mountain,—
 Infant's bed,—Virgin's head,—
 Age and misery !

<i>1st voice.</i>	Dost thou dread it ?
<i>2d voice.</i>	Thou shalt see.
<i>1st voice.</i>	Dost thou shun it ?
<i>2d voice.</i>	Oft I've done it.
<i>Both voices.</i>	Kind the heart that needs no suing ! Sweet the toil when good we're doing ! Sweet the toil, &c. &c.

- 1st voice.* Wert thou a watcher here ?
2d voice. Many a thousand year.
Both voices. Then, for aye, our task pursuing,
Never done, yet always doing,
Till our time of bliss draws near.
1st voice. Shall it never ?
2d voice. Yes, for ever.
Both voices. Then our joys be ever new !
As our love and duty true !
Our task is love, and 'tis from above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love !

S O N G S.

DONALD MACDONALD.

AIR—"Woo'd an' married an' a'."

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
I leeve in the Heelands sae grand;
I hae follow'd our bairner and will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues an' brochin' an' a',
Brochin an' brogues an' a';
An' is nae her very weel aff
Wi' her brogues an' brochin an' a'?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?
To tell it I dinna think shame;
Poor lad, he came to us but barely,
An' reckon'd our mountains his hame.
'Twas true that our reason forbade us;
But tenderness carried the day;

Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.
Sword an' buckler an' a',
Buckler an' sword an' a' ;
Now for George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a' !

An' O, I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain ;
For should he gie up the possession,
We'll soon hae to force them again.
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
Though it were my finishing blow,
He ay may depend on M'Donald,
Wi' his Heelanders a' in a row ;
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an' a' ;
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
His knees an' elbows an' a' !

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort-William,
Auld Europe nae langer should grane ,
I laugh when I think how we'd gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane ;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garny
We'd rattle him off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
An' sing him—Lochaber no more !
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a' ;
We'll finish the Corsican callan
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a' !

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
 An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
 An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;
 The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
 An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay;
 An' I, their gudebrither, M'Donald,
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray!
 Brogues an' brochin an' a',
 Brochin an' brogues an' a';
 An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
 The kilt an' the feather an' a' !*

* I once heard the above song sung in the theatre at Lancaster, when the singer substituted the following lines of his own for the last verse.

“ For Jock Bull he is good in a hurry,
 An' Sawney is steel to the bane,
 An' wee Davie Welsh is a widdy,
 An' Paddy will hurkle to nane;
 They'll a' prove baith sturdy and loyal,
 Come dangers around them what may,
 An' I, their gudebrither, M' Donald,
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray !” &c.

It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored, and there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as any body. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedlar.

Another anecdote concerning this song I may mention; and I do it with no little pride, as it is a proof of the popularity of Donald M'Donald among a class, to inspire whom with devotion to the cause of their country was at the time a matter of no little consequence. Happening upon one occasion to be in a wood in Dumfries-shire, through which wood the highroad passed, I heard a voice singing; and a turn of the road soon brought in sight a soldier, who seemed to be either travelling home upon furlough, or returning to his regiment. When the singer approached nearer I distinguished the notes of my own song of Donald M'Donald. As the lad proceeded with his song, he got more and more into the spirit of the thing, and on coming to the end,

WHERE AM I GAUN?

WHERE am I gaun?—I darena tell ;
 Alas ! I hardly ken mysel'.
 There's something burning in my brain
 That leads me out this gate my lane.
 It's no' to be where I hae been,
 It's no' to see wha I hae seen.
 Ah no ! 'tis to the cauld kirkyard,
 To greet aboon the lonely sward.

O my Matilda ! when with pain,
 I left thy side to cross the main,
 I left all dearest to my life,
 A new made mother and a wife.
 I see thee still—thou sobb'd and wept
 Above our baby as he slept:
 That look of sorrow, and that tear,
 My very soul, till death, will sear.

I kiss'd thee—left thee—where art thou ?
 I have no wife nor baby now ;
 I look around me in despair,
 And then to heaven, for they are there.
 I did not see my baby die ;
 I did not close his mother's eye ;

“ An up wi' the bonny blue bonnet
 The kilt and the feather an' a' ! ”

in the height of his enthusiasm, he hoisted his cap on the end of his staff, and danced it about triumphantly. I stood ensconced behind a tree, and heard and saw all without being observed.

Nor hear a blessing from her tongue,
When the last sigh upon it hung.

When death had reft her baby sweet,
She wound him in his winding sheet,
An' followed to his grave, resigned,
But ah ! she could not stay behind.
Where am I gaun ?—I know it now ;
To a dear grave—aye, there are two ;
A very low and little one
Lies 'twixt the other and the sun.

There I must wend, though all alone ;
An inward anguish drags me on,
O'er these new graves, beneath the yew,
My tears to mingle with the dew.
For all that to my soul endear'd,
I lov'd, I cherish'd, and rever'd,
Lie there within a lowly shrine ;
Can there be earthly woe like mine ?

The sweetest bud that ever grew
Has faded like the morning dew ;
The parent stem that gave it birth,
Has sunk into her native earth.
My wife—my baby—O how sweet !
But there's a home where we shall meet,
Beyond yon blue and diamond dome
We'll find an everlasting home.

AN AGED WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH, is he gane, my good auld man?

And am I left forlorn?

And is that manly heart at rest,

The kindest e'er was born?

We've sojourn'd here, thro' hope and fear,

For fifty years and three,

And ne'er in all that happy time

Said he harsh word to me.

And mony a braw and bourdly son,

And daughters in their prime,

His trembling hand laid in the grave,

Lang, lang afore the time.

I dinna greet the day, to see

That he to them has gane,

But oh, it's fearful thus to be

Left in a world alane,

Wi' a poor worn and broken heart,

Whose race of joy is run,

And scarce has little opening left

For aught aneath the sun.

My life nor death I winna crave,

Nor fret, nor yet despond,

But a' my hope is in the grave,

And the dear hame beyond.

M'KIMMAN.

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Kimman ?
Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever ?
Shall the pibroch that welcomed the foe to Ben-Aer
Be hushed when we seek the red wolf in his lair,
To give back our wrongs to the giver ?
To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have
gone—
Like the course of the fire-flaught their clansmen pass'd
on,
With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have
bound them,
And have taken the field with their vassals around them,
Then raise the wild slogan-cry, On to the foray !
Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen ;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again.

Youth of the daring heart, bright be thy doom
As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit now ;
But the fate of M'Kimman is closing in gloom,
And the breath of the grey wraith hath pass'd o'er his
brow.
Victorious in joy thou'lt return to Ben-Aer,
And be clasp'd to the hearts of thy best beloved there ;
But M'Kimman, M'Kimman, M'Kimman shall never—
O never—never—never—never !

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can shun not,
M'Kimman?

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou can shun not?
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon know
That the soul of M'Kimman ne'er quail'd when a foe
Bared his blade in the land he had won not.
Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild breeze behind,
And the red heather-bloom gives its sweets to the wind—
There our broad pennon flies, and our keen steeds are
prancing
'Mid the startling war-cries, and the bright weapons glancing!
Then raise the wild slogan-cry! On to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

SONG OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES FIRST.

See now, my brethren, heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous man shall flourish now—
Brave days are coming on.
Come then, dear comrades, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey, then up go we!

Whate'er the bishops' hands have built
Our hammers shall undo;
We'll break their pipes, and burn their copes,
And burn their churches too.

We'll exercise within the groves,
And preach beneath the tree ;
We'll make a pulpit of a cask,
And hey, then up go we !

We'll down with deans and prebends too,
And I rejoice to tell ye,
How we shall eat good pigs our fill,
And capons stew'd in jelly.
We'll burn the fathers' learned books,
And make the schoolmen flee ;
We'll down with all that smells of wit,
And hey, then up go we !

If once the greedy churchmen crew
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to stoop,
And keep the gentry down.
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride we see ;
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
And hey, then up go we !

The name of lord shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother ;
No reason why, in church or state,
One man should rule another.
Now when this change of government
Has set our fingers free,
We'll make their saucy dames come down,
And hey, then up go we !

What though the king and parliament
Do now accord together ?
We have more cause to be content,
This is our sunshine weather.
For if that reason should take place,
And they should disagree,
For us there would be little grace ;
For hey, then up go we !

What should we do then in such case ?
Let's put it to a venture,
If we can hold out seven years' space,
We'll sue out our indenture.
A time may come to make us rue,
Yet time may set us free,
Unless the gallows claim his due,
And hey, then up go we !

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gie her a kiss an' let her gae ;
But gin ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gae rub her ower wi' strae,
Nought is like a bonny lassie,
Brisk an' bonny, blithe and gay ;
But gin ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gae rub her ower wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
O' ilka joy while ye are young,

Afore auld age your veetals nip,
 An' lay ye twafauld ower a rung.
 But look out for a bonny lassie,
 Brisk an' bonny, blithe an' gay;
 But gin ye meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gae rub her ower wi' strae.

Auld age an' youth has joys apart,
 An' though they dinna weel combine,
 The honest, kind, an' gratefu' heart
 Will aye be blithe like yours an' mine.
 But nought is like a bonny lassie,
 Dearer gift Heav'n never gae;
 But gin ye meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gae rub her ower wi' strae.

MOGGY AND ME.

O wha are sae happy as me an' my Moggy?
 O wha are sae happy as Moggy an' me?
 We're baith turnin' auld, an' our walth is soon tauld,
 But contentment bides aye in our cottage sae wee.
 She toils a' the day when I'm out wi' the hirsle,
 An' chaunts to the bairns while I sing on the brae;
 An' aye her blithe smile welcomes me frae my toil;
 When down the glen I come weary an' wae.

Aboon our auld heads we've a nice little biggen,
 That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa;
 We've twa wabs o' linen o' Moggy's ain spinnin',
 As thick as silk velvet and white as the snaw;

We've kie in the byre, an' yauds in the stable,
A grumphie sae fat that she hardly can stand ;
An' something, I guess, in yon auld painted press,
To cheer up the speerits an' steady the hand.

'Tis true we hae had mony sorrows an' crosses,
Our pouches oft toom, an' our hearts fu' o' care ;
But wi' a' our crosses, our sorrows, an losses,
Contentment, thank Heaven ! has aye been our share.
I've an auld roostit sword that was left by my father,
Whilk aye has been drawn when my king had a fae !
We hae friends ane or twa that aft gie us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy or grieve when we're wae.

Our duke may hae goud mair than schoolmen can reckon,
An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his ee,
His lady aye braw sittin prim in the ha' ;
But are they sae happy as Moggy an' me ?
A' ye wha ne'er fand the straight road to be happy,
Wha are nae content wi' the lot that ye dree,
Come down to the dwellin' o' whilk I've been tellin',—
You'll learn it by looking at Moggy and me.

RISE ! RISE ! LOWLAND AND HIGHLAND MEN.

Rise ! rise ! lowland and highland men ;
Bald sire and beardless son, each come, and early :
Rise ! rise ! mainland and island men,
Belt on your broad swords, and fight for Prince
Charlie !

Down from the mountain steep,
 Up from the valley deep
 Out from the clachan, the bothy, and sheeling ;
 Bugle and battle-drum,
 Bid chief and vassal come ;
 Loudly our bagpipes the pibroch are pealing.

CHORUS.

Rise, rise, &c.

Men of the mountains !—descendants of heroes !
 Heirs of the fame and the hills of your fathers,—
 Say, shall the Sassenach Southron not fear us,
 When fierce to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers?
 Long on the trophied walls
 Of your ancestral halls
 Rust hath been blunting the armour of Albin :
 Seize, then, ye mountain Macs,
 Buckler and battle-axe,
 Lads of Lochaber, Brae-Mar, and Bredalbine.

CHORUS.

Rise, rise, &c.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
 When did the bonnet blue crest the disloyal ?
 Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart !
 Follow your hero, the rightful, the royal.
 Come, chief of Clanronald,
 And gallant M'Donald ;
 Come Lovet, Lochiel, with the Grant and the Gordon ;

Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man ;
Musket on shoulder, and thigh the broad sword on !

CHORUS.

Rise ! rise ! lowland and highland men ;
Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early ;
Rise ! rise ! mainland and island men,
Belt on your broad swords, and fight for Prince
Charlie !”

SCOTIA'S GLENS.

AIR—“ *Lord Ballenden's delight.*”

'MANG Scotia's glens and mountains blue,
Where Galla's lilies never grew,
Where Roman eagles never flew,
Nor Danish lions rallied,
Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,
Where roves the swift an' stately deer,
There live the lads to freedom dear,
By foreign yoke ne'er galled !

There woods grow wild on every hill,
There freemen wander at their will,
And Scotland will be Scotland still,
While hearts so brave defend her !
Fear not, our sovereign Liege, they cry,
We've flourish'd fair beneath thine eye ;
For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,
Nor aught but life surrender !

Since thou hast watch'd our every need,
And taught our navies wide to spread,
The smallest hair from thy grey head
 No foreign foe shall sever ;
Thy honour'd age in peace to save,
The sternest enemy we'll brave,
Or stem the fiercest ocean wave,
 Nor heart nor hand shall waver !

Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,
While Scotia's noble blood runs warm,
Our good old man we'll guard from harm,
 Or fall in heaps around him !
Although the Irish Harp were won,
And England's Roses all o'errun,
'Mang Scotia's glens, with sword and gun,
 We'll form a bulwark round him !

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

“ Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale ;
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on ;
 The Armstrongs are flying,
 The widows are crying,
The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone !

“ Lock the door, Lariston,—high on the weather-gleam
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
 Yeomen and carbinier,
 Bilman and halberdier,
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry !

“ Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar ;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey ;
 Hidley and Howard there,
 Wandale and Windermere ;
Lock the door, Lariston ; hold them at bay.

“ Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston ?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye ?
 Thou bold Border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger ;
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.”

Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous embrace ;
 “ Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
 On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase !

“ Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here ;
Little know you of our moss-troopers' might—
 Linhope and Sorbie true,
 Sundhope and Milburn too ;
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight !

“ I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn and Netherbie,
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array ;
 Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray !”

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddisdale,
Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold !

Many a bold martial eye,
 Mirror'd that morning sky,
 Never more oped on his orbit of gold !

Shrill was the bugle's note ! dreadful the warrior's shout !
 Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ;
 Helmet and hauberk then
 Braved the claymore in vain,
 Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane—the proud files of the Windermere !
 Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !

Hear the wide welkin rend,
 While the Scots' shouts ascend—
 “ Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye ! ”

THE BOWER OF TAY.

AIR—“ *Maid of Isla.* ”

WEAR away, ye hues of spring,
 Ye blooms of summer fade away,
 Round the welcome season bring
 That leads my steps to Highland Tay.
 Dear to me the day—the hour,
 When last her winding wave I saw,
 But dearer still the bonnie bower
 That lies aneath yon greenwood shaw.

Aye we sat, and aye we sighed,
 For there was one my arms within ;

Aye the restless stream we eyed,
And heard its soft and soothing din :
The sun had sought Glen-Lyon's glade,
Forth peered the evening's modest gem ;
And every little cloud that strayed
Looked gaudy in its gowden hem.

The playful breeze across the plain
Brought far the wood-lark's wooer tale,
And gambolled o'er the mellow grain
In mimic waves adown the dale.
I saw the drops of dew so clear
Upon the green leaf trembling lie,
And, sweeter far, the crystal tear
That trembled in a lovely eye.

When lovers meet, 'tis to the mind
The spring-flush of the blooming year ;
But oh, their parting leaves behind
A glow to memory ever dear.
Ettrick's fairy banks are green,
And Yarrow braes are mooned with grey ;
But gloaming fall was never seen
Like that I viewed in bower of Tay.

THE BITTERN'S QUAVERING TRUMP ON HIGH.

The bittern's quavering trump on high,—
The beetle's drowsy distant hum,—
Have sung the day's wild lullaby,
And yet my Peggie is not come.

The golden primrose from the wood,
The scented hawthorn's snowy flower,
Mixed with the laurel buds, I've strewed
Deep in my Peggie's woodland bower.

O come, my love ! the branches link
Above our bed of blossoms new ;
The stars behind their curtains wink
To spare thine eyes so soft and blue.

No human eye nor heavenly gem,
With envious smile our bliss shall see,
The mountain ash his diadem
Shall spread to shield the dew from thee.

O let me hear thy fairy tread
Come gliding through the broomwood still ;
Then on my bosom lean thy head,
Till dawning crown the distant hill.

And I will watch thy witching smile,
List what has caused thy long delay,
And kiss thy melting lips the while,
Till die the sweet reproof away.

THE LASSIE OF YARROW.

“ WHAT makes my heart beat high,
What makes me heave the sigh,
When yon green den I spy,
Lonely and narrow ?

Sure on your braken lea
Under the hawthorn tree,
Thou hast bewitched me,
Lassie of Yarrow!"

" Yon braken den so lone
Rueful I ponder on ;
Lad, though my vow ye won,
'Twas to deceive thee.
Sore, sore I rue the day
When in your arms I lay,
And swore by the hawthorn grey,
Never to leave thee."

" Mary, thy will is free ;
All my fond vows to thee
Were but in jest and glee ;
Could'st thou believe me ?
I have another love
Kind as the woodland dove ?
False to that maid to prove,
O, it would grieve me !"

Mary's full eye so blue,
Mild as the evening dew,
Quick from his glance withdrew,
Soft was her sighing ;
Keen he the jest renewed,
Hard for his freedom sued ;
When her sweet face he viewed,
Mary was crying.

“ Cheer thee,” the lover said,
“ Now thy sharp scorn repaid,
Never shall other maid

Call me her marrow.

Far sweeter than sun or sea,
Or aught in this world I see,
Is thy love-smile to me,
Lassie of Yarrow !”

THE SOLDIER’S WIDOW.*

AIR—“ *The Birks of Invermay.*”

THE flag waved o’er the castle wa’,
The hind came lilting o’er the lea,
Loud joy rang through the lighted ha’,
An’ ilka ane was blithe but me ;
For, ah ! my heart had tint its glee,
Although the wars had worn away—
The breast, that used my stay to be,
Was lying cauld in foreign clay.

I lookit east, I lookit west,
I saw the darksome coming even ;—
The wild bird had its cozie nest,
The kid was to the hamlet driven :
But house nor hame aneath the heaven,
Except the skeuch of greenwood tree,

* Sung at the Institution of the Caledonian Asylum.

To seek a shelter in was given
To my three little bairns an' me.

I had a prayer I cou'dna say,
I had a vow I cou'dna breathe,—
For aye they led my words astray,
An' aye they were connected baith
Wi' ane wha now was cauld in death !
I lookit round wi' watery ee—
Hope wasna there, but I was laith
To see my little babies dee.

Just as the breeze the aspen stirred,
And bore aslant the falling dew,
I thought I heard a bonnie bird
Singing amid the air so blue :
It was a lay that did renew
The hope deep sunk in misery ;
It was of ane my woes that knew,
And some kind hearts that cared for me.

O, sweet as breaks the rising day,
Or sunbeam through the wavy rain,
Fell on my soul the cheering lay—
Was it an angel poured the strain ?—
Wha kens a yearning mother's pain,
Bent o'er the child upon her knee ?
O mine will bless, and bless again
The generous hearts that cared for me.

A cot was reared by mercy's hand
Amid the Grampian wilderness—

It rose as if by magic wand,
 A shelter to forlorn distress !
 An' weel I ken that Heaven will bless
 The hearts that issued the decree—
 The widow and the fatherless
 Can never pray an' slighted be.

JOHN OF BRACKADALE

AIR—" *Nuair a thig an Samhra.*"

CAME ye o'er by Moravich ?
 Saw ye John of Brackadale ?
 At his nose a siller quaich,
 At his knee a water pail !
 Copper nose and haffets grey,
 Bald head and bosom hale,
 John has drunken usquebae,
 Mair than a' Loch Brackadale !
 Hey John ! ho John !
 Hey John of Brackadale !
 Hey John ! ho John !
 Waes me gin ye should fail,
 Auld John, bauld John,
 Brave John of Brackadale !

But John will wear away,
 And the weary usquebae
 Will grow cheaper by a third
 When they delve him in the yird !

Oh, the gay hearts at Portree
 Will lament sair for thee !
 And I mysel raise sic a wail
 A' the rocks of Sky shall peal !
 Hey John ! ho John ! &c.*

WHY SHOULD I SIT AN' SIGH.

AIR—" *Cnochd a Bheanniehd.*"

WHY should I sit an' sigh
 When the greenwood blooms sae bonnie ?
 Laverocks sing, flowerets spring,
 A' but me are cheery.
 Ochon, O ri ! there's something wanting.
 Ochon, O ri ! I'm weary !
 Nae young, blithe, an' bonnie lad,
 Comes o'er the knowe to cheer me.
 Ochon, O ri ! there's something wanting, &c.

When the day wears away,
 Sair I look adown the valley,

* In a subsequent edition the concluding verse runs thus :—

Sic a carle, to wear away,
 An' lye down quiet in the yird,
 Just when the glorious usquebae
 Is growing cheaper by a third ;—
 It winna do—I'll no believe it,
 For ne'er was carle sae blythe an' hale ;
 Then hey for routh o' barley bree,
 An' brave John o' Brackadale.

Ilka sound wi' a stound

Sets my heart a-thrilling :

When I see the plover rising,

Or the curlew wheeling,

Then I trow some bonnie lad

Is coming to my sheiling.

Ochon ! O ri ! there's something wanting, &c.

Come away, come away,

Herd or hind, or boatman laddie ;

I hae cow, kid and ewe,

Gowd and gear to gain thee !

My wee cot is blessed and happy ;

O 'tis neat and cleanly !

Sweet the brier that blooms beside it,

Kind the heart that's lanely :

Ochon ! O ri ! there's something wanting, &c.

THE LAST CRADLE SONG.

AIR—" *My Love's shoulders are broad and square.*"

A Border Melody.

Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawllillilu,

Light be thy care 'and cumber ;

Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawllillilu,

O sweet be thy sinless slumber.

Ere thou wert born my youthful heart

Yearned o'er my babe with sorrow ;

Long is the night-noon that we must part,

But bright shall arise the morrow.

Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawllillilu,
 Here no more will I see thee ;
 Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawllillilu,
 O sair is my heart to lea' thee.
 But far within yon sky so blue,
 In love that fail shall never,
 In valleys beyond the land of the dew,
 I'll sing to my baby for ever.

WHAT GARS THE PARTING DAY-BEAM BLUSH.

AIR—" *Gae fetch to me a pint of wine.*"

WHAT gars the parting day-beam blush,
 An' linger owre yon summit lowering ?
 It sees me in the greenwood bush,
 Ahint the brier an' willow cowering.
 The gloaming starn keeks owre the yoke,
 An' strews wi' gowd the stream sae glassy ;
 The raven sleeps aboon the rock,
 An' I wait for my bonnie lassie.

Weel may I tent the siller dew,
 That comes at e'en sae saftly stealing ;
 The silken hue, the bonnie blue
 Of nature's rich an' radiant ceiling ;
 The lily lea, the vernal tree ;
 The night breeze owre the broom-wood creeping ;
 The fading day, the milky way,
 The star-beam on the water sleeping :

For gin my Jeanie war but here,
My flower sae lovely an' sae loving,
I'll see nought but her een sae clear,
I'll hear nought but her accents moving.
Although the bat wi' velvet wing
Wheels round our bed sae damp an' grassy,
O, I'll be happier than a king,
Locked in thy arms, my bonnie lassie !

Nae art hast thou, nae pawkie wile,
The rapid flow of love impelling ;
But O, the love that lights thy smile
Wad lure an angel frae his dwelling !
Can I—can ane o' human race
E'er wound thy peace, or evil treat thee ?
For sure thy bonnie harmless face
Wad melt the lion's heart to pity.

Alas ! that love's relucant lowe
A bleered regret should ever sloken !
That heavenly gleed, that living glow,
Of endless happiness the token.
I'll fling my waes upon the wind ;
Ye warldly cares, I'll lightly pass ye ;
Nae thought shall waver through my mind
But raptures wi' my bonnie lassie.

This primrose bank shall be our bed,
Our canopy the waving willow,
This briery brake shall guard our heap,
Its wild rose nodding owre our pillow :
Her lips, her bosom, pressed to mine !
Ah, paradise, it must surpass ye !

I'll ask nae purer joys divine,
Than sic a bower, an' sic a lassie.

POOR LITTLE JESSIE.

O WHAT gart me greet when I parted wi Willie,
While at his guid fortune ilk ane was sae fain ?
The neighbours upbraidit an' said it was silly,
When I was sae soon to see Willie again.
He gae me his hand as we gaed to the river,
For O, he was aye a kind brother to me ;
Right sair was my heart frae my Willie to sever,
An' saut was the dew-drop that smartit my ee.

It wasna the kiss that he gae me at parting,
Nor yet the kind squeeze that he gae to my hand,
It wasna the tear frae his blue eye was starting.
As slow they war shoving the boat frae the land :
The tear that I saw owre his bonnie cheek straying,
It pleased me indeed, but it doubled my pain ;
For something within me was constantly saying,
“ Ah, Jessie, ye'll never see Willie again !”

The bairn's unco wae to be taen frae its mother,
The wee bird is wae when bereaved o' its young,
But O, to be reft of a dear only brother—
That feeling can neither be paintit nor sung.
I dreamed a' the night that my Willie was wi' me,
Sae kind to his Jessie, at meeting sae fain,
An' just at the dawning a friend came to see me,
An' taul me I never wad see him again.

I hae naebody now to look kind an' caress me ;
 I look for a friend, but nae friend can I see ;
 I dinna ken what's to become o' poor Jessie,
 The world has little mair pleasure for me.
 It's lang sin' I lost baith my father and mother,
 I'm simple an' poor an' forlorn on the way ;
 I had ane that I likit, an only dear brother,
 My Willie—but he's lying cauld i' the clay.*

AH, PEGGIE, SINCE 'THOU'RT GANE AWAY.

AIR—" *Royal Highlanders' March.*"

AH, Peggie, since thou'rt gane away,
 An' left me here to languish,
 I canna fend anither day
 In sic regretfu' anguish.
 My mind's the aspen i' the vale
 In ceaseless waving motion ;
 'Tis like a ship without a sail
 On life's unstable ocean.

I downa bide to see the moon
 Blink owre the glen sae clearly !—

* In the first draft the concluding stanza is as follows :—

I hae naebody now to look kind an' caress me ;
 I look for a friend, but nae friend can I see ;
 I dinna ken what's to become o' poor Jessie,
 Life has nae mair comfort or pleasure for me !
 Hard want may oppress me, and sorrow harass me,
 But dearest affection shall ever remain,
 An' wandering weary this wilderness dreary,
 I'll lang for the day that will meet us again.

Aince on a bonnie face she shone,
A face that I looded dearly !
An' when beside yon water clear,
At e'en I'm lanely roaming,
I sigh an' think if ane was here,
How sweet wad fa' the gloaming !

When I think on thy cheerfu' smile,
Thy words sae free an' kindly,
Thy pawkie ee's bewitching wile,
The unbidden tear will blind me.
The rose's deepest blushing hue
Thy cheek could eithly borrow,
But ae kiss o' thy cherry mou'
Was worth a year o' sorrow.

Oh ! in the slippery paths of love,
Let prudence aye direct thee ;
Let virtue every step approve,
An' virtue will respect thee.
To ilka pleasure, ilka pang,
Alak ! I am nae stranger ;
An' he wha aince has wandered wrang
Is best aware o' danger.

May still thy heart be kind an' true,
A' ither maids excelling ;
May heaven distil its purest dew
Around thy rural dwelling.
May flowerets spring, an' wild birds sing
Around thee late an' early ;
An' oft to thy remembrance bring
The lad that looded thee dearly.

THE FLOWER.

O softly blow, thou biting blast,
O'er Yarrow's lonely dale ;
And spare yon bonny tender bud,
Exposed to every gale.

Long has she hung her drooping head,
Despairing to survive,
But transient sunbeams through the cloud
Still kept my flower alive.

One sweetly scented summer eve
To yonder bower I strayed,
While little birds from every bough
Their music wild conveyed.

The sunbeam leaned across the shower ;
The rainbow girt the sky ;
'Twas then I saw this lovely flower,
And wonder filled mine eye.

Her cheek was then the ruddy dawn
Stolen from the rising sun ;
The whitest feather from the swan
On her fair breast was dun.

Her mould of modest dignity
Was form'd the heart to win ;
The dew-drop glistening in her eye
Showed all was pure within.

But frost on cold misfortune borne,
Hath crush'd her in the clay,
And ruthless fate hath rudely torn
Each kindred branch away.

That wounded stem will never close,
But bleeding still remain :
Relentless winds, how can ye blow,
And nip my flower again ?

THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

THE moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over,
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover ;
But the snow was so deep
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover ;
White were the sheets,
And embroidered the cover.
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander !

Alas, pretty maiden !
What sorrows attend you !

I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window :
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom !

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you !—
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you.
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corse of your lover !

LORD EGLINTOUN'S AULD MAN.

THE auld guidman came hame at night
Sair wearied wi' the way ;
His looks were like an evening bright,
His hair was siller grey.
He spak o' days lang past an' gane,
When life beat high in every vein ;
When he was foremost on the plain
On every blithesome day.

“ Then blithely blushed the morning dawn,
An' gay the gloaming fell ;
For sweet content led aye the van,
An' soothed the passions well :

Till wounded by a gilded dart,
When Jeanie's een subdued my heart,
I cherished aye the pleasing smart—
Mair sweet than I can tell.

“ We had our griefs, we had our joys,
In life's uneasy way ;
We nourished virtuous girls an' boys,
That now are far away ;
An' she, my best, my dearest part,
The sharer o' ilk joy an' smart,
Each wish an' weakness o' my heart,
Lies mouldering in the clay.

“ The life o' man's a winter day,
Look back, 'tis gone as soon ;
But yet his pleasures halve the way,
An' fly before 'tis noon :
But conscious virtue still maintains
The honest heart through toils an' pains ;
An' hope o' better days remains,
An' hauds the heart aboon.”

BONNIE MARY.

WHERE Yarrow rows amang the rocks,
An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,
A brisk young shepherd fed his flocks,
Unused to wranglement or din.
But love its silken net had thrown
Around his breast, so brisk an' airy ;

An' his blue eyes wi' moisture shone,
As thus he sung of bonnie Mary.—

O Mary, thou'rt sae mild and sweet,
My very being clings about thee ;
This heart would rather cease to beat,
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.
I see thee in the evening beam—
A radiant, glorious apparition ;
I see thee in the midnight dream,
By the dim light of heavenly vision !

“ When over Benger's haughty head
The morning breaks in streaks sae bonnie,
I climb the mountain's velvet side,
For quiet rest I getna ony.
How dear the lair on yon hill cheek,
Where many a weary hour I tarry ;
For there I see the twisting reek
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.

“ When Phœbus keeks outower the muir,
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily ;
When morn has breathed her fragrance pure,
An' life an' joy ring through the valley ;
I drive my flocks to yonder brook,
The feeble in my arms I carry,
Then every lammie's harmless look
Brings to my mind my bonnie Mary.

“ Oft has the lark sung ower my head,
An' shook the dew-drops frae his wing ;

Oft hae my flocks forgot to feed,
An' round their shepherd form'd a ring !
Their looks condole the lee-lang day,
While mine are fix'd and never vary,
Aye turning down the westlin braise,
Where dwells my loved, my bonnie Mary.

When gloaming, creeping west the lift,
Wraps in deep shadow dell and dingle,
An' lads an' lasses mak a shift
To raise some fun around the ingle,
Regardless o' the wind or rain,
With cautious step and prospect wary,
I often trace the lonely glen
To steal a sight o' bonnie Mary.

“ When midnight draws her curtain deep,
An' lays the breeze amang the bushes,
An' Yarrow in her sounding sweep,
By rock and ruin raves and rushes ;
Though sunk in deep and quiet sleep,
My fancy wings her flight so airy,
To where sweet guardian spirits keep
Their watch around the couch of Mary.

The exile may forget his home,
Where blooming youth to manhood grew ;
The bee forget the honey-comb,
Nor with the spring his toil renew :
The sun may lose his light and heat,
The planets in their rounds miscarry,
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my bonnie Mary.”

BAULDY FRAZER.

AIR—" *Whigs o' Fife.*"

My name is Bauldy Frazer, man ;
I'm puir, an' auld, an' pale, an' wan,
I brak my shin, an' tint a han',
 Upon Culloden lea, man ;
Our Highlan' clans were bauld and stout,
An' thought to turn their faes about,
But gat that day a desperate rout,
 An' owre the hills did flee, man.

Sic hurly-burly ne'er was seen,
Wi' cuffs, an' buffs, an' blindit een,
While Highlan' swords, o' metal keen,
 War gleamin' grand to see, man.
The canons rowtit in our face,
An' brak our banes an' raive our claes ;
'Twas then we saw our ticklish case
 Atween the deil an' sea, man.

Sure Charlie an' the brave Lochiel
Had been that time beside theirsell'
To plant us in the open fell
 In the artillery's e'e, man :
For had we met wi' Cumberland
By Athol braes or yonder strand,
The bluid o' a' the savage band
 Had dy'd the German sea, man.

But down we drappit dadd for dadd ;
I thought it should hae put me mad,
To see sae mony a Highlan' lad
 Lie bluthrin' on the brae, man.
I thought we ance had won the fray ;
We smasht ae wing till it gae way ;
But the other side had lost the day,
 An' skelpit fast awa, man.

When Charlie wi' Macpherson met ;
Like Hay he thought him back to get ;
“ We'll turn,” quo' he, “ an' try them yet ;
 We'll conquer or we'll dee, man.”
But Donald shumpit o'er the purn,
An' sware an aith she wadna turn,
Or sure she wad hae cause to mourn ;
 Then fast awa did flee, man.

O ! had you seen that hunt o' death !
We ran until we tint our breath,
Ay looking back for fear o' skaith,
 Wi' hopeless, shinin' ee, man.
But Britain ever may deplore
That day upon Drumossie moor,
Whar thousands ta'en war drench'd in gore,
 Or hang'd outower a tree, man.

O Cumberland, what mean'd ye then,
To ravage ilka Highlan' glen ?
Our crime was truth, an' love to ane,
 We had nae spite at thee, man :

An' you or your's may yet be glad,
To trust the honest Highland lad ;
The bonnet blue, and belted plaid,
Will stand the last o' three, man.

THE BROOM SAE GREEN.

LANG I sat by the broom sae green,
An' O, my heart was eerie,
For aye this strain was breathed within
Your laddie will no come near ye !
Lie still thou wee bit fluttering thing,
What means this weary wavering ?
Nae heart returns thy raptured spring,
Your laddie will no come near ye !

His leifu' sang the robin sung
On the bough that hung sae near me,
Wi' tender grief my heart was wrung,
For O, the strain was dreary !
The robin's sang it coudnae be
That gart the tear-drap blind my ee ;
How ken'd the wee bird on the tree
That my laddie wad no come near me ?

The new-wean'd lamb on yonder lea
It bleats out through the braken,
The herried bird upon the tree
Mourns o'er its nest forsaken ;—
If they are wae, how weel may I ?
Nae grief like mine aneath the sky,

The lad I lo'e he cares nae by
Though my fond heart is breaking !

FLORA MACDONALD'S FAREWELL.

FAR over yon hills of the heather sae green,
An' down by the correi that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her ee.
She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main,
An' aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant, an' young,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !

The muircock that craws on the brows of Ben-Connal,
He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted, his eyry can claim ;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But, ah ! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he—
The conflict is past, and our name is no more—
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me !

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;

The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue !
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true ?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good !
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow !

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

CAM ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry,
Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and white cockades
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie ?
Follow thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow thee .
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly !
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie ?

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald ;
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengary !
Health to M'Donnel, and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie !
Follow thee ! follow thee ! &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie ;
Brave M'Intosh he shall fly to the field with them ;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie !
Follow thee ! follow thee ! &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore !
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely !
Ronald an' Donald, drive on, wi' the broad claymore,
Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie !

Follow thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow thee ?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly !
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie ?

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then, when the gloaming comes.
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !

GANG TO THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

I'LL sing of yon glen of red heather.
An' a dear thing that ca's it her hame,
Wha's a' made o' love-life thegither,
Frae the tie o' the shoe to the kaime,
Love beckons in every sweet motion,
Commanding due homage to gie ;
But the shrine o' my dearest devotion
Is the bend o' her bonny eebree.

I fleech'd an' I pray'd the dear lassie
To gang to the brakens wi' me ;
But, though neither lordly nor saucy,
Her answer was—" Laith wad I be !
I neither hae father nor mither,
Sage counsel or caution to gie ;
An' prudence has whisper'd me never
To gang to the brakens wi' thee."

Dear lassie, how can ye upbraid me,
An' try your ain love to beguile ?
For ye are the richest young lady
That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile.

Your smile, that is blither than ony,
The bend o' your cheerfu' eebree,
An' the sweet blinks o' love there sae bonny,
Are five hunder thousand to me!

She turn'd her around, an' said, smiling;
While the tear in her blue eye shone clear,
" You're welcome, kind sir, to your mailing,
For, O, you hae valued it dear :
Gae make out the lease, do not linger,
Let the parson indorse the decree ;
An' then, for a wave o' your finger,
I'll gang to the brakens wi' thee!"

There's joy in the bright blooming feature,
When love lurks in every young line ;
There's joy in the beauties of nature,
There's joy in the dance and the wine :
But there's a delight will ne'er perish,
'Mang pleasures all fleeting an' vain,
And that is to love and to cherish
The fond little heart that's our ain !

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel Boy to the glen is gone,
In its deepest dells you'll find him,
Where echoes sing to his music's tone,
And fairies listen behind him.
He sings of nature all in her prime,
Of sweets that around him hover,

Of mountain heath and moorland thyme,
And trifles that tell the lover.

How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay,
Through cliffs and wild woods ringing,
For, ah! there is love to beacon his way,
And hope in the song he's singing!
The bard may indite, and the minstrel sing,
And maidens may chorus it rarely;
But unless there be love in the heart within,
The ditty will charm but sparely.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch.

A farewell for ever!

Farewell to my wee cot

That stands by the river!

The fall is loud sounding

In voices that vary,

And the echoes surrounding

Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,

'Mid the rocks that enclose them,

With a child at her knee,

And a child at her bosom:

I heard her sweet voice

'Mid the depth of my slumber,

And the sang that she sung

Was of sorrow and cumber.

“ Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
There is nought to alarm thee ;
The sons of the valley
No power have to harm thee !
I'll sing thee to rest
In the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden !

“ The brave were betray'd,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing !
Thy mother no voice has,
No feeling that changes,
No word, sign, or song,
But the lesson of vengeance !

“ I'll tell thee, my son,
How our laurels are withering ;
I'll bind on thy sword
When the clansmen are gathering ;
I'll bid thee go forth
In the cause of true honour,
And never return
Till thy country hath won her !

“ Our tower of devotion
Is the house of the reaver ;
The pride of the ocean
Is fallen for ever !
The pride of the forest,
That time could not weaken,

Is trod in the dust,
And its honours are shaken !

“ Rise, spirits of yore,
Ever dauntless in danger !
For the land that was yours
Is the land of the stranger.

O come from your caverns,
All bloodless and hoary,
And these fiends of the valley
Shall tremble before ye !”

CALEDONIA.

CALEDONIA ! thou land of the mountain and rock,
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind—
Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak.
Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind :
Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren thy glens,
Though bleak thy dun islands appear,
Yet kind are the hearts, and undaunted the clans,
That roam on these mountains so drear !

A foe from abroad, or a tyrant at home,
Could never thy ardour restrain ;
The marshall'd array of imperial Rome
Essay'd thy proud spirit in vain !
Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,
Of genius unshackled and free,
The muses have left all the vales of the south,
My loved Caledonia, for thee !

Sweet land of the bay and the wild-winding deeps,
Where loveliness slumbers at even,
While far in the depth of the blue water sleeps
A calm little motionless heaven !
Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,
Of the storm and the proud rolling wave—
Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,
And the land of my forefathers' grave !

THE LAIRD O' LAMINGTON.

CAN I bear to part wi' thee,
Never mair your face to see ?
Can I bear to part wi' thee,
Drunken Laird o' Lamington ?
Canty war ye o'er your kale,
Toddy jugs, an' caups o' ale,
Heart aye kind, an' leel, an' hale,
Honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that swears is but so so,
He that lies to hell must go,
He that falls in bagnio,
Falls in the devil's frying-pan.
Wha wa'st ne'er pat aith to word ?
Never lied for duke nor lord ?
Never sat at sinfu' board ?
The Honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that cheats can ne'er be just ;
He that prays is ne'er to trust ;

He that drinks to drauck his dust,
 Wha can say that wrang is done?
 Wha was't ne'er to fraud inclin'd,
 Never pray'd sin' he can min'd?
 Ane wha's drouth there's few can find,
 The Honest Laird o' Lamington.

I like a man to tak' his glass,
 Toast a friend or bonny lass;
 He that winna is an ass—
 Deil send him ane to gallop on!
 I like a man that's frank an' kind,
 Meets me when I have a mind,
 Sings his sang, an' drinks me blind,
 Like the Laird o' Lamington.

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

UP wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
 The sons of an auld pedigree!
 An' up wi' the lads o' the Forest,
 Renown'd for their leal loyalte!
 I may be mista'en, but I carena,
 My error I never shall rue;
 Of all manly virtues I value
 The heart that is loyal and true.
 Sing umptidy-tumptidy tearhim, &c.

Let them brag o' their factious republics,
 Of brawling an' plebeian birth;
 The land that has got a good sovereign,
 Has got the best blessing on earth.

Then up wi' our auld-fashion'd structure,
 An' Willie the tap o' the tree !
 An' up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk !
 The sons o' auld heroes for me !
 Sing umptidy-tumptidy tearhim,
 Sing umptidy-tumptidy tee ;
 Then up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk !
 The sons o' auld heroes for me !

O, JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE !

AIR—" *Over the Border.*"

O, MY lassie, our joy to complete again,
 Meet me again i' the gloaming, my dearie ;
 Low down in the dell let us meet again—
 O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !
 Come, when the wee bat flits silent and eiry,
 Come, when the pale face o' Nature looks weary ;
 Love be thy sure defence,
 Beauty and innocence—
 O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

Sweetly blows the haw an' the rowan-tree,
 Wild roses speck our thicket sae breery ;
 Still, still will our walk in the greenwood be—
 O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !
 List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,
 List when the beetle-bee's bugle comes near ye,
 Then come with fairy haste,
 Light foot, an' beating breast—
 O Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

Far, far will the bogle an' brownie be,
Beauty an' truth, they darena come near it ;
Kind love is the tie of our unity,
A' maun love it, an' a' maun revere it.
'Tis love makes the sang o' the woodland sae cheery,
Love gars a' nature look bonny that's near ye ;
That makes the rose sae sweet,
Cowslip an' violet—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye !

ARABIAN SONG.

MEET me at even, my own true love,
Met me at even, my honey, my dove,
Where the moonbeam revealing
The cool fountain stealing
Away and away
Through flow'rets so gay,
Singing its silver roundelay.

Love is the fountain of life and bliss,
Love is the valley of joyfulness ;
A garden of roses,
Where rapture reposes ;
A temple of light,
All heavenly bright—
O, virtuous love is the soul's delight !

THE VILLAGE OF BALMAQUHAPPLE.

AIR—" *The Soger Laddie.*"

D'YE ken the big village of Balmaquhapple,
The great muckle village of Balmaquhapple ?
'Tis steep'd in iniquity up to the thrapple,
An' what's to become o' poor Balmaquhapple ?
Fling a' aff your bannets, an' kneel for your life, fo'ks,
And pray to St Andrew, the god o' the Fife fo'ks ;
Gar a' the hills yout wi' sheer vociferation,
And thus you may cry on sic needfu' occasion :

" O, blessed St Andrew, if e'er ye could pity fo'k,
Men fo'k or women fo'k, country or city fo'k,
Come for this aince wi' the auld thief to grapple,
An' save the great village of Balmaquhapple
Frae drinking an' leeing, an' flyting an' swearing,
An' sins that ye wad be affrontit at hearing,
An' cheating an' stealing ; O, grant them redemption,
All save an' except the few after to mention :

" There's Johnny the elder, wha hopes ne'er to need ye,
Sae pawkie, sae holy, sae gruff, an' sae greedy ;
Wha prays every hour as the wayfarer passes,
But aye at a hole where he watches the lasses ;
He's cheated a thousand, an' e'en to this day yet
Can cheat a young lass, or they're leears that say it,
Then gie him his gate ; he's sae slee an' sae civil,
Perhaps in the end he may wheedle the devil.

“ There’s Cappie the cobbler, an’ Tammie the tinman,
An’ Dickie the brewer, an’ Peter the skinman,
An’ Geordie our deacon, for want of a better,
An’ Bess, wha delights in the sins that beset her.
O, worthy St Andrew, we canna compel ye,
But ye ken as weel as a body can tell ye,
If these gang to heaven, we’ll a’ be sae shockit,
Your garret o’ blue will but thinly be stockit.

“ But for a’ the rest, for the women’s sake, save them,
Their bodies at least, an’ their sauls, if they have them ;
But it puzzles Jock Lesly, an’ sma’ it avails,
If they dwell in their stamocks, their heads, or their tails,
An’ save, without word of confession auricular,
The clerk’s bonny daughters, an’ Bell in particular ;
For ye ken that their beauty’s the pride an’ the staple
Of the great wicked village of Balmaquhapple !”

CALLUM-A-GLEN.

WAS ever old warrior of suffering so weary ?

Was ever the wild beast so bay’d in his den ?

The southern bloodhounds lie in kennel so near me,

That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.

My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me,

No child to protect me, where once there were ten ;

My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,

And woe to the gray hairs of Callum-a-Glen !

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,

The bright steep of morning has blush’d at the view ;

The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew :
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen ;
The pride of my country is fallen for ever—
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen ?

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow,
The stars have wept-blood over hamlet and lea ;
O ! is there no day-spring for Scotland—no morrow
Of bright renovation for souls of the free ?
Yes, One above all hath beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken ;
The day is abiding of stern retribution
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

THE THREE MEN OF MORISTON.

Though this ballad commemorates three worthies only, it has been said that there were six of them, namely, the three trusty Macdonalds, Peter Grant, Hugh Chisholm, and Colin Fraser, by whom the Prince was concealed and supported in a cave in Glen-Moriston, for above five weeks. One of the Macdonalds went often in disguise into the English camp, to procure some wheaten bread for their guest, and pick up what intelligence he could. There he regularly heard, at the drum-head, a proclamation in English and Gaelic, of a reward of fifty-thousand pounds, to any one who would produce the Pretender. But though the guardians of the cave had not a shilling among them all, they despised enriching themselves by an act of treachery. How painful it is to add, what the editor has been assured is true, that one of these magnanimous poor fellows was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow ! On the ladder he declared that he had never taken either sheep or cow from any of his own clan or their friends, nor from any man who had not risen against the house of Stuart. Consequently, all attempts to persuade him to acknowledge the justice of his sentence were fruitless.

Now cease of auld ferlies to tell us,
That happen'd nane living kens when ;

I'll sing you of three noble fellows
Wha lived in the wild Highlan' glen.
The times were grown hard to brave Donald,
For lost was Culloden's sad day ;
The hearts o' the chiefs were a' broken,
And O, but poor Donald was wae !

They keekit out o'er the wild correi,—
The towers of Clan-Ranald were gone ;
The reek it hung red o'er Glengarry ;
Lochaber was herried and lone !
They turn'd them about on the mountain,
The last o' their shealings to see ;
“ O, hon a Righ !” cried poor Donald ;
“ There's naething but sorrow for me !”

Now our three noble lads are in hiding,
Afar in Glen-Moriston's height ;
In the rock a' the day they are biding,
And the moon is their candle by night.
And oft their rash rising they rued it,
As looking o'er ravage and death,
And blamed their ain prince, Charlie Stuart,
For causing the Highlands sic skaith.

Ae night they sat fearfu' o' danger,
And snappit their kebbuck fu' keen,
When in came a stately young stranger,
As ragged as man e'er was seen.
They hadna weel lookit around them
Till tears cam happing like rain—

“ You're welcome, young Dugald M'Cluny ;
For a' you see here is your ain !”

Each kend the brave wreck of Culloden,
But dared not to mention his name,
Lest one of the three had betray'd him,
And cover'd their country wi' shame.
They served him with eager devotion,
They clad him from shoulder to tae,
Spread his board from the moor and the ocean,
And watch'd o'er him a' the lang day.

They had not a plack in their coffer,
They had not a ewe on the brae,
Yet kend o' mair goud in their offer
Than they could have carried away.
Now crack o' your Grecian and Roman !
We've cast them a' back in the shade ;
Gie me a leal-hearted M'Donald,
Wi' nought but his dirk and his plaid !

The sun shines sweet on the heather,
When tempests are over and gane ;
But honour shines bright in all weather,
Through poverty, hardship, and pain.
Though we had ne'er heard o' Clan-Ronald's
Nor gallant Glengarry's wild sway,
The names of the loyal M'Donalds
Had flourish'd for ever and aye !

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

In the title and chorus of this favourite pastoral song, I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, than a Scottish phrase so common, that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way, ("when the kye come hame,") when a tailor, scratching his head, said, "It was a terrible affectit way that!" I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again.

AIR—"Shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't."

COME all ye jolly shepherds

That whistle through the glen,

I'll tell ye of a secret

That courtiers dinna ken :

What is the greatest bliss

That the tongue o' man can name ?

'Tis to woo a bonny lassie

When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,

When the kye comes hame,

'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,

When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,

Nor canopy of state,

'Tis not on couch of velvet,

Nor arbour of the great—

'Tis beneath the spreading birk,

In the glen without the name,

Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,

When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loes to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he ;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Drops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still ;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,

An' the little wee bit starn
 Rises red in the east,
 O there's a joy sae dear,
 That the heart can hardly frame,
 Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
 When the kye comes hame !
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

Then since all nature joins
 In this love without alloy,
 O, wha wad prove a traitor
 To Nature's dearest joy ?
 Or wha wad choose a crown,
 Wi' its perils and its fame,
 And *miss* his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame ?
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
 When the kye comes hame !*

* The Shepherd afterwards gave the following version of this very beautiful song :

Come all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken :
 What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name ?
 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

CHORUS.

When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,
 'Tween the gloamin and the mirk, when the kye come hame,

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,
 'Tis not on couch of velvet nor yet in bed of down—
 'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name,
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

LENACHAN'S FAREWELL.

Alexander Stuart of Lenachan was a man of gigantic strength, and an officer of the regiment of Appin. He was obliged to make his escape to America, several years subsequent to the *Forty-five*, to elude the vengeance of the Campbells.

FARE thee weel, my native cot,
 Bothy o' the birken-tree !
 Sair the heart an' hard the lot
 O' the man that parts wi' thee !
 My good grandsire's hand thee rear'd—
 Then thy wicker-work was full ;
 Many a Campbell's glen he clear'd,
 Hit the buck, an' hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
 Mair lies hid than crusted stanes ;
 In thy bein and weirdly nook
 Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
 Thou wert aye the kinsman's hame—
 Routh and welcome was his fare ;

Then the eye shines so bright, the hale soul to beguile,
 There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile :
 O, wha wad choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,
 And miss a bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd, that lingers on the hill,
 His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still :
 Yet he downa gang to bed, for his heart is in a flame
 To meet his bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gi'e ?—
 And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and liberty :
 Gi'e me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame—
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame !

But if serf or Saxon came,
He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair !

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendnae how the sword to wield ;
Never heart of thine had dread
Of the foray or the field !
Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Son of thine lay down to dee ;
Every lad within thee bred
Died beneath heaven's open ee !

Charlie Stuart he came here
For our king, as right became ;
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir,
Or desert his royal name ?
Firm to stand and free to fa',
Forth we march'd right valiantlie—
Gane is Scotland's king and law,
And wo to Appin and to me !

Freeman yet, I'll scorn to fret ;
Here nae langer I maun stay,
But when I my hame forget,
May my heart forget to play !
Fare thee weel, my father's cot,
Bothy o' the birken-tree !
Sair the heart and hard the lot
O' the warrior leaving thee !

THE STUARTS OF APPIN.

No national calamity has ever given me so much pain as the total bereavement of the brave Clans who stood to the last for the cause of the House of Stuart. It is a stain on the annals of our Legislature which can never be blotted out.

I SING of a land that was famous of yore,
The land of Green Appin, the ward of the flood,
Where every grey cairn that broods o'er the shore,
Marks grave of the royal, the valiant, or good.
The land where the strains of grey Ossian were framed,—
The land of fair Selma, and reign of Fingal,—
And late of a race, that with tears must be named,
The noble Clan Stuart, the bravest of all.
Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin !
The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin !
Their glory is o'er,
For the clan is no more,
And the Sassenach sings on the hills of green Appin.

In spite of the Campbells, their might and renown,
And all the proud files of Glenorchy and Lorn,
While one of the Stuarts held claim on the crown,
His banner full boldly by Appin was borne.
And ne'er fell the Campbells in check or trepan,
In all their Whig efforts their power to renew,
But still on the Stuarts of Appin they ran,
To wreak their proud wrath on the brave and the few.
Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

In the year of the Graham, while in oceans of blood
The fields of the Campbells were gallantly flowing—

It was then that the Stuarts the foremost still stood,
And paid back a share of the debt they were owing.
O, proud Inverlochy ! O, day of renown !

Since first the sun rose o'er the peaks of Cruachin,
Was ne'er such an host by such valour o'erthrown,
Was ne'er such a day for the Stuarts of Appin !
Oh-hon, an Righ, and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

And ne'er for the crown of the Stuarts was fought
One battle on vale, or on mountain deer-trodden,
But dearly to Appin the glory was bought,
And dearest of all on the field of Culloden !
Lament, O, Glen-Creran, Glen-Duror, Ardshiel,
High offspring of heroes, who conquer'd were never,
For the deeds of your fathers no bard shall reveal,
And the bold clan of Stuart must perish for ever !
Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

Clan-Chattan is broken, the Seaforth bends low,
The sun of Clan-Ranald is sinking in labour ;
Glencoe, and Clan-Donnachie, where are they now ?
And where is bold Keppoch, the lord of Lochaber ?
All gone with the house they supported !—laid low,
While dogs of the south their bold life-blood were
lapping,
Trode down by a proud and a merciless foe—
The brave are all gone with the Stuarts of Appin !
Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

They are gone ! they are gone ! the redoubted, the
brave !
The sea-breezes lone o'er their relics are sighing,

Dark weeds of oblivion shroud many a grave,
 Where the unconquer'd foes of the Campbell are
 lying,
 But, long as the grey hairs wave over this brow,
 And earthly emotions my spirit are wrapping,
 My old heart with tides of regret shall o'erflow,
 And bleed for the fall of the Stuarts of Appin !
 Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stuarts of Appin !
 The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin !
 Their glory is o'er,
 For their star is no more,
 And the green grass waves over the heroes of Appin !

THE POOR MAN.

Loose the yett, an' let me in,
 Lady wi' the glistening ee,
 Dinna let your menial train
 Drive an auld man out to dee.
 Cauldrife is the winter even,
 See, the rime hangs at my chin ;
 Lady, for the sake of Heaven,
 Loose the yett, an' let me in !

Ye shall gain a virgin hue,
 Lady, for your courtesye,
 Ever beaming, ever new,
 Aye to bloom an' ne'er to dee.
 Lady, there's a lovely plain
 Lies beyond yon setting sun,
 There we soon may meet again—
 Short the race we hae to run.

'Tis a land of love an' light ;
Rank or title is not there,
High an' low maun there unite,
Poor man, prince, an' lady fair ;
There, what thou on earth hast given,
Doubly shall be paid again !
Lady, for the sake of Heaven,
Loose the yett, an' let me in !

Blessings rest upon thy head,
Lady of this lordly ha' !
That bright tear that thou didst shed
Fell nae down amang the snaw !
It is gane to heaven aboon,
To the fount of charitye ;
When thy days on earth are done,
That blest drop shall plead for thee.

THE WOMEN FO'K.

O SAIRLY may I rue the day
I fancied first the womenkind ;
For aye sinsyne I ne'er can can hae
Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind !
They hae plagued my heart an' pleased my ee,
An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,
But aye, for a' their witcherye,
The pawky things I lo'e them still.
O the women fo'k ! O the women fo'k !
But they hae been the wreck o' me ;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be !

I hae thought an' thought, but darena tell,
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,
I've lo'ed them better than mysell,
I've tried again to like them ill.
Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
To comprehend what nae man can ;
When he has done what man can do,
He'll end at last where he began.
O the women fo'k, &c.

That they hae gentle forms an' meet,
A man wi' half a look may see ;
An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
An' waving curls aboon the bree ;
An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,
An' een sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
Wad lure the laverock frae the cludd—
But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair !
O the women fo'k, &c.

Even but this night nae farther gane,
The date is neither lost nor lang,
I tak ye witness ilka ane,
How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
Their point they've carried right or wrang,
Without a reason, rhyme, or law,
An' forced a man to sing a sang,
That ne'er could sing a verse ava.
O the women fo'k ! O the women fo'k !
But they hae been the wreck o' me ;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be !

M'LEAN'S WELCOME.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie ;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
 And dine with M'Lean ;
And though you be weary,
• We'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie,
 And his loyal train.
We'll bring down the track deer,
We'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb from the braken,
 And doe from the glen,
The salt sea we'll harry,
And bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy
 And curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie ;
Come o'er the sea, Charlie,
 And dine with M'Lean ;
And you shall drink freely
The dews of Glen-sheerly,
That stream in the starlight
 When kings do not ken.
And deep be your meed
Of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire,
 And his friend the M'Lean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
If aught will invite you,
Or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen,
All ranged on the heather,
With bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores,
Three hundred and ten !

THE MAID OF THE SEA.

COME from the sea,
Maiden to me,
Maiden of mystery, love, and pain !
Wake from thy sleep,
Low in the deep,
Over thy green waves sport again !
Come to this sequester'd spot, love,
Death's where thou art, as where thou art not, love;
Then come unto me,
Maid of the Sea,
Rise from the wild and stormy main;
Wake from thy sleep,
Calm in the deep,
Over thy green waves sport again !

Is not the wave
Made for the slave,

Tyrant's chains, and stern control ;

Land for the free

Spirit like thee ?

Thing of delight to a minstrel's soul,

Come, with thy song of love and of sadness,

Beauty of face and rapture of madness ;

O, come unto me,

Maid of the Sea,

Rise from the wild and surging main ;

Wake from thy sleep,

Calm in the deep,

Over thy green waves sport again !

GO HOME TO YOUR REST.

AIR—" *The Dandy O.*"

Go home, go home to your rest, young man,

The sky looks cold in the west, young man ;

For should we rove

Through Morna's grove,

A noontide walk is the best, young man ;

Go sleep, the heavens look pale, young man,

And sighs are heard in the gale, young man :

A walk in the night,

By the dim moonlight,

A maiden might chance to bewail, young man !

When all the world's awake, young man,

A proffer of love I may take, young man ;

But the star of truth,

The guide of my youth,

Never pointed to midnight wake, young man
 Go sleep till rise of the sun, young man,
 The sage's eye to shun, young man ;
 For he's watching the flight
 Of demons to-night,
 And may happen to take thee for one, young man !

THE HARP OF OSSIAN.

I have been sorely blamed by some friends for a sentiment expressed in this song ; but I have always felt it painfully that the name of SCOTLAND, the superior nation in every thing but wealth, should be lost, not in Britain, for that is proper, but in England. In all despatches we are denominated *the English*, forsooth ! We know ourselves, however, that we are not English, nor ever intend to be.

OLD harp of the Highlands, how long hast thou slumber'd
 In cave of the correi, ungarnish'd, unstrung !
 Thy minstrels no more with thy heroes are number'd,
 Or deeds of thy heroes no more dare be sung.
 A seer late heard, from thy cavern ascending,
 A low sounding chime, as of sorrow and dole,
 Some spirit unseen on the relic attending,
 Thus sung the last strain of the warrior's soul :

“ My country, farewell ! for the days are expired
 On which I could hallow the deeds of the free ;
 Thy heroes have all to new honours aspired,
 They fight, but they fight not for Scotia nor me.
 All lost is our sway, and the name of our nation
 Is sunk in the name of our old mortal foe ;
 Then why should the lay of our last degradation
 Be forced from the harp of old Ossian to flow ?

“ My country, farewell ! for the murmur of sorrow
Alone the dark mountains of Scotia become ;
Her sons condescend from new models to borrow,
And voices of strangers prevail in the hum.
Before the smooth face of our Saxon invaders
Is quench'd the last ray in the eye of the free ;
Then, oh ! let me rest in the caves of my fathers,
Forgetful of them as forgetful of thee !”

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

O WHAT will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away ?
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away ?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day.
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away ?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waefu' wight is he ;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee ;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
And learnin' fast to pray.
And, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away ?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine ;

The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine—
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say :
But, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away ?

'The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high,
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
'The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay :
An' hey ! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away !

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

How can you bid this heart be blithe,
When blithe this heart can never be ?
I've lost the jewel from my crown—
Look round our circle, and you'll see
That there is ane out o' the ring
Who never can forgotten be—
Ay, there's a blank at my right hand,
'That ne'er can be made up to me !

'Tis said as water wears the rock,
That time wears out the deepest line ;
It may be true wi' hearts enow,
But never can apply to mine.

For I have learn'd to know and feel—
 Though losses should forgotten be—
 That still the blank at my right hand
 Can never be made up to me !

I blame not Providence's sway,
 For I have many joys beside,
 And fain would I in grateful way
 Enjoy the same, whate'er betide.
 A mortal thing should ne'er repine,
 But stoop to the Supreme decree ;
 Yet, oh ! the blank at my right hand
 Can never be made up to me !

THERE'S GOWD IN THE BREAST.

AIR—" *The Red Fox.*"

THERE's gowd in the breast of the primrose pale,
 An' siller in every blossom ;
 There's riches galore in the breeze of the vale,
 And health in the wild wood's bosom.
 Then come, my love, at the hour of joy,
 When warbling birds sing o'er us ;
 Sweet nature for us has no alloy,
 And the world is all before us.

The courtier joys in bustle and power,
 The soldier in war-steeds bounding,
 The miser in hoards of treasured ore,
 The proud in their pomp surrounding :

But we hae yon heaven, sae bonny and blue,
And laverocks skimming out o'er us ;
The breezes of health and the valleys of dew—
O the world is all before us !

WHY WEEPS YON HIGHLAND MAID ?

WHY weeps yon Highland maid
Over the tartan plaid—
Is it a pledge of care,
Or are the blood drops there ?
Tell me, thou hind of humble seeming,
Why the tears on her cheek are gleaming,
Why should the young and fair
Thus weep unpitied there ?

Stranger, that Highland plaid
Low in the dust was laid ;
He who the relic wore,
He is, alas ! no more :
He and his loyal clan were trodden
Down by slaves on dark Culloden.
Well o'er a lover's pall,
Well make the tear-drops fall !

Where now her clansman true,
Where is the bonnet blue,
Where the claymore that broke
Fearless through fire and smoke ?
Not one gleam by glen or river,
It lies dropp'd from the hand for ever.

Stranger, our fate deplore,
Our ancient name's no more!

MY EMMA, MY DARLING.

My Emma, my darling, from winter's domain
Let us fly to the glee of the city again,
Where a day never wakes but some joy it renews,
And a night never falls but that joy it pursues ;
Where the dance is so light, and the hall is so bright,
And life whirls onward one round of delight.
Would we feel that we love and have spirits refined,
We must mix with the world, and enjoy humankind.

Mute nature is lovely in earth and in sky,
It cheers the lone heart and enlivens the eye ;
But no where can beauty and dignity shine,
So as in the human face fair and divine.
'Mongst these could I love thee, and that love enjoy,
But, ah ! in the wilderness fond love would cloy ;
To the homes of our kindred our spirits must cling,
And away from their bosoms at last take their wing !

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
Long is thy night of sorrow ;
Thy maiden of the mountain deep
Shall meet thee on the morrow.
But O, when shall that morrow be,
When my true love shall waken,

When shall we meet, refined and free,
Amid the moorland braken ?

Full low and lonely is thy bed,
The worm even flies thy pillow ;
Where now the lips, so comely red,
That kiss'd me 'neath the willow ?
O, I must smile, and weep the while,
Amid my song of mourning,
At freaks of man in life's short span,
To which there's no returning.

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
Hope lingers o'er thy slumber ;
What though thy years beneath the steep
Should all its flowers outnumber ;
Though moons steal o'er, and seasons fly
On time-swift wing unstaying,
Yet there's a spirit in the sky,
That lives o'er thy decaying.

In domes beneath the water-springs
No end hath my sojourning ;
And to this land of fading things
Far hence be my returning.
For all the spirits of the deep
Their long last leave are taking.—
Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep
Till the last morn is breaking.

DONALD M'GILLAVRY.

DONALD's gane up the hill hard an' hungry,
Donald's come down the hill wild an' angry ;
Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly ;
Here's to the king an' Donald M'Gillavry !
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald M'Gillavry,
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald M'Gillavry ;
Balance them fair, an' balance them cleverly,
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald M'Gillavry !

Donald's come o'er the hill trailin' his tether, man,
As he war wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man ;
When he gaes back, there's some will look merrily ;
Here's to King James an' Donald M'Gillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald M'Gillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald M'Gillavry ;
Pack on your back an elwand o' steelary,
Gie them full measure, my Donald M'Gillavry !

Donald has foughten wi' reif and roguery,
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes an' beggary ;
Better it war for whigs an' whiggery
Meeting the deevil than Donald M'Gillavry.
Come like a tailor, Donald M'Gillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald M'Gillavry ;
Push about, in an' out, thimble them cleverly—
Here's to King James an' Donald M'Gillavry !

Donald's the callant that bruiks nae tangleness,
Whigging an' prigging an' a' newfangleness ;

They maun be gane, he winna be baukit, man ,
 He maun hae justice, or rarely he'll tak it, man.
 Come like a cobler, Donald M'Gillavry
 Come like a cobler, Donald M'Gillavry ;
 Bore them, an' yerk them, an' lingel them cleverly—
 Up wi' King James an' Donald M'Gillavry !

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery,
 Donald was blindit wi' bladds o' property ;
 Arles ran high, but makings war naething, man ;
 Gudeness, how Donald is flyting an' fretting, man !
 Come like the deevil, Donald M'Gillavry,
 Come like the deevil, Donald M'Gillavry ;
 Skelp them an' scadd them prued sae unbritherly—
 Up wi' King James an' Donald M'Gillavry !

O'ER THE OCEAN BOUNDING.

AIR—" *Maid of the Valley.*"

O'ER the ocean bounding,
 Other lands surrounding,
 Love, I will think of thee !
 Though new skies me cover,
 And other stars shine over,
 Yet thou art still with me.
 When, at morn or even,
 Low I kneel to Heaven,
 Be my sins forgiven
 As my love shall be !

When my hopes are dearest,
And my soul sincerest,
Then I'll remember thee !

Thee, my soul's sole pleasure
Thee, its dearest treasure,
Life, health, all to me.
All of land or ocean,
All a world's commotion,
Knits me the more to thee.

When new passions move me,
When I cease to love thee,
May the heavens above me,
Chasten my perfidy !

Even in woe and cumber,
Even in death's last slumber,
I will remember thee !

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

An' Charlie is my darling.
My darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling,
The Young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
His face shone like the day ;

I grat to see the lad come back
That had been lang away.
An' Charlie is my darling, &c.

Then ilka bonny lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
Our king shall hae his ain again,
An' Charlie is the man :
For Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Outower yon moory mountain,
An' down the craigy glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing
But Charlie an' his men.
An' Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Our Highland hearts are true an' leal,
An' glow without a stain ;
Our Highland swords are metal keen,
An' Charlie he's our ain.
An' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling ;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

IF E'ER I AM THINE.

AIR—" *The Winding Sheet.*"

IF e'er I am thine, the birds of the air,
The beasts of the field, and fish of the sea,

Shall in our love and happiness share,
 Within their elements fair and free,
 And rejoice because I am thine, love.

We'll have no flowers, nor words of love,
 Nor dreams of bliss that never can be ;
 Our trust shall be in Heaven above,
 Our hope in a far futurity
 Must arise, when I am made thine, love.

And this shall raise our thoughts more high
 Than visions of vanity here below ;
 For chequer'd through life our path must lie,—
 Mid gleams of joy and shades of woe
 We must journey, when I am thine, love.

MEG O' MARLEY.

O KEN ye Meg o' Marley glen,
 The bonny blue-e'ed dearie?
 She's play'd the deil amang the men,
 An' a' the land's grown eery.
 She's stown the "Bangor" frae the clerk,
 An' snool'd him wi' the shame o't ;
 The minister's fa'n through the text,
 An' Meg gets a' the blame o't.

The ploughman ploughs without the sock ;
 The gadman whistles sparely ;
 The shepherd pines amang his flock,
 An' turns his een to Marley ;

The tailor lad's fa'n ower the bed ;
The cobbler ca's a parley ;
The weaver's neb's out through the web,
An' a' for Meg o' Marley.

What's to be done, for our gudeman
Is flyting late an' early ?
He rises but to curse an' ban,
An' sits down but to ferly.
But ne'er had love a brighter lowe
Than light his torches sparely
At the bright een an' blithesome brow
O' bonny Meg o' Marley.

THE LADIES' EVENING SONG.

O THE glass is no for you,
Bonny laddie O !
The glass is no for you,
Bonny laddie O !
The glass is no for you,
For it dyes your manly brow,
An' it fills you roarin' fu',
Bonny laddie O !

Then drive us not away
Wi' your drinkin' O !
We like your presence mair
Than you're thinkin' o',
How happy will you be
In our blithesome companye,

Taking innocence and glee
For your drinking O !

Now your een are glancing bright,
Bonny laddie O !

Wi' a pure an' joyfu' light,
Bonny laddie O !

But at ten o'clock at night,
Take a lady's word in plight.
We will see another sight,
Bonny laddie O !

There's a right path an' a wraug,
Bonny laddie O !

An' you needna argue lang,
Bonny laddie O !

For the mair you taste an' see
O' our harmless companye,
Aye the happier you will be,
Bonny laddie O !

MARY CANST THOU LEAVE ME ?

MARY, canst thou leave me ?

Is there nought will move thee ?

Dearest maid, believe me,

I but live to love thee.

When we two are parted,

When the seas us sever,

Still this heart, deserted,

Clings to thee for ever.

Days so dull and dreary,
 Nights so mirk and eerie,
 Is there nought can cheer me ?
 Never ! my love, never !

Connal, cease to borrow
 Rueful words to chide me !
 From this land of sorrow
 Haste, O, haste to hide thee !
 Spirits round us hover,
 Breathing death and plunder ;
 But when this is over,
 Which we tremble under,
 Then, dear youth, believe me,
 Though this time I grieve thee,
 Kindly I'll receive thee,
 Never more to sunder !

MARY IS MY ONLY JOY.

AIR—" *Is fallain gun dith thainig thu.*"

MARY is my only joy,
 Mary is blithe and Mary is coy,
 Mary's the gowd where there's nae alloy ;
 Though black—yet O she's bonnie,
 Her breath is the birken bower o' spring,
 Her lips the young rose opening,
 And her hair is the hue of the raven's wing ;
 She's black, but O she's bonnie.

The star that gilds the evening sky,
 Though bright its ray, may never vie
 Wi' Mary's dark and liquid eye ;
 Though black, yet O she's bonnie.
 In yon green wood there is a bower,
 Where lies a bed of witching power,
 Under that bed there blooms a flower,
 That steals the heart unwary !

O there is a charm, and there is a spell,
 That, O and alack ! I know too well,—
 A pang that the tongue may hardly tell,
 Though felt baith late and early !
 The beauteous flower beneath the tree,
 The spell of the wildest witcherye,
 The gowd and the gear, an' a' to me,
 Is my black but my bonnie Mary !

LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS.

AIR—" *Paddy's Wedding.*"

I LATELY lived in quiet case,
 An' never wish'd to marry, O !
 But when I saw my Peggy's face,
 I felt a sad quandary O !
 Though wild as ony Athol deer,
 She has trepanned me fairly O !
 Her cherry cheeks an' een sae clear
 Torment me late an' early, O !
 O, love, love, love !
 Love is like a dizziness !

It winna let a poor body
Gang about his business !

To tell my feats this single week
Wad mak a daft-like diary, O !
I drave my cart outow'r a dike,
My horses in a miry, O !
I wear my stockings white an' blue,
My love's sae fierce an' fiery, O !
I drill the land that I should plough,
An' plough the drills entirely, O !
O, love, love, love ! &c.

Ae morning, by the dawn o' day,
I raise to theek the stable, O !
I keust my coat, an' plied away
As fast as I was able, O !
I wrought that morning out an' out,
As I'd been redding fire, O !
When I had done an' look'd about,
Gudfaith, it was the byre, O !
O, love, love, love ! &c.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget,
The dear, the lovely blinkin o't
Has pierced me through an' through the heart,
An' plagues me wi' the prinkling o't.
I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
I tried to drown't wi' drinkin' o't,
I tried wi' sport to drive't away,
But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.
O, love, love, love ! &c.

Were Peggie's love to hire the job,
An' save my heart frae breaking, O,
I'd put a girdle round the globe,
Or dive in Corryvreckin, O ;
Or howk a grave at midnight dark
In yonder vault sae eerie, O ;
Or gang an' spier for Mungo Park
Through Africa sae dreary, O.
O, love, love, love ! &c.

Nae man can tell what pains I prove,
Or how severe my pliskie, O !
I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love
Than ever I was wi' whisky, O !
For love has raked me fore an' aft,
I scarce can lift a leggie, O !
I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,
An' soon I'll dee for Peggy, O !
O, love, love, love !
Love is like a dizziness !
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his business !

O, WEEL BEFA' THE MAIDEN GAY.

O, weel befa' the maiden gay,
In cottage, bught, or penn,
An' weel befa' the bonny May
That wons in yonder glen ;
Wha loes the modest truth sae weel,
Wha's aye sae kind, an' aye sae leal,

An' pure as blooming asphodel
Amang sae mony men.
O, weel befa' the bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen !

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
Along the gloaming lea ;
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
Come pealing frae the tree ;
To see the lambkin's lightsome race—
The speckled kid in wanton chase—
The young deer cower in lonely place,
Deep in her flowery den ;
But sweeter far the bonny face
That smiles in yonder glen !

O, had it no' been for the blush
O' maiden's virgin flame,
Dear beauty never had been known,
An' never had a name ;
But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
Was modell'd by an angel's frame,
The power o' beauty reigns supreme
O'er a' the sons o' men ;
But deadliest far the sacred flame
Burns in a lonely glen !

There's beauty in the violet's vest—
There's hinney in the haw—
There's dew within the rose's breast,
The sweetest o' them a'.

The sun will rise an' set again,
An' lace wi' burning goud the main—
The rainbow bend outow'r the plain,
Sae lovely to the ken ;
But lovelier far my bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen !

CAMERON'S WELCOME HAME.

This song was written to the Highland air bearing that name.

O STRIKE your harp, my Mary,
Its loudest, liveliest key,
An' join the sounding correi
In its wild melody ;
For burn, an' breeze, an' billow,
Their sangs are a' the same,
And every waving willow
Soughs " Cameron's welcome hame."

O list yon thrush, my Mary,
That warbles on the pine,
His strain, sae light an' airy,
Accords in joy wi' thine ;
The lark that soars to heaven,
The sea-bird on the faem,
Are singing, frae morn till even,
Brave " Cameron's welcome hame."

D'ye mind, my ain dear Mary,
When we hid in the tree,

An' saw our Auchnacarry
All flaming fearfully ?
The fire was red, red glaring,
An' ruefu' was the scene,
An' aye you cried, despairing,
My father's ha's are gane !

I said, my ain dear Mary,
D'ye see yon cloud sae dun,
That sails aboon the carry,
An' hides the weary sun ?
Behind yon curtain dreary,
Beyond, and far within,
There's Ane, my dear wee Mary,
Wha views this deadly sin.

He sees this waefu' reaving,
The rage o' dastard knave,
He saw our deeds of bravery,
And He'll reward the brave.
Though all we had was given
For loyalty an' faith,
I still had hopes that Heaven
Would right the hero's skaith.

The day is dawn'd in heaven
For which we a' thought lang ;
The good, the just, is given
To right our nation's wrang.
My ain dear Auchnacarry,
I hae thought lang for thee ;
O sing to your harp, my Mary,
An' sound its bonniest key !

THE FRAZER'S IN THE CORREI.

“ WHERE has your daddy gone, my little May ?
Where has our lady been a' the lang day ?
Saw you the red-coats rank on the ha' green ?
Or heard you the horn on the mountain yestreen ?”
“ Auld carle greybeard, ye speer na at me,
Gae speer at the maiden that sits by the sea ;
The red-coats were here, and it wasna for good,
For the raven's grown hoarse wi' the waughtin' o' blood.

“ O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note,
The blood o' the Frazer's too hot for his throat ;
I trow the black traitors of Sassenach breed,
They prey on the living, and he on the dead.
When I was a baby, we call'd him in joke
The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock ;
But now he's our mountain companion no more,
The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore.”

“ Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death ?
The raven's our friend, and he's croaking in wrath ;
He will not pick eye from a bonneted head,
Nor mar the loved form by the tartans that's clad.
But point me the cliff where the Frazer abides,
Where Foyers, Culduthel, and Gorthaleg hides ;
There's danger at hand, I must speak with them soon,
And seek them alone by the light of the moon.”

“ Auld carle greybeard, a friend you should be,
For the truth's on your lip and the tear in your ee,

Then seek in yon correi, that sounds from the brae,
An' sings to the rock when the breeze is away.
I sought them last night with the haunch of the deer,
And deep in their cave they were hiding in fear;
There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,
They pray'd for their prince, kneel'd and slept on the
rock.

“ O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
Of those who are killing the gallant and great;
Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
And hunt their own prince like the deer or the roe?
I know it, auld carle, as sure as yon sun
Shines over our heads, that the deeds they have done
To those who are braver and better than they,
There's one in this world or the next will repay.”

YE BREEZES THAT SPRING.

YE breezes that spring in some land unknown,
Or sleep on your clouds of the eider down,
Come over the mountain and over the dale,
More sweet than Arabia's spicy gale!
Come over the heath-flower's purple bloom,
And gather the birk's and the thyme's perfume!
For these are the sweets that bring no alloy
To dark Caledonia's mountain joy.

But O, thou breeze of the valley and hill!
Thou canst bring a richer offering still:
The kindly wish from the hall and the cot,
And the poor man's blessing, that's never forgot,

The shepherd's proud boast over every degree,
And the song of the maiden the dearest to me.
Come laden with these, thou breeze of the hill !
And the lay of the Minstrel shall hail thee still.

COME ROWE THE BOAT

Was written to a boat-song that I heard in the Highlands, sung by the rowers. It is a short cross measure,—one of those to which it is impossible to compose good or flowing verses, but when sung, is very sweet.

COME rowe the boat, rowe the boat,
Ply to the pibroch's note,
Steer for yon lonely cot
 O'er the wild main ;
For there waits my dearie,
Both lonesome and eery,
And sorely she'll weary
 To hear our bold strain.

Then rowe for her lover,
And play, boys, to move her,
The tide-stream is over,
 And mild blows the gale.
I see her a-roaming
Like swan in the gloaming,
Or angel a-coming
 Her Ronald to hail !

The deer of Ben-Aitley
Is comely and stately,
As tall and sedately
 She looks o'er the dale ;

The sea-bird rides sprightly
O'er billows so lightly,
Or boldly and brightly
Floats high on the gale.

But O, my dear Mary,
What heart can compare thee
With aught in the valley,
The mountain, or tide?
All nature looks dreary
When thou art not near me,
But lovely and dearly
When thou'rt by my side.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.

O WHERE shall I gae seek my bread,
Or where shall I gae wander,
O where shall I gae hide my head,
For here I'll bide nae langer?
The seas may rowe, the winds may blow,
And swathe me round in danger,
But Scotland I maun now forego,
And roam a lonely stranger!

The glen that was my father's own,
Maun be by his forsaken;
The house that was my father's home
Is levell'd with the braken.
Oh hon! oh hon! our glory's gone,
Stole by a ruthless reaver—

Our hands are on the broad claymore,
But the might is broke for ever !

And thou, my Prince, my injured Prince,
Thy people have disown'd thee—
Have hunted and have driven thee hence,
With ruined Chiefs around thee.
Though hard beset, when I forget
Thy fate, young, hapless rover,
This broken heart shall cease to beat,
And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
Land of the Gael no longer !
Strangers have trod thy glory on,
In guile and treachery stronger.
The brave and just sink in the dust,
On ruin's brink they quiver—
Heaven's pitying eye is closed on thee ;
Adieu, adieu for ever !

A WITCH'S CHANT.

Thou art weary, weary, weary,
Thou art weary and far away,
Hear me, gentle spirit, hear me,
Come before the dawn of day.

I hear a small voice from the hill,
The vapour is deadly, pale, and still—
A murmuring sough is on the wood,
And the witching star is red as blood.

And in the cleft of heaven I scan
The giant form of a naked man,
His eye is like the burning brand,
And he holds a sword in his right hand.

All is not well. By dint of spell,
Somewhere between the heaven and hell
There is this night a wild deray,
The spirits have wander'd from their way.

The purple drops shall tinge the moon
As she wanders through the midnight noon ;
And the dawning heaven shall all be red
With blood by guilty angels shed.

Be as it will, I have the skill
To work by good or work by ill ;
Then here's for pain, and here's for thrall,
And here's for conscience, worst of all.

Another chant, and then, and then,
Spirits shall come or Christian men—
Come from the earth, the air, or the sea,
Great Gil-Moules, I cry to thee !

Sleep'st thou, wakest thou, lord of the wind,
Mount thy steeds and gallop them blind ;
And the long-tailed fiery dragon outfly,
The rocket of heaven, the bomb of the sky.

Over the dog-star, over the wain,
Over the cloud, and the rainbow's mane,

Over the mountain, and over the sea,
Haste—haste—haste to me !

Then here's for trouble, and here's for smart,
And here's for the pang that seeks the heart ;
Here's for madness, and here's for thrall,
And here's for conscience, the worst of all !

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR—" *The Twisting of the Rope.*"

How dear to me the hour when daylight springs,
And sheds new glories on the opening view,
When westward far the towering mountain flings
His shadow, fringed with rainbows on the dew,
And the love-waken'd lark enraptured springs
To heaven's own gate, his carols to renew !

In every flowering shrub then life is new,
As opening on the sun its gladsome eye ;
So is life's morning—blithely we pursue
Hope's gilded rainbow of the heavenly dye,
Till worn and weary we our travel rue,
And in life's cheerless gloaming yearn and die !

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

LONG have I pined for thee,
Land of my infancy

Now will I kneel on thee,
Hill of Lochiel !
Hill of the sturdy steer,
Hill of the roe and deer,
Hill of the streamlet clear,
I love thee well !

When in my youthful prime,
Correi or crag to climb,
Or tow'ring cliff sublime,
Was my delight ;
Scaling the eagle's nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
Gladsome and light.

Then rose a bolder game,—
Young Charlie Stuart came,
Cameron, that loyal name,
Foremost must be !
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
Till we were doom'd to bleed
By treachery !

Then did the red blood stream,
Then was the broadsword's gleam
Quench'd ; in fair freedom's beam
No more to shine !
Then was the morning's brow,
Red with the fiery glow ;
Fell hall and hamlet low,
All that were mine.

Far in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Oft has the tear-drop bland
 Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm return'd to thee,
 Hill of Lochiel !

THE FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND.

AIR—" *The Blue Bells of Scotland.*"

WHAT are the flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel ?
The lovely flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel !
The thistle's purple bonnet,
And bonny heather bell,
O they're the flowers of Scotland
All others that excel !

Though England eyes her roses,
With pride she'll ne'er forego,
The rose has oft been trodden
By foot of haughty foe ;
But the thistle in her bonnet blue,
Still nods outow'r the fell,
And dares the proudest foeman
To tread the heather bell.

For the wee bit leaf o' Ireland,
 Alack and well-a-day !
 For ilka hand is free to pu'
 An' steal the gem away :
 But the thistle in her bonnet blue
 Still bobs aboon them a' ;
 At her the bravest darena blink,
 Or gie his mou a thraw.

Up wi' the flowers o' Scotland,
 The emblems o' the free,
 Their guardians for a thousand years,
 Their guardians still we'll be.
 A foe had better brave the deil
 Within his reeky cell,
 Than our thistle's purple bonnet,
 Or bonny heather bell.

THE BONNIE LASS OF DELORAINE.

AIR—" *Maid of Isla.*"

STILL must my pipe lie idle by,
 And worldly cares my mind annoy ?
 Again its softest notes I'll try,
 So dear a theme can never cloy.
 Last time my mountain harp I strung,
 'Twas she inspired the simple strain,—
 That lovely flower so sweet and young,
 The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs
 Around her ruddy lips that blow ;
The flower that in her bosom dies ;
 Or grass that bends beneath her toe.
Her cheek's endowed with powers at will
 The rose's richest shade to drain ;
Her eyes, what soft enchantments fill !
 The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

Let Athol boast her birchen bowers,
 And Lomond of her isles so green ;
And Windermere her woodland shores ;
 Our Ettrick boasts a sweeter scene :
For there the evening twilight swells
 With many a wild and melting strain ;
And there the pride of beauty dwells,
 The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

If Heaven shall keep her aye as good,
 And bonnie as she wont to be,
The world may into Ettrick crowd,
 And nature's first perfection see.
Glencoe has drawn the wanderer's eye,
 And Staffa in the western main ;
These natural wonders ne'er can vie
 Wi' the bonnie lass of Deloraine.

May health still cheer her beauteous face,
 And round her brow may honour twine ;
And Heaven preserve that breast in peace,
 Where meekness, love, and duty join !
But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
 And all her griefs shall give me pain ;

For never from my soul shall part
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

THE TWO MEN OF COLSTON;

OR,

THE TRUE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

Returning to my old friends the Jacobites again, I venture to present my readers with three pretended Cumberland ones, which I introduced in an old Magazine as follows:—"Two Scotsmen come to a poor widow's house in Cumberland, in search of old songs, having heard that she was in possession of some. She tells them that she has plenty, but that they were all written by her *brwother Twommy*, and proceeds to say, 'Whoy, didst thou neaver heaur of Twommy? I thowt all Cooamberland had knwoan brwother Twommy. Him wos a swart oof, a keynd of a dwomony, whoy had mwore lear nwor wot to guye it; and they ca'd him the leympyng dwomony, for heym wos a creypple all the days of heym's layfe. A swort of a treyfling nicky-nacky bwody he wos, and neiver had the pooar to dey a gude turn eyther to the sel o' heym, or wony yan belauinged till heym. Aweel, thou'lt no hender Twommy, but he'll patch up a' the feyne ould sangs i' the weyde warld, and get them prentit in a beuk. And sae, efter he had spent the meast pairt o' him's leyfe gathering and penning, he gyangs his ways to Caril, whoy but he, to maik a greyt fortune. Whew! the prenter woad neaver look at nowther heym nor his lawlyess syangs. Twommy was very crosso than, and off he sets wey them crippling all the way till Edinborough, and he woffers them till a measter prenter for a greyte swom of mwoney. Ney, he would nae byite! Then he woffers them till anwother measter prenter. He wos reather better, for he woffered Twommy a beauk o' prented syangs for his wretten yans. 'Wow, Twommy, man!' quoth I, 'but thou wast a great feul no till chap him, for then thou wadst hae had a beuk that every body could heave read, wheyras thou hast now neything but a batch o' scrawls, that nay body can read but the sell o' thee.' Twommy brought heame his beauk o' grand syangs yance myair; but at last there cwoms a Scots chap to Caril, speering after ooar Twommy's syangs, and then, peur man, he was up as heyly as the wund, expecting to pouch the hale mony o' the keuntrey. But afore the Scots gentleman came back, there cwomes anwother visitor, by the bye, and that was Mr Palsy, and he teuk off peur Twommy leyke the shot of a gun, and then all his grand schemes war gyane leyke a blast o' wunn. The syangs are all to the fore, and for ney euse, that I can sey, but meaking sloughs to the wheal spindle.'—Of course, the three following Jacobite ballads are extracted from 'Twommy's beuk.' "

“ WHoy, Josey mon, where be’st thou gwoing
Woth all thyne own horses and keye,
With thy pocks on thy back, leyke a pether,
And bearnies and baggage forby ?”

“ Whoy, dom it, mun, wost thou nwot hearing
Of all the bwad news that are out,
How that the Scwots rascals be cwoming
To reave all our yauds and our nout ?

“ So I’s e’en gwoing up to the muirlands,
Amang the weyld flosches to heyde,
With all my heall haudding and gyetting,
For fear that the worst should betyde.
Lword, mon ! hast thou neaver been hearing,
There’s noughts bwot the deavil to pay,
There’s a Pwope cwoming down fro’ the Heylands,
To herry, to bworn, and to slay ?

“ He has mwore nor ten thwosand meale weyming,
The fearswomest creatures of all,
They call them Rebellioners—dom then !
And cannie-bulls swome do them call.
Whoy, mon, they eat Chreastians lyke robbits,
And bworn all the chworches for fwon ;
And we’re all to be mwordered togyther,
Fro’ the bearn to the keyng on the thrwone.

“ Whoy, our keyng he sends out a greyt general,
With all his whole army, nwo less ;
And what dwoes this Pwope and his menzie ?
Whoy, Twommy mon, feath thou’lt nwot guess ?
Whoy, they fwalls all a-rworing and yelling,
Leyke a pack of mad hounds were their gowls ;

And they cwomes wopen-mouth on our swodgers,
And eats them wop, bwodies and sowls !

“ Whoy, Heaster, what deavel’s thou dwoing ?
Come, caw up the yaud woth the cart ;
Let us heaste out to Bwarton’s weyld shieling,
For my blood it runs cold at my heart.
So fare thee weal, Twommy—I’s crying—
Commend me to Mwooll and thyne wyfe ;
If thou see’st oughts of Jwhony’s wee Meary,
Lword, tell her to rwon for her lyfe !”

“ Whoy, Josey mon, surely thou’st raving,
Thou’st heard the wrong seyde of the treuth ;
For this is THE TRUE KEYNG that’s cwoming,
A brave and mwoch-wrong’d rwoyal yeuth.
Thou’s ignorant as the yaud that thou reyd’st on,
Or cauve that thou dreyv’st out to the lwone ;
For this Pwope is the Prince Charles Stuart,
And he’s cwome bwot to clayme what’s his own.

“ His feythurs have held this ould keyngdom
For a meatter of ten thowsand years,
Till there cwomes a bit dwom’d scrwogy bwody,
A theyvish ould rascal, I hears ;
And he’s stown the brave honest lad’s crown fro’m,
And kick’d him out of house and hould,
And rewin’d us all with taxations,
And hang’d up the brave and the bwold.

“ Now, Josey mon, how wod’st thou lyke it,
If swome crabbit half-wotted lown

Should cwome and seize on thy bit haudding,
And droyve thee fro' all that's theyne own?
And, Josey mon, how wod'st thou lyke it,
If thou in theyne freands had swome hwope,
If they should all tworn their backs on thee,
And call thee a thief and a Pwope?"

"Whoy, Heaster, where deavel's thou gwoing,
Thou'lt droyve the ould creature to dead;
Hould still the cart till I conseyder,—
Gyang, take the ould yaud bee the head.
Whoy, Twommy mon, what wast thou saying?
Cwome, say't all again without feal;
If thou'lt swear unto all thou hast tould me,
I've had the wrong sow bee the teal."

"I'll swear unto all I has tould thee,
That this is our TRUE SOVEREIGN KEYNG;
There never was house so ill gueydit,
And bee swuch a dwort of a theyng."
"Bwot what of the cannie-bulls, Twommy?
That's reither a doubtful concern;
The thoughts of these hworrid meale weeyming
Make me tremble for Heaster and bearn?"

"They're the clans of the Nworth, honest Josey,
As brave men as ever had breath;
They've ta'en the hard seyde of the quorrel,
To stand by the reyght until death.
They have left all their feythurs and mwothers,
Their weyves and their sweethearts and all,
And their heames, and their dear little bearnies,
With their true prince to stand or to fall."

“ Oh, Gwod bless their sowls, honest fellows !

Lword, Twommy ! I’s crying like mad !

I dwont know at all what’s the matter,

But ’tis summat of that rwoyal lad.

Hoy, Heaster ! thou fusionless hussey,

Tworn back the yaud’s head towards heame ;

Get wop on the twop of the panniels,

And dreyve back the rwod that thou keame.

“ Now Twommy, I’s done leyke mee betters,

I’s changed seydes, and sey let that stand,

And, mwore than mmost gentles can say for,

I’ve changed both with heart and with hand ;

And, since this lad is OUR TRUE SOVERING,

I’ll geave him all that I possess,

And I’ll feyght for him too, should he need it,—

Can any true swobject do less ?”

“ Now geave me theyne hand, honest Josey,

That’s spoke lyke a true Englishman ;

He needs but a pleyne honest stworey,

And he’ll dwo what’s reyght if he can.

Cwome thou down to ould Nanny Cworbats,

I’ll give thee a quart of good brown,

And we’ll dreyнк to the health of Prince Charles,

And every true man to his own.”

RED CLAN-RANALD’S MEN

Is likewise a pretended transcript from the “ Dwomony’s beuk,” and relates to the skirmish on Clifton Moor, on the 18th of December, 1745, where a party of M’Donalds, left to guard the baggage, so gallantly repulsed two re-

giments of cavalry, killing one hundred and fifty of them, and wounding more, while the Highlanders lost only twenty-four in all.

THERE's news—news—gallant news,
That Caril disna ken, joe
There's gallant news of tartan trews,
And red Clan-Ranald's men, joe.
There has been blinking on the bent,
And slashing on the fell, joe ;
The red-coat sparks hae got their yerks,
But Caril darena tell, joe.

The prig dragoons they swore by 'zoons,
The rebèls' hides to tan, joe ;
But when they fand the Highland brand,
They funkit and they ran, joe.
And had the frumpy froward Duke,
Wi' a' his brags o' weir, joe,
But met our Charlie hand to hand,
In a' his Highland gear, joe ;

Had English might stood by the right,
As they did vaunt fu' vain, joe,
Or played the parts of Highland hearts,
The day was a' our ain, joe.
We darena say the right's the right,
Though weel the right we ken, joe ;
But we dare think, and take a drink
To red Clan-Ranald's men, joe.

Afore I saw our rightfu' prince
Frae foreign foggies flee, joe,

I'd lend a hand at Cumberland
 To rowe it in the sea, joe.
 Come fill a cup, and fill it up,
 We'll drink the toast ye ken, joe.
 And add, beside, the Highland plaid,
 And red Clan-Ranald's men, joe.

We'll drink to Athole's gallant band,
 To Cluny of the Glen, joe,
 To Donald Blue, and Appin true,
 And red Clan-Ranald's men, joe ;
 And cry out news—our gallant news,
 That Caril disna ken, joe,
 Our gallant news of tartan trews,
 And red Clan-Ranald's men, joe.

UP AN' RIN AWA', GEORDIE.

It is a pity that we cannot father this on the ideal "Dwomony" altogether. However, it is not just so bad when considered that it is an answer to a Whig song of 1746, beginning, "Up an' rin awa', Charlie," &c.

UP an' rin awa', Geordie,
 Up an' rin awa', Geordie,
 For feint a stand in Cumberland
 Your troops can mak ava, Geordie.
 Your bauld militia are in qualms,
 In ague fits an' a', Geordie,
 And auntie Wade, wi' pick an' spade,
 Is delving through the snaw, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

The lads o' Westmoreland came up,
An' wow but they were braw, Geordie,
But took the spavie in their houghs,
An' limpit fast awa', Geordie.
O had ye seen them at their posts,
Wi' backs against the wa', Geordie,
Ye wad hae thought—It matters not—
Flee over seas awa', Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

These Highland dogs, wi' hose an' brogs,
They dree nae cauld at a', Geordie ;
Their hides are tann'd like Kendel bend,
An' proof to frost an' snaw, Geordie.
They dive like moudies in the yird,
Like squirrels mount a wa', Geordie ;
An' auld Carlisle, baith tower an' pile,
Has got a waesome fa', Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

Brave Sir John Pennington is fled,
An' Doctor Waugh an' a', Geordie ;
And Humphrey Stenhouse he is lost,
And Aeron-bank's but raw, Geordie.
And Andrew Pattison's laid bye,
The prince of provosts a', Geordie ;
'Tis hard to thole, for gallant soul,
His frostit thumbs to blaw, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

Prince Charlie Stuart's ta'en the road,
As fast as he can ca', Geordie,

The drones to drive frae out the hive,
An' banish foreign law, Geordie.
He's o'er the Mersey, horse an' foot,
An' braid claymores an' a', Geordie ;
An' awsome forks, an' Highland durks,
An' thae's the warst of a', Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

I canna tell, ye ken yoursell,
Your faith, an' trust, an' a', Geordie ;
But 'tis o'er true your cause looks blue,
'Tis best to pack awa', Geordie.
An' ye maun tak your foreign bike,
Your Turks, an' queans, an' a', Geordie,
To pluff an' trig your braw new wig,
An' your daft pow to claw, Geordie,
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

There's ae thing I had maist forgot,
Perhaps there may be twa, Geordie :
Indite us back, when ye gang hame,
How they received you a', Geordie.
An' tell us how the langkail thrive,
An' how the turnips raw, Geordie ;
An' how the seybos an' the leeks
Are brairding through the snaw, Geordie.
Up an' rin' awa', Geordie, &c.

That Hanover's a dainty place,
It suits you to a straw, Geordie ;
Where ane may tame a buxom dame,
An' chain her to a wa', Geordie.

An' there a man may burn his cap,
 His hat, an' wig, an' a', Geordie;
 They're a' sae daft, your scanty wits
 Will ne'er be miss'd ava, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

You've lost the land o' cakes an' weir,
 Auld Caledonia, Geordie;
 Where fient a stand in a' the land,
 Your Whigs can mak ava, Geordie.
 Then tak leg-bail, an' fare-ye-weel,
 Your motley group an' a', Geordie;
 There's mony a ane has rued the day
 That ye cam here ava, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa', Geordie,
 Up an' rin awa', Geordie,
 For fient a stand in all England
 Your Whigs dare mak ava, Geordie!

MY LOVE'S BONNY.

My love's bonny as bonny can be,
 My love's blithe as the bird on the tree;
 But I like my bonny lass, an' she loes me,
 An' we'll meet by our bower in the morning.
 O, how I will cling unto my love's side,
 And I will kiss my bonny, bonny bride;
 And I'll whisper a vow, whatever betide,
 To my little flower in the morning.

Her breath is as sweet as the fragrant shower
 Of dew that is blawn frae the rowan-tree flower;

Oh ! never were the sweets of vernal bower,
Like my love's cheek in the morning.
Her eye is the blue-bell of the spring,
Her hair is the blackbird's bonny wing;
To her dear side, oh ! how I'll cling,
On our greenwood walk in the morning.

THE GLOAMIN'.

THE gloamin' frae the welkin high
Had chased the bonny gouden gleam ;
The curtain'd east, in crimson die,
Lay mirror'd on the tinted stream ;
The wild-rose, blushing on the brier,
Was set wi' draps o' pearly dew,
As full and clear the bursting tear
That row'd in Ellen's een o' blue.

She saw the dear, the little cot,
Where fifteen years flew swiftly by,
An' sair she wail'd the hapless lot
That forced her frae that hame to fly.
Though blithe an' mild the e'ening smiled,
Her heart was rent wi' anguish keen ;
The mavis ceased his music wild,
And wonder'd what her plaint could mean.

A fringe was round the orient drawn,
A mourning veil it seem'd to be ;
The star o' love look'd pale and wan,
As if the tear were in her ee.

The dowy dell, the greenwood tree,
With all their inmates, seem'd to mourn ;
Sweet Ellen's tears they doughtna see,
Departing never to return.

Alas ! her grief could not be spoke,
There were no words to give it name ;
Her aged parents' hearts were broke,
Her brow imbued with burning shame.
That hame could she ne'er enter mair,
Ilk honour'd face in tears to see,
Where she so oft had join'd the prayer
Pour'd frae the heart so fervently.

Ah, no ! the die was foully cast,
Her fondest earthly hope was gone :
Her soul had brooded o'er the past,
Till pale despair remain'd alone.
Her heart abused, her love misused,
Her parents drooping to the tomb,
Weeping, she fled to desert bed,
To perish in its ample dome.

AULD ETTRICK JOHN.

AIR—" *Rothiemurchies Rant.*"

'THERE dwalt a man on Ettrick side,
An honest man I wat was he,
His name was John, an' he was born
A year afore the thretty-three.

He wed a wife when he was young,
But she had dee'd, and John was wae ;
He wantit lang, at length did gang
To court Nell Brunton o' the Brae.

Auld John cam daddin' down the hill,
His arm was waggin' manfullye,
He thought his shadow look'd nae ill,
As aft he keek'd aside to see ;
His shoon war four pund's weight a-piece,
On ilka leg a ho had he,
His doublet strang was large an' lang,
His breeks they hardly reach'd his knee ;

His coat was thread about wi' green,
The moths had wrought it muckle harm,
The pouches war an ell atween,
The cuff was fauldit up the arm ;
He wore a bonnet on his head,
The bung upon his shoulders lay,
An' by its neb ye wad hae read
That Johnnie view'd the milky way :

For Johnnie to himsell he said,
As he came duntin' down the brae,
" A wooer ne'er should hing his head,
But blink the breeze an' brow the day ;"
An' Johnnie said unto himsell,
" A wooer risks nae broken banes ;
I'll tell the lassie sic a tale
Will gar her look twa gates at anes."

But yet, for a' his antic dress,
 His cheeks wi' healthy red did glow ;
 His joints war knit and firm like brass,
 Though siller-grey his head did grow.
 An' John, although he had nae lands,
 Had twa gude kie amang the knowes ;
 A hunder puns in honest hands,
 An' sax-an-thretty doddit yowes.

An' Nelly was a sonsy lass,
 Fu' ripe an' ruddy was her mou',
 Her een war like twa beads o' glass,
 Her brow was white like Cheviot woo ;
 Her cheeks war bright as heather-bells,
 Her bosom like December snaw,
 Her teeth war whiter nor egg-shells,
 Her hair was like the hoody craw.*

* In another edition the conclusion of the Song stands thus :

"Gudewife," quo John, as he sat down,
 I'm come to court your daughter Nell ;
 An' if I die immediately
 She shall hae a' the gowd hersel,
 An' if I chance to hae a son,
 I'll breed him up a braw divine ;
 An' I'll provide for a' the lave,
 Although we should hae aught or nine,"

Wi' little say he wan the day,
 She soon became his bonnie bride ;
 But ilka joy is fled away
 Frae Johnnie's cantie ingle side.
 She frets, an' greets, an' visits aft,
 In hopes some lad will see her hame ;
 But never ane will be sae daft
 As tent auld Johnnie's flisky dame.

John crackit o' his bob-tail'd yowes ;
 He crackit o' his good milk-kie,
 His kebbucks, hams, an' cogs o' brose,
 An' siller out at trust forby ;
 An' aye he show'd his boordly limb,
 As bragging o' his feats sae rare,
 An' a' the honours paid to him
 At kirk, at market, or at fair.

Wi' sicklike say he wan the day,
 Nell soon became his dashin' bride ;
 But ilka joy soon fled away
 Frae Johnnie's canty ingle side ;

An' John will be a gaishen soon ;
 His teeth are frae their sockets flown ;
 The hair's peeled aff his head aboon ;
 His face is milk-an'-water grown :
 His legs, that firm like pillars stood,
 Are now grown toom an' unco sma' ;
 She's reaved him sair o' flesh an' bluid,
 An' peace o' mind—the warst o' a'.

Let ilka lassie tak a man,
 An' ilka callan tak a wife ;
 But youth wi' youth gae hand in hand,
 Or time the sweetest joys o' life.
 Ye men whase heads are turning grey,
 Wha to the grave are hasting on,
 Let reason aye your passion sway,
 An' mind the fate o' Ettrick John.

An' a' ye lasses, plump an' fair,
 Let pure affection guide your hand,
 Nor stoop to lead a life o' care
 Wi' withered age for gear or land.
 When ilka lad your beauty slights,
 An' ilka snile shall yield to wae,
 Ye'll mind the lang an' lanesome nights
 O' Nell the Lassie o' the Brae.

For there was fretting late an' air,
An' something aye a-wanting still,
The saucy taunt an' bitter jeer—
Now, sic a life does unco ill.

An' John will be a gaishen soon ;
His teeth are frae their sockets flown ;
The hair's peel'd aff his head aboon ;
His face is milk-an'-water grown ;
His legs, that firm like pillars stood,
Are now grown toom an' unco sma' ;
She's reaved him sair o' flesh an' blood
An' peace o' mind, the warst of a'.

May ilka lassie understand
In time the duties of a wife ;
But youth wi' youth gae hand in hand,
Or time the sweetest joys o' life.
Ye men whase heads are turning grey,
Wha to the grave are hastin' on,
Let reason a' your passions sway,
An' mind the fate o' Ettrick John.

Ye lasses, lightsome, blithe, an' fair,
Let pure affection win the hand ;
Ne'er stoop to lead a life o' care
Wi' doited age, for gear or land.
When ilka lad your beauty slights,
An' ilka blush is broke wi' wae,
Ye'll mind the lang an' lanesome nights
O' Nell, the lassie o' the Brae.

DOCTOR MONROE.

“ DEAR Doctor, be clever, an’ fling aff your beaver,
Come, bleed me an’ blister me, dinna be slow ;
I’m sick, I’m exhausted, my prospects are blasted,
An’ a’ driven heels o’er head, Doctor Monroe !”

“ Be patient, dear fellow, your foster your fever ;
Pray, what’s the misfortune that troubles you so ?”

“ O, Doctor ! I’m ruin’d, I’m ruin’d for ever—
My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Monroe !

“ I meant to have married, an’ tasted the pleasures,
The sweets, the enjoyments from wedlock that flow ;
But she’s ta’en another, an’ broken my measures,
An’ fairly dumfounder’d me, Doctor Monroe !
I am fool’d, I am dover’d as dead as a herring—
Good sir, you’re a man of compassion, I know ;
Come, bleed me to death, then, unflinching, unerring,
Or grant me some poison, dear Doctor Monroe !”

The Doctor he flang aff his big-coat an’ beaver,
He took out his lance, an’ he sharpen’d it so ;
No judge ever look’d more decided or graver—
“ I’ve oft done the same, sir,” says Doctor Monroe,
“ For gamblers, rogues, jockeys, and desperate lovers,
But I always make charge of a hundred, or so.”
The patient look’d pale, and cried out in shrill quavers
“ The devil ! do you say so, sir, Doctor Monroe ?”

“ O yes, sir, I’m sorry there’s nothing more common ;
I like it—it pays—but, ere that length I go,

A man that goes mad for the love of a woman
I sometimes can cure with a lecture, or so."
" Why, thank you, sir ; there spoke the man and the
friend too ;
Death is the last reckoner with friend or with foe,
The lecture then, first, if you please, I'll attend to ;
The other, of course, you know, Doctor Monroe."

The lecture is said—How severe, keen, an' cutting,
Of love an' of wedlock, each loss an' each woe,
The patient got up—o'er the floor he went strutting,
Smiled, caper'd, an' shook hands with Doctor Monroe.
He dresses, an' flaunts it with Bell, Sue, an' Chirsty,
But freedom an' fun chooses not to forego ;
He still lives a bachelor, drinks when he's thirsty,
An' sings like a lark, an' loves Doctor Monroe !

SING ON, SING ON, MY BONNY BIRD.

SING on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen, O,
When here, aneath the hawthorn wild
I met my bonny Jean O !
My blude ran prinklin' through my veins,
My hair begoud to steer, O ;
My heart play'd deep against my breast,
When I beheld my dear, O !

O weel's me on my happy lot,
O weel's me o' my dearie,
O weel's me o' the charming spot
Where a' combined to cheer me !

The mavis liltit on the bush,
The laverock o'er the green, O,
The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,
But a' war nought to Jean, O!

Sing on, sing on, my bonny thrush,
Be nouth' fley'd nor eerie;
I'll wad your love sits in the bush,
That gars ye sing sae cheerie.
She may be kind, she may be sweet,
She may be neat an' clean, O,
But O, she's but a drysome mate
Compared wi' bonny Jean, O!

If love wad open a' her stores,
An' a' her blooming treasures,
An' bid me rise, an' turn an' choose,
An' taste her chiefest pleasures,
My choice wad be the rosy cheek,
The modest beaming eye, O;
The auburn hair, the bosom fair,
The lips o' coral dye, O!

A bramble shade around our head,
A burnie popplin by, O;
Our bed the sward, our sheet the plaid,
Our canopy the sky, O!
An' here's the burn, an' there's the bush,
Around the flowery green, O;
An' this the plaid, an' sure the lass
Wad be my bonny Jean, O!

Hear me, thou bonny modest moon,
 Ye sternies, twinklin' high, O,
 An' a' ye gentle powers aboon,
 That roam athwart the sky, O !
 Ye see me gratefu' for the past,
 Ye saw me blest yestreen, O,
 An' ever till I breathe my last,
 Ye'll see me true to Jean O !

JOCK AN' HIS MOTHER.

AIR—*“Jackson's cog i' the morning.”*

“ Now, mother, since a' our fine lasses ye saw
 Yestreen at the wedding, sae trig an' sae braw,
 Say, isna my Peggy the flower o' them a',
 Our dance an' our party adorning?
 Her form is sae fair, an' her features sae fine,
 Her cheek like the lily anointit wi' wine,
 The beam o' her bonny blue ee does outshine
 The starn that appears i' the morning.”

“ Away, ye poor booby ! your 'skeel is but sma',
 Gin ye marry Peggy ye'll ruin us a' ;
 She lives like a lady, and dresses as braw,
 But how will she rise i' the morning?
 She'll lie in her bed till eleven, while ye
 Maun rise an' prepare her her toast an' her tea ;
 Her frien's will be angry an' send ye to sea,
 Dear Jock, tak a thought an' some warning.”

“ O, mother, sic beauty I canna forego,
 I've sworn I will have her, come weel or come woe,

An' that wad be perjury black as a crow

To leave her an' think of another."

"An' if you should wed her, your prospects are fine,

In meal-pocks and rags you will instantly shine ;

Gae break your mad vow, an' the sin shall be mine—

O pity yoursell an' your mother !"

"I'm sure my dear Peggy is lovely as May,

An' I saw her father this very same day,

An' tauld him I was for his daughter away."

"Sure, Jock, he wad tak it for scorning?"

"He said he wad gie me a horse an' a cow,

A hunder good yowes, an' a pack o' his woo;

To stock the bit farm at the back o' the brow,

An' gie Maggy wark i' the morning."

"Your Peggy is bonny, I weel maun allow,

An' really 'tis dangerous breakin' a vow ;

Then tak her—my blessing on Peggy an' you

Shall tarry baith e'ening an' morning."

So Jock an' his Peggy in wedlock were bound,

The bridal was merry, the music did sound,

They went to their bed, while the glass it gaed round,

An' a' wished them joy i' the morning.

BLITHE AN' CHEERIE.

AIR—" *Blithe, blithe, an' merry was she.*"

ON Ettrick clear there grows a brier,

An' mony a bonnie blooming shaw ;

But Peggie's grown the fairest flower
The braes o' Ettrick ever saw.
Her cheek is like the woodland rose ;
Her e'e the violet set wi' dew ;
The lily's fair without compare,
Yet in her bosom tines its hue.

Had I as muckle gowd an' gear
As I could lift unto my knee,
Nae ither lass but Peggie dear
Should ever be a bride to me.
O she's blithe, an' O she's cheerie,
O she's bonnie, frank, an' free !
The sternies bright, nae dewy night,
Could ever beam like Peggie's ee.

Had I her hame at my wee house,
That stands aneath yon mountain high,
To help me wi' the kye an ewes,
An' in my arms at e'ening lie ;
O sae blithe, an' O sae cheerie,
O sae happy we wad be !
The lammie to the ewe is dear,
But Peggie's dearer far to me.

But I may sigh and stand abeigh,
An' greet till I tine baith my een ;
Though Peggie's smile my heart beguiles,
She disna mind my love a preen.
O I'm sad, an' O I'm sorry !
Sad an' sorry may I be ;
I may be sick an' very sick,
But I'll be desperate sweer to dee.

ATHOL CUMMERS.

One evening in the winter of 1800, I was sawing away on the fiddle with great energy and elevation, and having executed the strathspey called Athol Cummers, much to my own satisfaction, my mother said to me, "Dear Jimmie, are there ony words to that tune?"—"No that ever I heard, mother."—"O man, it's a shame to hear sic a good tune an' nae words till't. Gae away ben the house, like a good lad, and mak' me a verse till't." The request was instantly complied with.

DUNCAN, lad, blaw the cummers,
 Play me round the Athol cummers;
 A' the din o' a' the drummers
 Canna rouse like Athol cummers.
 When I'm dowie, wet or weary,
 Soon my heart grows light an' cheery,
 When I hear the sprightly nummers
 O' my dear, my Athol cummers!

When the fickle lasses vex me,
 When the cares o' life perplex me,
 When I'm fley'd wi' frightfu' rumours,
 Then I lilt o' Athol cummers.
 'Tis my cure for a' disasters,
 Kebbit ewes an' crabbit masters,
 Drifty nights an' dripping summers—
 A' my joy is Athol cummers!

Ettrick banks an' braes are bonny,
 Yarrow hills as green as ony;
 But in my heart nae beauty nummers
 Wi' my dear, my Athol cummers,
 Lomond's beauty nought surpasses,
 Save Breadalbane's bonny lasses;

But deep within my spirit slummers
Something sweet of Athol cummers.*

„ LOVE LETTER.

AH, Maggy, thou art gane away,
And left me here to languish,
To daunder on frae day to day,
Swathed in a sort o' anguish.
My mind's the aspen o' the vale,
In ceaseless waving motion ;
'Tis like a ship without a sail,
On life's unstable ocean !

I downa bide to see the moon
Blink o'er the hill sae dearly,
Late on a bonny face she shone,
A face that I loe dearly.
An' when down by the water clear
At e'en I'm lonely roaming,
I sigh, an' think if ane war here,
How sweet wad fa' the gloaming.

Ah, Maggy, thou art gane away,
An' I nae mair shall see thee ;
Now a' the lee-lang simmer day,
An' a' the night I weary ;
For thou wert aye sae sweet, sae gay,
Sae teasing an' sae canty,

I dinna blush to swear an' say,
In faith I canna want thee !

O, in the slippery paths o' love
Let prudence aye direct thee,
Let virtue every step approve,
And virtue will respect thee.
To ilka pleasure, ilka pang,
Alack ! I am nae stranger,
An' he wha aince has wander'd wrang,
Is best aware of danger.

May still thy heart be kind an' true,
A' ither maids excelling,
An' heaven shall shed its purest dew
Around thy rural dwelling.
May flow'rets spring, an' wild birds sing
Around thee late an' early,
An' oft to thy remembrance bring
The lad that loes thee dearly !

MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

COULD this ill warld hae been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman.
How peacefu' bodies might hae lived,
Released frae a' the ills sae common ;
But since it is the waefu' case
That man maun hae this teasing crony,
Why sic a sweet bewitching face ?
O had she no been made sae bonny !

I might hae roam'd wi' cheerfu' mind,
Nae sin or sorrow to betide me,
As careless as the wandering wind,
As happy as the lamb beside me ;
I might hae screw'd my tunefu' pegs,
And caroll'd mountain airs fu' gaily,
Had we but wantit a' the Megs,
Wi' glossy een sae dark an' wily.

I saw the danger, fear'd the dart,
The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
An' gat the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green,
O' wild witch-notes it has nae ony
Sin' e'er I saw that pawky quean,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny !

FAIR WAS THY BLOSSOM.

FAIR was thy blossom, bonny flower,
That open'd like the rose in May,
Though nursed beneath the chilly shower
Of fell regret for love's decay.
How oft above thy lowly bed,
When all in silence slumber'd low,
The fond and filial tear was shed,
Thou child of love, of shame, and woe !

Fair was thy blossom, bonny flower,
Fair as the softest wreath of spring,

When late I saw thee seek the bower,
In peace thy morning hymn to sing.
Thy little foot across the lawn
Scarce from the primrose press'd the dew ;
I thought the spirit of the dawn
Before me to the greenwood flew.

The fatal shaft was on the wing,
Thy spotless soul from guilt to sever ;
A tear of pity wet the string,
That twang'd, and seal'd thine eye for ever.
I saw thee late the emblem true
Of beauty, innocence, and truth,
Stand on the upmost verge in view,
'Twixt childhood and unstable youth.

But now I see thee stretch'd at rest—
To break that rest shall wake no morrow—
Pale as the grave-flower on thy breast,
Poor child of love, of shame, and sorrow !
May thy long sleep be sound and sweet,
Thy visions fraught with bliss to be !
And long the daisy, emblem meet,
Shall shed its earliest tear o'er thee !

COURTING SONG.

THE day-beam's unco laith to part,
It lingers o'er yon summit low'ring,
While I stand here with beating heart,
Behind the brier and willow cow'ring.

The gloamin' stern keeks o'er the yoke,
An' strews wi' goud the stream sae glassy ;
The raven sleeps aboon the rock,
An' I wait for my bonny lassie.

Weel may I tent the siller dew,
That comes at eve sae saftly stealing ;
The silken hue, the bonny blue,
O' nature's rich an' radiant ceiling.
The lily lea, the vernal tree,
The night-breeze o'er the broomwood creeping ;
The fading day, the milky way,
The star-beam on the water sleeping.

For gin my lassie were but here,
The jewel of my earthly treasure,
I'll hear nought but her accents dear,
Whisper'd in love's delicious measure.
Although the bat, wi' velvet wing,
Wheels round our bower so dark an' grassy,
O I'll be happier than a king,
Placed by thy side, my bonny lassie !

Nae art hast thou, nae pawky wile,
The rapid flow of love impelling ;
But O the love that lights thy smile,
Wad lure an angel frae his dwelling !
There is a language in thy ee,
A music in thy voice of feeling,
The mildest virgin modestye,
An' soul that dwells within revealing.

She comes with maiden's cautious art,
Her stealing steps to tears impel me,
For, ah ! the beatings of her heart
Come flichterin' on the breeze to tell me.
Flee, a' ye sorrows, on the wind,
Ye warldly cares, I'll lightly pass ye;
Nae thought shall waver through my mind,
But raptures wi' my bonny lassie.

THERE'S NAE LADDIE COMING.

THERE'S nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean,
There's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean ;
I hae watch'd thee at mid-day, at morn, an' at e'en,
An' there's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean.
But be nae down-hearted though lovers gang by,
Thou'rt my only sister, thy brother am I ;
An' aye in my wee house thou welcome shalt be,
An' while I hae saxpence, I'll share it wi' thee.

O Jeanie, dear Jeanie, when we twa were young,
I sat on your knee, to your bosom I clung ;
You kiss'd me, an' clasp'd me, an' croon'd your bit sang,
An' bore me about when you hardly dought gang.
An' when I fell sick, wi' a red watery ee,
You watch'd your wee brother, an' fear'd he wad dee ;
I felt the cool hand, and the kindly embrace,
An' the warm trickling tears drappin aft on my face.

Sae wae was my kind heart to see my Jean weep,
I closed my sick ee, though I wasna asleep ;

An' I'll never forget till the day that I dee,
The gratitude due, my dear Jeanie, to thee !
Then be nae down-hearted, for nae lad can feel
Sic true love as I do, or ken ye sae weel ;
My heart it yearns o'er thee, and grieved wad I be
If aught were to part my dear Jeanie an' me.

APPIE M'GIE.

O LOVE has done muckle in city an' glen,
In tears of the women, an' vows of the men ;
But the sweet little rogue, wi' his visions o' bliss,
Has never done aught sae unhallow'd as this.
For what do ye think ?—at a dance on the green,
Afore the dew fell through the gloamin' yestreen,
He has woundit the bosom, an' blindit the ee,
Of the flower o' our valley, young Appie M'Gie.

Young Appie was sweet as the zephyr of even,
And blithe as the laverock that carols in heaven ;
As bonny as ever was bud o' the thorn,
Or rose that unfolds to the breath o' the morn.
Her form was the fairest o' Nature's design,
And her soul was as pure as her face was divine.
Ah, Love ! 'tis a shame that a model so true,
By thee should be melted and moulded anew.

The little pale flow'rets blush deep for thy blame ;
The fringe o' the daisy is purple wi' shame ;
The heath-breeze, that kisses the cheeks o' the free,
Has a tint of the mellow soft-breathings of thee.

Of all the wild wasters of glee and of hue,
And eyes that have depths o' the ocean of blue,
Love, thou art the chief ! And a shame upon thee,
For this deed thou hast done to young Appie M'Gie.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

AIR—" *St Patrick's Day in the Morning.*"

THERE'S news come ower the Highlands yestreen
Will soon gar bonnets an' broadswords keen,
An' philabegs short an' tartans green,
Shine over the shore in the morning.

He comes, he comes, our spirits to cheer,
To cherish the land he holds so dear,

To banish the reaver,

The base deceiver,

And raise the fame of the clans for ever ;

Our Prince's array

Is in Moidart bay,

Come raise the clamour

Of bagpipes' yamour,

And join our loved Prince in the morning.

Come, brave Lochiel, the honour be thine,

The first in loyal array to shine ;

If bold Clan-Ranald and thee combine,

Then who dares remain in the morning ?

Glengarry will stand with arm of steel,

And Keppoch is blood from head to heel ;

The Whiggers o' Sky may gang to the deil,

When Connal and Donald,
And gallant Clan-Ranald,
Are all in array,
And hasting away
To welcome their Prince in the morning.

The Appin will come while coming is good,
The stern M'Intosh is of trusty blood,
M'Kenzie and Fraser
Will come at their leisure,
The Whiggers of Sutherland scorning ;
The Atholmen keen as fire from steel,
M'Pherson for Charlie will battle the deil,
The hardy Clan-Donnoch
Is up in the Rannoch,
Unawed by the pride of haughty Argyle,
And lordly Drummond
Is belted, and coming
To join his loved Prince in the morning.

Come all that are true men, steel to the bane,
Come all that reflect on the days that are gane,
Come all that hae breeks and all that hae nane,
And all that are bred unto sorning—
Come Moidart and Moy, M'Gun and M'Craw,
M'Dugalds, M'Donalds, M'Devils, an' a',
M'Duffs an' M'Dumpies,
M'Leods an' M'Lumpies,
With claymores gleaming,
And standards streaming,
Come, swift as the roe,
For weel or for woe,

That Whigs in their error
May quake for terror,
To see our array in the morning.

I HAE NAEBODY NOW.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now,
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue een;
Wi' the raptured kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even,
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven.
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met my eye,
Where are they now, where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens, there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove,
That sharpest degree o' agony
For the child o' their earthly love—
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay,
Then calmly aneath the hand o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break, my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine,
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent frae her Father and thine ;
Yet I maun mourn, an' I *will* mourn,
Even till my latest day,
For though my darling can never return,
I can follow the sooner away.

THE

FORTY-SECOND'S WELCOME TO SCOTLAND.

AIR—" *The Highland Watch.*"

OLD Scotia ! wake thy mountain strain,
In all its wildest splendours,
And welcome back the lads again,
Your honour's dear defenders.
Be every harp and viol strung,
Till all the woodlands quaver ;
Of many a band your bards have sung,
But never hail'd a braver.
Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,
We're all in key to cheer it ;
And let it be a martial strain,
That warriors bold may hear it.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes
As virgin voice can sound them,
Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,
For glory blazes round them.

Small is the remnant you will see,
Lamented be the others,
But such a stem of such a tree
Take to your arms like brothers.
Then raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Strike all the glen with wonder ;
Let the chanter yell, and the drone-notes swell,
Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain-rock,
What wave your headlands shiver?
Long have they stood the tempest's shock,
Thou know'st they will for ever.
Sooner your eye those cliffs shall view
Split by the wind and weather,
Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue
Behind the nodding feather.
O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane !
Our caps to the sky we'll send them.
Scotland, thy honours who can stain,
Thy laurels who dare rend them !

I'LL NO WAKE WI' ANNIE.

O, MOTHER, tell the laird o't,
Or sairly it will grieve me, O,
That I'm to wake the ewes the night,
And Annie's to gang wi' me, O.
I'll wake the ewes my night about,
But ne'er wi' ane sae saucy, O,
Nor sit my lane the lee-lang night
Wi' sic a scornfu' lassie, O :

I'll no wake, I'll no wake,
I'll no wake wi' Annie, O;
Nor sit my lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

Dear son, be wise an' warie,
But never be unmanly, O;
I've heard ye tell another tale
Of young an' charming Annie, O.
The ewes ye wake are fair enough,
Upon the brae sae bonny, O;
But the laird himsell wad gie them a'
To wake the night wi' Annie, O.
He'll no wake, he'll no wake,
He'll no wake wi' Annie, O;
Nor sit his lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

I tauld ye ear', I tauld ye late,
That lassie wad trapan ye, O;
An' ilka word ye boud to say
When left alane wi' Annie, O!
Take my advice this night for aince,
Or beauty's tongue will ban ye, O,
An' sey your leal auld mother's skill
Ayont the muir wi' Annie, O.
He'll no wake, he'll no wake,
He'll no wake wi' Annie, O,
Nor sit his lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

The night it was a simmer night,
An' oh the glen was lanely, O!

For just ae sternie's gowden ee
Peep'd o'er the hill serenely, O.
The twa are in the flow'ry heath,
Ayont the muir sae flowy, O,
An' but ae plaid atween them baith,
An' wasna that right dowie, O?
He maun wake, he maun wake,
He maun wake wi' Annie, O;
An' sit his lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

Neist morning at his mother's knee
He blest her love unfeign'dly, O;
An' aye the tear fell frae his ee,
An' aye he clasp'd her kindly, O.
“Of a' my griefs I've got amends,
In yon wild glen sae grassy, O;
A woman only woman kens,—
Your skill has won my lassie, O.
I'll aye wake, I'll aye wake,
I'll aye wake wi' Annie, O,
An' sit my lane ilk night wi' ane
Sae sweet, sae kind, an' canny, O!”

THE LASS O' CARLISLE.

I'LL sing ye a wee bit sang,
A sang i' the aulden style,
It is of a bonny young lass
Wha lived in merry Carlisle.
An' O but this lass was bonny,
An' O but this lass was braw,

An' she had gowd in her coffers,
An' that was best of a'.
Sing hey, hickerty dickerty,
Hickerty dickerty dear ;
The lass that has gowd an' beauty
Has naething on earth to fear !

This lassie had plenty o' wooers,
As beauty an' wealth should hae ;
This lassie she took her a man,
An' then she could get nae mae.
This lassie had plenty o' weans,
That keepit her hands astir ;
And then she dee'd and was buried,
An' there was an end of her.
Sing hey, hickerty dickerty,
Hickerty dickerty dan,
The best thing in life is to make
The maist o't that we can !

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome lovely lassie yet ;
It scarce wad do
To sit an' woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet,
But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a-roaming yet ;
An' hint wi' glee
O' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet ;

But just a jinking,

Bonny blinking,

Hilty-skilty lassie yet.

But O her artless smile's mair sweet

Than hinny or than marmalete ;

An' right or wrang,

Ere it be lang,

I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,

The very breeze that kisses her,

The flowery beds

On which she treads,

Though wae for ane that misses her.

Then O to meet my lassie yet,

Up in yon glen sae grassy yet ;

For all I see

Are nought to me,

Save her that's but a lassie yet !

THE MOON.

Now fare-ye-weel, bonny Lady Moon,

Wi' thy still look o' majestye ;

For though ye hae a queenly face,

'Tis e'en a fearsome sight to see.

Your lip is like Ben-Lomond's base,

Your mouth a dark unmeasured dell ;

Your eebrow like the Grampian range,

Fringed with the brier an' heather-bell.

Yet still thou bear'st a human face,
Of calm an' ghostly dignity ;
Some emblem there I fain wad trace
Of Him that made baith you an' me.
But fare-ye-weel, bonny Lady Moon,
There's neither stop nor stay for me ;
But when this joyfu' life is done,
I'll take a jaunt an' visit thee.

THE WITCH O' FIFE;

HURRAY, hurray, the jade's away,
Like a rocket of air with her bandalet !
I'm up in the air on my bonny grey mare,
But I see her yet, I see her yet.
I'll ring the skirts o' the gowden wain
Wi' curb an' bit, wi' curb an' bit ;
An' catch the Bear by the frozen mane,—
An' I see her yet, I see her yet.

Away, away, o'er mountain an' main,
' To sing at the morning's rosy yett ;
An' water my mare at its fountain clear,—
But I see her yet, I see her yet.
Away, thou bonny witch o' Fife,
On foam of the air to heave an' flit,
An' little reck thou of a poet's life,
For he sees thee yet, he sees thee yet.

ROW ON, ROW ON.

AIR—" *Tushilaw's Lines.*"

Row on, row on, thou cauldrie wave,
Weel may you fume, and growl, and grumble—
Weel may you to the tempest rave
And down your briny mountains tumble ;
For mony a heart thou hast made cauld,
Of firmest friend and fondest lover,
Who lie in thy dark bosom pall'd,
The garish green wave rolling over.

Upon thy waste of waters wide,
Though ray'd in a' the dyes o' heaven !
I never turn my looks aside,
But my poor heart wi' grief is riven ;
For then on ane that loe'd me weel
My heart will evermair be turning ;
An' oh ! 'tis grievous aye to feel
That nought remains for me but mourning.

For whether he's alive or dead,
In distant land for maiden sighing,
A captive into slavery led,
Or in thy beds of amber lying,
I cannot tell ;—I only know
I loved him dearly, and forewarn'd him ;
I gave him thee in pain and woe,
And thou hast never more return'd him.

Still thou rowest on with sullen roar—
A broken heart to thee is nothing ;
Thou only lovest to lash the shore,
And jabber out thy thunder, frothing.
Thy still small voice send to this creek,
The wavy field of waters over ;
Oh! Spirit of the Ocean, speak !
And tell me where thou hold'st my lover !

MARION GRAHAM.

AWAKE, my bonny Marion Graham,
And see this scene before it closes,
The eastern lift is a' on flame,
And a' besprinkled o'er wi' roses ;
It is a sight will glad your ee,
A sight my Marion loes to see.

Here are the streaks of gowden light,
Fair as my Marion's locks o' yellow ;
And tints of blue as heavenly bright
As smile within her ee sae mellow ;
Her cheeks, young roses, even seem
To dimple in yon heavenly beam.

Awake, my bonny Marion Graham,
Ye never saw sae bright adorning ;
I canna bear that my sweet dame
Should lose the pleasures o' this morning ;
For what wad a' its beauties be
Without some likeness unto thee ?

I see thee in the silver stream,
 The budding rose, and gracefu' willow ;
I see thee in yon morning beam,
 And beauty of the glowing billow ;
I see thy innocence and glee
In every lamb that skims the lea.

And could you trow it, lovely May,
 I see thee in the hues of even,
Thy virgin bed the milky way,
 Thy coverlet the veil of heaven !
There have I seen a vision dim
Hush'd by an angel's holy hymn.

And, Marion, when this morn, above
 The gates of heaven, I saw advancing
The morning's gem—the star of love,
 My heart with rapture fell a-dancing ;
Yet I in all its rays could see,
And all its glories, only thee.

Ah ! Marion Graham ! 'tis e'en ower true,
 And Gude forgie my fond devotion !
In earth's sweet green, and heaven's blue,
 And all the dyes that deck the ocean,
The scene that brings nae mind o' thee
Has little beauty to my ee.

Get up, ye little wily knave !
 I ken your pawky jinks an' jeering,
You like to hear your lover rave,
 An' gar him trow ye dinna hear him ;

Yet weel this homage you'll repay,—
Get up, my love, an' come away !

BIRNIEBOUZLE.

AIR—" *Braes of Tullimett.*"

WILL ye gang wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle ?
Baith the yird an' sea, lassie,
Will I rob to fend ye.
I'll hunt the otter an' the brock,
The hart, the hare, an' heather cock,
An' pu' the limpet aff the rock,
To batten an' to mend ye.

If ye'll gang wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle,
Till the day you dee, lassie,
Want shall ne'er come near ye.
The peats I'll carry in a skull,
The cod an' ling wi' hooks I'll pull,
An' reave the eggs o' mony a gull,
To please my denty dearie.

Sae canty will we be, lassie,
At the braes o' Birniebouzle,
Donald Gun and me, lassie,
Ever sall attend ye.
Though we hae nowther milk nor meal,
Nor lamb nor mutton, beef nor veal,

We'll fank the porpy and the seal,
And that's the way to fend ye.

An' ye sall gang sae braw, lassie,
At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,
Wi' littit brogues an' a', lassie,
Wow but ye'll be vaunty !
An' you sall wear, when you are wed,
The kirtle an' the Heeland plaid,
An' sleep upon a heather bed,
Sae cozy an' sae canty.

If ye'll but marry me, lassie,
At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,
A' my joy shall be, lassie,
Ever to content ye.
I'll bait the line and bear the pail,
An' row the boat and spread the sail,
An' drag the larry at my tail,
When mussel hives are plenty.

Then come awa wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle ;
Bonny lassie, dear lassie,
You shall ne'er repent ye.
For you shall own a bught o' ewes,
A brace o' gaits, and byre o' cows,
An' be the lady o' my house,
An' lads an' lasses plenty.

I HAE LOST MY LOVE.

I HAE lost my love, an' I dinna ken how,
I hae lost my love, an' I carena;
For laith will I be just to lie down an' dee,
And to sit down an' greet wad be bairnly;
But a screed o' ill-nature I canna weel help,
At having been guidit unfairly;
An'-weel wad I like to gie women a skelp,
An' yerk their sweet haffits fu' yarely.

O! plague on the limmers, sae sly and demure,
As pawkie as deils wi' their smiling;
As fickle as winter, in sunshine and shower,
The hearts o' a' mankind beguiling;
As sour as December, as soothing as May,
To suit their ain ends, never doubt them;
Their ill faults I coudna tell ower in a day,
But their beauty's the warst thing about them!

Ay, that's what sets up the hail world in a lowe;
Make's kingdoms to rise and expire;
Man's micht is nae mair than a flaughten o' tow,
Opposed to a bleeze o' reid fire!
'Twas woman at first made creation to bend,
And of nature's prime lord made the fellow!
An' 'tis her that will bring this ill world to an end,
An' that will be seen an' heard tell o'!

ALLAN DHU.

I LIKE to see you, Allan Dhu,
I like wi' you to meet,
But dinna say to me you loe,
For that wad gar me greet.
I like to see you smile on me
Amang our maidens a',
But, oh ! ae vow o' love frae you
I cou'dna stand ava.

Ay, ye may smile, but dinna speak ;
I ken what ye've to say ;
Sae, either haud your tongue sae sleek,
Or look another way ;
For, should it be of love to me,
In manner soft and bland,
I wadna ye my face should see
For a' Bredalbin's land.

Oh ! Allan Dhu, 'tis nought to you
Of love to gibe and jeer ;
But little ken ye of the pang
A maiden's heart maun bear,
When a' on earth that she hauds dear,
The hope that makes her fain,
Comes plump at aince—Oh, me ! the thought
'Maist turns my heart to stane !

No, Allan, no—I winna let
You speak a word the night :

Gang hame, an' write a lang letter,
For weel ye can indite.
And be it love, or be it slight,
I then can hae my will,
I'll steal away, far out o' sight,
An' greet, an' greet my fill.

LOVE'S VISIT.

Love came to the door o' my heart ae night,
And he call'd wi' a whining din—

“ Oh, open the door ! for it is but thy part
To let an old crony come in.”

“ Thou sly little elf ! I hae open'd to thee
Far aftener than I dare say ;

An' dear hae the openings been to me,
Before I could wile you away.”

“ Fear not,” quo' Love, “ for my bow's in the rest,
And my arrows are ilk ane gane ;

For you sent me to wound a lovely breast,
Which has proved o' the marble stane.

I am sair forspent, then let me come in

To the nook where I wont to lie,
For sae aft hae I been this door within
That I downa think to gang by.”

I open'd the door, though I ween'd it a sin,
To the sweet little whimpering fay ;
But he raised sic a buzz the cove within,
That he fill'd me with wild dismay ;

For first I felt sic a thrilling smart,
 And then sic an ardent glow,
 That I fear'd the chords o' my sanguine heart
 War a' gaun to flee in a lowe.

“ Gae away, gae away, thou wicked wean !”
 I cried, wi' the tear in my ee ;
 “ Ay ! sae ye may say !” quo' he, “ but I ken
 Ye'll be laith now to part wi' me.”
 And what do you think ?—by day and by night,
 For these ten lang years and twain,
 I have cherish'd the urchin with fondest delight,
 And we'll never mair part again.

A WIDOW'S WAIL.

AIR—“ *Gilderoy.*”

O THOU art lovely yet, my boy,
 Even in thy winding-sheet ;
 I canna leave thy comely clay,
 An' features calm an' sweet !
 I have no hope but for the day
 That we shall meet again,
 Since thou art gone, my bonny boy,
 An' left me here alane !

I hoped thy sire's loved form to see,
 To trace his looks in thine ;
 An' saw with joy thy sparkling ee
 With kindling vigour shine !

I thought, when auld an' frail, I might
Wi' you an' yours remain ;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane !

Now closed an' set thy sparkling eye,
Thy kind wee heart is still,
An' thy dear spirit far away
Beyond the reach of ill !
Ah ! fain wad I that comely clay
Reanimate again ;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane !

The flower now fading on the lea
Shall fresher rise to view,—
The leaf just falling from the tree
The year will soon renew ;
But lang may I weep o'er thy grave
Ere thou reviv'st again ;
For thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane !

AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S NANNY.

THE daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonny ;
But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny !
O, my Nanny !
My dear little Nanny !
My sweet little middlety-noddlety Nanny !

There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny !

Ae day she came out, wi' a rosy blush,
To milk her twa kye, sae couthy and canny ;
I cower'd me down at the back o' the bush,
To watch the air o' my bonny Nanny.
O, my Nanny, &c.

Her looks that stray'd o'er nature away,
Frae bonny blue een sae mild an' mellow,
Saw naething sae sweet in nature's array,
Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow.
O, my Nanny, &c.

My heart lay beating the flowery green
In quaking, quivering agitation,
An' the tears cam' tricklin' down frae my een,
Wi' perfect love an' wi' admiration.
O, my Nanny, &c.

There's mony a joy in this warld below,
An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny;
But of all the pleasures I ever can know,
There's nane like the love o' my bonny Nanny.
O, my Nanny !

My dear little Nanny !
My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nanny !
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny !

THE BROKEN HEART.

Was written in detestation of the behaviour of a gentleman (can I call him so ?) to a dearly-beloved young relative of my own, and whom, at the time I wrote this, I never expected to recover from the shock her kind and affectionate heart had received. It has, however, turned out a lucky disappointment for her.

Now lock my chamber door, father,
And say you left me sleeping ;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while relieve it ;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it !

O, let me lie, and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never ;
And O, kind Heaven ! were it thy will,
To close these eyes for ever ;
For how can maid's affections dear
Recall her love mistaken ?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken ?

O, why should vows so fondly made,
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow ?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary ;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary !

Farewell, dear Yarrow's mountains green,
 And banks of broom so yellow !
 Too happy has this bosom been
 Within your arbours mellow.
 That happiness is fled for aye,
 And all is dark desponding,
 Save in the opening gates of day,
 And the dear home beyond them !*

OHON-A-RIGH!

A humble petition from the Ettrick Shepherd to his late loved sovereign, King George IV., to restore the titles of the last remnants of the brave defenders of the rights of their ancient dynasty.

OHON-a-righ !
 Ohon-a-righ !
 There's nought but alteration ;
 The men that strove
 Our throne to move,
 And overturn the nation,
 Are a' come round,
 Wi' wit profound,
 To those they branded sairly,

* As a note to the above song, I may quote a stanza from another poem written at the same time :—

Woe to the guileful tongue that bred
 This disappointment and this pain !
 Cold-hearted villain ! on his head
 A minstrel's malison remain !
 Guilt from his brow let ne'er depart,
 Nor shame until his dying day ;
 For he has broke the kindest heart
 That ever bow'd to nature's sway !

An' show more might
For George's right
Than e'er they did for Charlie.

The day is past,
It was the last
Of suffering and of sorrow,
And o'er the men
Of northern glen
Arose a brighter morrow.
The pibroch rang
With bolder clang
Along the hills of heather ;
An' fresh an' strong
The thistle sprung
That had begun to wither !

Our sovereign gone
Whom we think on
As sons on sire regarded,
Of the plaided north
Beheld the worth
And loyalty rewarded.
Return'd their own,
And to the throne
Bound all their spirits lordly,
Now who will stand,
With dirk or brand,
As Donald does for Geordie ?

Beannaich-an-righ !
Beannaich-an-righ !

Her nainsell now be praying,
 Though standard praw,
 And broadsword law,
She all aside be laying,
 With Heelant might,
 For Shorge's right,
Cot ! put she'll braolich rarely,
 Gin lords her nain
 Pe lords ackain,
That fell for sake of Charlie!

THE LADDIE THAT I KEN O'.

THERE's a bonny, bonny laddie that I ken o',
There's a bonny, bonny laddie that I ken o',
 An' although he be but young,
 He has a sweet wooing tongue,
The bonny, bonny laddie that I ken o'.

He has woo'd me for his own, an' I trow him, O,
For it's needless to deny that I loe him, O ;
 When I see his face come ben,
 Then a' the lads I ken,
I think them sae far, far below him, O.

There is Annie, the demure little fairy, O,
Our Nancy, an' Burns' bonny Mary, O ;
 They may set their caps at him,
 An' greet till they gae blin',
But his love for his Jean will never vary, O.

He'll come to me at e'en though he's weary, O,
An' the way be baith langsome an' eery, O,
 An' he'll tirl at the pin,
 An' cry, "Jeanie, let me in,
For my bosom it burns to be near ye, O !"

He's a queer bonny laddie that I ken o',
He's a dear bonny laddie that I ken o' ;
 For he'll tak' me on his knee,
 An' he'll reave a kiss frae me,
The bonny, bonny laddie that I ken o'.

ANGEL'S MORNING SONG TO THE SHEPHERD.

WAKEN, drowsy slumberer, waken !
Over gorse, green broom, and braken,
From her sieve of silken blue,
Dawning sifts her silver dew,
Hangs the emerald on the willow,
Lights her lamp below the billow,
Bends the brier and branchy braken—
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !

Round and round, from glen and grove,
Pour a thousand hymns to love ;
Harps the rail amid the clover,
O'er the moon-fern whews the plover,
Bat has hid and heath-cock crow'd,
Courser neigh'd and cattle low'd,
Kid and lamb the lair forsaken—
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !

I HAE LOST MY JEANIE, O.

AIR—"Lady Cunningham's Delight."

O, I hae seen when fields were green,
An' birds sae blithe an' cheerie, O,
How swift the day wou'd pass away
When I was wi' my dearie, O.
My heart's now sair, my elbows bare,
My pouch without a guinea, O;
I'll never taste o' pleasure mair,
Since I hae lost my Jeanie, O.

O Fortune, thou hast used me ill;
Far waur than my deserving, O;
Thrice owre the crown thou'st knocked me down,
An' left me haufins starving, O:
Thy roughest blast has blawn the last,
My lass has used me meanly, O;
Thy keenest dart has pierced my heart,
An' ta'en frae me my Jeanie, O.

I'll nae mair strive, while I'm alive,
For aught but missing slavery, O;
This world's a stage, a pilgrimage,
A mass o' guilt an' knavery, O:
If fickle fame but save my name,
An' frae oblivion screen me, O;
Then farewell fortune, farewell love,
An' farewell, bonnie Jeanie, O!

THE BRAES OF BUSHBY.

Æ glenting cheerfu' simmer morn,
As I cam owre the rigs o' Lorn,
I heard a lassie all forlorn

Lamenting for her Johnnie, O.
Her wild notes poured the air alang;
The Highland rocks an' woodlands rang,
An' aye the owreword o' her sang
Was " Bushby braes are bonnie, O.

" On Bushby braes where blossoms blow,
Where bloom the brier an' sulky sloe,
There first I met my only joe,
My dear, my faithfu' Johnnie, O.
The grove was dark, sae dark an' sweet,
Where first my lad an' I did meet;
The roses blushed around our feet;
Then Bushby braes were bonnie, O.

" Departed joys, how soft, how dear,
That frae my ee still wring the tear!
Yet still the hope my heart shall cheer
Again to meet my Johnnie, O.
The primrose saw, an' blue hare-bell,
But nane o' them our love can tell,
The thrilling joy I felt too well
When Bushby braes were bonnie, O.

" My lad is to the Baltic gane
To fight the proud an' doubtfu' Dane:

For our success my heart is fain ;
 But 'tis maistly for my Johnnie, O.
 Then, Cupid, smoothe the German Sea,
 An' bear him back to Lorn an' me !
 An' a' my life I'll sing wi' glee,
 The Bushby braes are bonnie, O."

THE BLUE AND THE YELLOW.

AIR,—*Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my Lad.*

If e'er you would be a brave fellow, young man,
 Beware of the Blue and the Yellow,* young man ;
 If ye wud be strang,
 And wish to write lang,
 Come join wi' the lads that get mellow, young man.
 Like the crack o' a squib that has fa'en on, young man,
 Compared wi' the roar o' a cannon, young man,
 So is the Whig's blow
 To the pith that's below
 The beard o' auld Geordie Buchanan,† young man.

I heard a bit bird in the braken, young man,
 It sang till the Whigs were a' quaking, young man,
 And ay the sad lay
 Was, Alack for the day !
 For the Blue and the Yellow's forsaken, young man.

* Referring to the Edinburgh Review, which has a Blue and Yellow cover.

† Referring to Blackwood's Magazine, the cover of which bears a head of George Buchanan.

The day is arriv'd that's nae joking, young man ;
 'Tis vain to be murmuring and mocking, young man :
 A Whig may be leal,
 But he'll never fight weel,
 As lang as he dadds wi' a docken, young man.

O wha wadna laugh at their capers, young man ?
 Like auld maidens, fash'd wi' the vapours, young man,
 We have turned them adrift
 To their very last shift,
 That's—*puffing the Radical Papers*, young man.
 If ye wad hear tell o' their pingle,* young man,
 Gae list the wee bird in the dingle, young man ;
 Its note o' despair,
 'Is sae loud in the air,
 That the windows of heaven play jingle, young man.

I'll give you a toast of the auldest, young man ;
 The loyal head ne'er was the cauldest, young man ;
 “ Our King and his Throne,
 Be his glory our own,”
 And the last of his days aye the bauldest, young man.—
 But as for the loun that wad hector, young man,
 And pit us at odds wi' a lecture, young man,
 May he dance cutty-mun,†
 Wi' his neb to the sun,
 And his doup to the General Director, ‡ young man.

* *Pingle*—difficulty.

† *Cutty-mun*; an old Scottish tune of exceedingly quick and cramp time.

‡ This is a mysterious allusion to that part of Edinburgh where criminals were executed.

SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY'S

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

FAREWELL, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Cold and beggarly poor countrie,
If ever I cross thy border again,
The muckle deil must carry me.
There's but one tree in a' the land,
And that's the bonny gallows tree.
The very nowte look to the south,
And wish that they had wings to flee.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Brose and bannocks, crowdy and kale !
Welcome, welcome, jolly old England,
Laughing lasses and foaming ale !
'Twas when I came to merry Carlisle,
That out I laughed loud laughter three,
And if I cross the Sark again
The muckle deil maun carry me.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Kilted kimmers, wi' carrotty hair,
Pipers, who beg that your honours would buy
A bawbee's worth of their famished air.
I'd rather keep Cadwaller's goats,
And feast upon toasted cheese and leeks,
Than go back again to the beggarly North,
To herd 'mang loons with bottomless breeks.

REPLY TO SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY'S
FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Go, get thee gone, thou dastardly loon,
Go, get thee to thine own countrie ;
If ever you cross the Border again,
The muckle deil accompany thee.
There's mony a tree in fair Scotland,
And there is ane, the gallows-tree,
On which we hang the Irish rogues,
A fitting place it is for thee.

Go, get thee gone, thou dastardly loon,
Too good for thee is brose and kale :—
We've lads and ladies gay in the land,
Bonny lasses, and nut-brown ale.
When thou goest to merry Carlisle,
Welcome take thy loud laughters three ;
But know that the most of our beggarly clan
Came from the *Holy Land*, like thee.

Go, get thee gone, thou beggarly loon,
On thee our maidens refused to smile :—
Our pipers they scorn'd to beg from thee,
A half-starved knight of the Emerald Isle.
Go rather and herd thy father's pigs,
And feed on 'tatoes and butter-milk ;
But return not to the princely North,
Land of the tartan, the bonnet, and kilt.

KING WILLIE.

O, Willie was a wanton wag,
The blithest lad that e'er I saw ;
He 'mang the lasses bure the brag,
An' carried aye the gree awa',
An' was nae Willie weel worth goud ?
When seas did rowe an' winds did blaw,
An' battle's deadly stoure was blent,
He fought the foremost o' them a'.

Wha has nae heard o' Willie's fame,
The rose o' Britain's topmast bough,
Wha never stain'd his gallant name,
Nor turn'd his back on friend or foe.
An' he could tak a rantin' glass,
An' he could chant a cheery strain,
An' he could kiss a bonny lass,
An' aye be welcome back again.

Though now he wears the British crown—
For whilk he never cared a flee—
Yet still the downright honest tar,
The same kind-hearted chield is he.
An' every night I fill my glass—
An' fill it reaming to the brim,
An' drink it in a glowing health
To Adie Laidlaw* an' to him.

* Queen Adelaide.

I've ae advice to gie my King,
An' that I'll gie wi' right good-will,
Stick by the auld friends o' the crown,
Wha bore it up through good an' ill:
For new-made friends, an' new-made laws,
They suit nae honest hearts ava ;
An' Royal Willie's worth I'll sing
As lang as I hae breath to draw.

THE FLOWER OF ANNISLEY.

O is she gone? O is she gone
From love, from duty, and from me—
The fairest flower the sun shone on,
The lovely maid of Annisley?
Thou lonely mourner, tell to me
Whose was the name thou mentioned'st now,
With tear drops trickling to thy knee,
And scathe of sorrow on thy brow?

Is Ellen's fair and comely mould
The inmate of the darkling worm?
And does the gravel couch infold
The mildest, comeliest, earthly form?
Yes—here she sleeps in loneliness!
She faded with her virgin fame;
And now her votaries, numberless,
Shun even the mention of her name.

She who gave brilliance to the hall
And added lightness to the day,—

The meteor of the waterfall,
The seraph of the sylvan lay,—
Though pure as mortal thing could be,
The idol of the adoring throng,
Emblem of glory's fallacy,
Fell by the shafts of deadly wrong.

'Twas Envy poisoned first the dart,
And Malice winged it from her bow,
And deeply was the weetless heart
Pierced by the sure and secret blow ;
She trembled, wept, and looked to heaven ;
The die was cast ; relief was none !
Then shunned, unpitied, unforgiven,
Ellen was left to die alone .

As ever you saw the young rose tossed,
Or apple blossom from the tree,
By tempest or untimely frost,
So fell the flower of Annisley !
And never was green leaf on the path,
Or fallen blossom in the clay,
Trode down the careless foot beneath
As was the marvel of her day.

O, virgin beauty ! thou art sweet !
Sweet to the soul and to the eye !
Thy blush, that comes on fairy feet,
The mirror of the morning sky ;
Thy smile of mildness and of love ;
The aspirations of thy will
To mercy—well approved above
By one who owns thy nature still ;—

All, all bespeak thee Nature's flower,
But O, what snares are laid for thee !
As is thy virtue's lordly power
So is thy danger in degree;
And when, in bounding gaiety,
Thou walk'st the brink of fear and fever,
One step aside—and, wo is me !
Thou fall'st, to rise no more, for ever.

When doors of mercy fold below,
Turn thou thy spirit's eyes away
To where unnumbered glories glow
In home beyond the solar ray ;
But for the flower of Annisley,
While life warms this old breast of mine,
I'll yearly pour, regretfully,
The hymn of sorrow o'er her shrine.

O, LOVE'S A BITTER THING TO BIDE.

O, Love's a bitter thing to bide,
The lad that drees it's to be pitied ;
It blinds to a' the warld beside,
And maks a body dilde and ditted ;
It lies sae sair at my breast bane,
My heart is melting saft an' safter ;
To dee outright I wad be fain,
Wer't no for fear what may be after.

I dinna ken what course to steer,
I'm sae to dool an' daftness driven,

For ane sae lovely, sweet, an' dear,
Sure never breath'd the breeze o' heaven ;
O there's a soul beams in her ee,
Ae blink o't makes ane's spirit gladder,
And ay the mair she gecks at me,
It pits me aye in love the madder.

Love winna heal, it winna thole,
You canna shun't e'en when you fear it ;
An' O, this sickness o' the soul,
'Tis past the power of man to bear it !
And yet to mak o' her a wife,
I couldna square it wi' my duty,
I'd like to see her a' her life
Remain a virgin in her beauty ;

As pure as bonny as she's now,
The walks of human life adorning ;
As blithe as bird upon the bough,
As sweet as breeze of summer morning.
Love paints the earth, it paints the sky,
An' tints each lovely hue of Nature,
And makes to the enchanted eye
An angel of a mortal creature.

THE CUTTING O' MY HAIR.

FRAE royal Wull that wears the crown
To Yarrow's lowliest shepherd-clown,
Time wears unchancy mortals down,
I've mark'd it late and air.

The souplest knee at length will crack,
The lythest arm, the sturdiest back—
And little siller Sampson lack
For cuttin' o' his hair.

Myself for speed had not my marrow
Thro' Teviot, Ettrick, Tweed, and Yarrow,
Strang, straight, and swift like winged arrow
At market, tryst, or fair.
But now I'm turn'd a hirplin' carle,
My back its ta'en the cobbler's swirl,
And deil a bodle I need birl
For cuttin' o' my hair.

On Boswell's green was nane like me,
My hough was firm, my foot was free,
The locks that cluster'd owre my bree
Cost many a hizzie sair.

The days are come I'm no sae crouse—
An ingle cheek—a cogie douce,
An' fash nae shears about the house
Wi' cuttin' o' my hair.

It was an awfu' head I trow,
It waur'd baith young and auld to cow,
An' burnin' red as heather-low,
Gar'd neeboors start and stare.
The mair ye cut the mair it grew
An' ay the fiercer flamed its hue—
I in my time hae paid enew
For cuttin' o' my hair.

But now there's scarce aneuch to grip—
 When last I brought it to the clip,
 It gied the shaver's skill the slip
 On haffets lank and bare.
 Henceforth to this resolve I'll cling,
 Whate'er its shape to let it hing,
 And keep the cash for ither thing
 Than cuttin' o' my hair.

THE BONNETS O' BONNIE DUNDEE.

AIR—" *Bonnie Dundee.*"

O WILL ye gang down to the bush i' the meadow,
 Your daddy an' mammy wi' me winna dread you,
 An' by the fair hand through the flowers I will lead you,
 An' sing you the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee?
 Wi' heart an' wi' hand, my dear lad, I'll gang wi' thee,
 My daddy and mammy think nought to belie thee;
 I ken ye'll do naething but kiss me an' lead me,
 An' sing me the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.

O, why fled thy angel, poor lovely Macmillen,
 An' left thee to listen to counsel so killin'?
 O, where were the feelin's o' that cruel villain,
 Who rifled that blossom, an' left it to die!
 How pale is that cheek that was rosy an' red aye!
 To see that sunk ee wad gar ony heart bleed aye!
 O, wae to the wild willow-bush i' the meadow!
 O, dule to the bonnets o' bonny Dundee!

1828.

THOU art gone ! thou art gone with thy sceptre of mild-
ness !

Thy smiles, and thy tears, and thy moments of wildness.
But this humble memorial to thee I dedicate,

Mild 1828.*

For thou hast dispell'd our despairing and sadness,
And industry and toil hast enlighten'd with gladness,
And bustled in our harbours with commerce and freight,
Blest 1828.

The reaper rejoiced as he counted his sowing,
And heap'd up his garners and barns to o'erflowing ;
And thy winter has breathed with a soft autumn heat,
Kind 1828.

No frost ever sheeted our rivers and fountains,
No drifted snow ever cover'd our mountains,
And thou leavest our flocks on an ever-green height,
Sweet 1828.

In the region of love thy reign has been glorious,
In the hearts of the maidens thy sceptre victorious ;
And there will yet be news of great moment and weight,
Of 1828.

* For the sake of the rhythm, name the year thus.—“Eighteen hundred twenty and eight.”

It is true thou hast run some extravagant rigs,
Making idiots and fools of the Catholics and Whigs;
But still thou hast left us triumphant as yet,

Strong 1828.

Thou hast chill'd the soul of the mariner with wonder,
Thou hast howl'd in the wind, thou hast boom'd in the
thunder ;

But the smiles of repentance in thee were innate,

Good 1828.

Thou hast garnish'd the fields of Greece that were gory,
(Restored to her quiet, but not to her glory !)

And humbled the pride of a vain autocrat,

Brave 1828.

Thou art gone ! thou art gone, to return to us never,—

In the sepulchre of Time thou art shrouded for ever ;

And the shadows of Oblivion shall over thee set,

Mild 1828.

A GENUINE LOVE-LETTER.

My Mary, maiden of my meed,

Thy beauties soon will be my dead ;

Thy hair's the sunbeam o' the morn,

Thy lip the rose without the thorn ;

The arch above thine ee sae blue,

A fairy rainbow on the dew :—

O Mary, thou art all to me—

This world holds nought sae sweet as thee !

Thy foot so light, thy step so fleet,
Like the young roe's as lithe and meet,
That scarcely brushes o'er the fell
The dew-drap frae the heather-bell.
Thy voice upon the breezes light,
In gloaming's cradle-hymn of night,
Sounds like the lute's soft melody,
Or seraph's melting strain, to me.

Then, since I may not, dare not tell,
Whom I so fondly love, and well,
I send you this, my darling maid,
To say what I would oft have said,
In hopes, that when you have it read,
You'll hide it in a snowy bed—
A bed so lovely and so meek,
It would not stain a cherub's cheek.

Then meet me in our trysting dell,
And not one word I'll bid you tell;
The liquid eye the tale will say,
The melting kiss will all betray—
Ay, they will tell, my Mary dear,
What you dare neither say nor hear;
And sweeter to my heart they'll prove,
Than all the winning tales of love !

A HIGHLAND SONG OF TRIUMPH FOR KING
WILLIAM'S BIRTHDAY.

To the pine of Lochaber
Due honours be given,

That bourgeons in earth,
And that blossoms to heaven.
Ho urim ! sing urim,*
With pipe and with tabor,
To the tree of great Bancho,
The lord of Lochaber !
Ho urim ! sing urim, &c.

That tree now has flourish'd
From stock that is hoary,
Encircling the ocean
And globe in its glory;
O'ershadow'd the just,
And the wicked restrain'd too ;
It has pierced the dark cloud,
And dishevell'd the rainbow.
Ho urim ! sing urim, &c.

Long flourish our stem,
And its honours rise prouder ;
The stem of the Stuart,
And Rose of the Tudor.
Ho urim ! sing urim !
Let's hallow together
The day that gave birth
To our king and our father.
Ho urim ! sing urim, &c.

Ho urim ! sing urim !
To the best and the latest,

* Urim, *Gael.*—glory.

And honour'd King William,
The last and the greatest.
Heaven's arm be around him
To guard and secure him,
The hearts of his people,
Ho urim ! sing urim !

Ho urim ! sing urim,
With pipe and with tabor,
To the son of great Bancho,
The lord of Lochaber !

LASS AN' YE LOE ME, TELL ME NOW.

- " AFORE the moorcock begin to crawl,
Lass an' ye loe me, tell me now
The bonniest thing that ever ye saw,
For I canna come every night to woo."
- " The gouden broom is bonny to see,
An' sae is the milk-white flower o' the haw,
The daisy's wee freenge is sweet on the lea,—
But the bud o' the rose is the bonniest of a'."
- " Now, wae light on a' your flow'ry chat,
Lass an' ye loe me, tell me now;
It's no the thing that I would be at,
An' I canna come every night to woo !"
- " The lamb is bonny upon the brae,
The leveret friskin' o'er the knowe,
The bird is bonny upon the tree—
But which is the dearest of a' to you ?"

“ The thing that I loe best of a’,
Lass an’ ye loe me, tell me now ;
The dearest thing that ever I saw,
Though I canna come every night to woo,
In the kindly smile that beams on me,
Whenever a gentle hand I press,
And the wily blink frae the dark-blue ee
Of a dear, dear lassie that they ca’ Bess.”

“ Aha ! young man, but I cou’dna see,
What I loe best I’ll tell you now,
The compliment that ye sought frae me,
Though ye canna come every night to woo ;
Yet I would rather hae frae you
A kindly look, an’ a word witha’,
Than a’ the flowers o’ the forest pu’,
Than a’ the lads that ever I saw.”

“ Then, dear, dear Bessie, you shall be mine,
Sin’ a’ the truth ye hae tauld me now,
Our hearts an’ fortunes we’ll entwine,
An’ I’ll ay come every night to woo ;
For, O I canna describe to thee
The feeling o’ love’s and nature’s law,
How dear this world appears to me
Wi’ Bessie, my ain for good an’ for a’ !”

I’M A’ GANE WRANG.

I’m a’ gane wrang ! I’m a’ gane wrang !
I canna close my wakerife ee ;

What can it be has sent this pang
To my young heart unkend to me.
I'm fear'd, I'm fear'd that it may prove
An ailment which I daurna name;
What shall I do?—If it be love,
I'll dee outright wi' burnin' shame!

I hae a dream baith night an' day,
Of ane that's aye afore my ee,
An' aye he looks as he wad say
Something that's unco kind to me.
Yet love's a word my youthfu' tongue
Has ne'er durst utter to mysell,
I'm a' gane wrang, an' me sae young,
What shame for maiden's tongue to tell!

I find an aching at my heart,
An' dizziness that ill portends;
A kind o' sweet an' thrilling smart
Gangs prinkling to my fingers' ends,
Then through me wi' a stoundin' pain;
But yet I like that pain to dree,
Then burnin' tears will drap like rain,—
'Tis love, as sure as love can be!

I dinna ken what I'm to do,
The end o' this I canna see;
I am sae young an' bonny too,
'Tis a great pity I should dee.
Yet dee I maun,—I canna prove
This tide o' pleasure an' o' pain;
There's nought sae sweet as virgin's love,
But, O, to be beloved again!

THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD SONG.

SING with me ! sing with me !
Weeping brethren, sing with me !
For now an open heaven I see,
And a crown of glory laid for me.
How my soul this earth despises !
How my heart and spirit rises !
Bounding from the flesh I sever !
World of sin, adieu for ever !

Sing with me ! sing with me !
Friends in Jesus, sing with me !
All my sufferings, all my woe,
All my griefs I here forego.
Farewell terror, sighing, grieving,
Praying, hearing, and believing,
Earthly trust and all its wrongings,
Earthly love and all its longings.

Sing with me ! sing with me !
Blessed spirits, sing with me !
To the Lamb our song shall be,
Through a glad eternity !
Farewell earthly morn and even,
Sun and moon and stars of heaven ;
Heavenly portals ope before me,
Welcome, Christ, in all thy glory !

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

PLAY up, my love, my darling Sue!

That strain was rather mair than common,
The lambies darena chump nor chew,

For listening to my little woman.
An' see how Bawtie's brockit crown
Is gee'd up to the cope o' heaven !
He thinks the fairies are come down
Our wildered correi to enliven.

Play up, my love ! That pipe, I vow,
Is mellower than I e'er could trow it,
It never play'd sae sweet till now,
Wi' the sweet breath that passes through it.
Strike A and B, then half the C,
And then a minim soft an' evenly ;
But, Oh ! 'tis a' the same to me—
If there's a tone, the music's heavenly.

Music has power to still the waves—
To break the cloud an' bend the willow—
To wake the dead out o' their graves,
An' bang frae 'neath the stormy billow,
To make the fays o' glen and grove
Skip wildly o'er their velvet flooring,
But when it pours from lips we love,
Oh ! 'tis sae sweet, 'tis past enduring !

MAGGY O' BUCCLEUCH.

AIR—" *Days of Yore.*"

O CAM' ye through the forests green,
By Yarrow's mountains wild an' blue ;
O saw ye beauty's rural queen,
The bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch.
For Maggy is the bonniest flower
On Yarrow braes that ever grew,
That ever graced a vernal bower,
Or frae the gowan brushed the dew.

But O ! it's no her comely face,
Nor blink o' joy that's in her ee,
Nor her enchanting form o' grace,
That maks the lassie dear to me ;
Na, na, it's no the cherry lip,
The rosy cheek an' lily chin,
Which the wild bee wad like to sip—
'Tis the sweet soul that dwells within.

I hae been up the cauldrie north,
'Mang hills an' dells o' frozen brine,
As far as reels the rowin earth,
An' far ayont the burning line ;
But a' the lasses e'er I saw,
For modest mien an' lovely hue,
There was na ane amang them a'
Like bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch.

A BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest ;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay ;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

PULL AWAY JOLLY BOYS.

HERE we go upon the tide,

Pull away, jolly boys,
With heaven for our guide,
Pull away.

Here's a weather-beaten tar,
Britain's glory still his star,
He has borne her thunders far,

Pull away, jolly boys,
To you gallant men-of-war,
Pull away.

We've with Nelson plough'd the main,

Pull away, jolly boys ;
Now his signal flies again,
Pull away.

Brave hearts then let us go,
To drub the haughty foe !

Who once again shall know,

Pull away, gallant boys,
That our backs we never show,
Pull away.

We have fought and we have sped,

Pull away, gallant boys,
Where the rolling wave was red,
Pull away.

We've stood many a mighty shock,
Like the thunder stricken oak,
We've been bent, but never broke,
Pull away, gallant boys ;

We ne'er brook'd a foreign yoke,
Pull away.

Here we go upon the deep,
Pull away, gallant boys,
O'er the ocean let us sweep,
Pull away.

Round the earth our glory rings,
At the thought my bosom springs,
That where'er our pennant swings,
Pull away, gallant boys,
Of the ocean we're the kings,
Pull away.

STANZAS.

My sweet little cherub, how calm thou'rt reposing
Thy suffering is over, thy mild eye is closing ;
This world hath proved to thee a step-dame unfriendly ;
But rest thee, my babe, there's a spirit within thee.
A mystery thou art, though unblest and unshriven—
A thing of the earth, and a radiance of Heaven ;
A flower of the one, thou art fading and dying—
A spark of the other, thou'rt mounting and flying.

Farewell, my sweet baby, too early we sever ;
I may come to thee, but to me thou shalt never.
Some angel of mercy shall lead and restore thee,
A pure living flame, to the mansions of glory.
The moralist's boast may sound prouder and prouder,
The hypocrite's prayer rise louder and louder ;

But I'll trust my babe, in her trial of danger,
To the mercy of Him that was laid in the manger.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

AIR—" *Fye, let us a' to the bridal.*"

THEN fye let us a' to subscribing,
Since siller is no worth a plack,
And the pence in the kist that lay mouling,
Will be turned into pounds in a crack,
With our scheming, and steaming, and dreaming,
Can no cash-burdened Joint-Stock be found
To fill the auld moon wi' whale blubber,
And light her up a' the year round?

Now thieves will be nabb'd by the thousand ;
And houses insured by the street ;
And share-holders will scarcely know whether
They walk on their heads or their feet.
The Celtic will soon compass breeches ;
The shoe-black will swagger in pumps ;
And phrenologists club for old perukes,
To cover their assinine bumps.

Alack, for our grandfathers musty,
Of such ongoings ne'er did they dream ;
Soon our Jockies will bizz out, at gloaming,
To court their kind Jennies by steam ;
And the world shall be turned topsy-turvy ;
And the patients their doctors will bleed ;

And the dandy, by true gravitation,
Shall go waltz on the crown of his head.

Then fye let us a' to subscribing,
And build up a tower to the moon ;
And get fou on the tap, and, in daffing,
Dad out the wee stars wi' our shoon ;—
Then, hey fal de ray, fal de rady,
Let's see a' how proud we can be,
And build ower a brig to Kirkaldy,
And drown a' the French in the sea !

I DINNA BLAME THY BONNY FACE.

I DINNA blame thy bonny face,
Thy pawky smile an' wit refined,
Nor thy fair form's bewitching grace,
As lightsome as the mountain wind ;
For these how many a lover brooks,
Since lovelier man can never see !
But sair I blame thy kindly looks,
And kindly words thou said'st to me.

I could have gazed both morn and even
On that entrancing face of thine,
As I would gaze upon the heaven,
Yet never think of it as mine ;
I could have joy'd to see thee blest,
A comely bride, a happy wife,
But what thy tongue to me profess'd
Has ruin'd a' my peace for life.

I never valued aught sae dear
As Mary's hand an' Mary's smile ;
But, ah ! I never had a fear
That baith were grantit to beguile :
Yet I can never cease to love,
And when to Heaven I bow the knee
To ask a blessing from above,
My heart shall ask the same for thee !

O SAW YE THIS SWEET BONNY LASSIE
O' MINE.

O SAW ye this sweet bonny lassie o' mine,
Or saw ye the smile on her cheek sae divine ;
Or saw ye the kind love that speaks in her ee ?
Sure naebody e'er was sae happy as me !

It's no that she dances sae light on the green,
It's no the simplicity mark'd in her mien ;
But O, it's the kind love that speaks in her ee,
That makes me as happy as happy can be.

To meet her alane 'mang the green leafy trees,
When naebody kens, an' when naebody sees ;
To breathe out the soul in a saft melting kiss—
On earth here there's naething is equal to this.

I have felt every bliss which the soul can enjoy,
When friends circled round me, and nought to annoy ;
I have felt every joy that illumines the breast,
When the full flowing bowl is most warmly caress'd ;—

But O, there's a sweet and a heavenly charm
In life's early day, when the bosom is warm;
When soul meets wi' soul in a saft melting kiss—
On earth sure there's naething is equal to this!

AULD JOHN NICOL.

I'LL sing of an auld forbear o' my ain,
Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
A man that for fun was never outdone,
And his name it was Auld John Nicol o' Whun.
Auld John Nicol he lo'ed his glass,
Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
An' weel he likit the toasts to pass,
An' it's hey for brave John Nicol o' Whun!

Auld John Nicol gaed out to fight, &c.
But a' gaed wrang that should hae gane right, &c.
Then auld John Nicol kneel'd down to pray,
But never a word John Nicol could say.

Auld John Nicol he lo'ed a lass,
But I darena tell you what came to pass;
For the beadle came up in an unco haste,
An' summon'd him down to speak wi' the priest.

Then auld John Nicol he changed his hue,
For his face it grew red, an' his face it grew blue.
John Nicol gaed out, John Nicol gaed in,
An' he wish'd he had been in the well to the chin.

“ Shame fa’ it ! ” quo’ John, “ I often hae thought
 Wha wins at woman will lose at nought ;
 But I hae heart to do ill to nane,
 Sae I will e’en mak the lassie my ain.”

Then Auld John Nicol he got a wife,
 And he never got siccan fun in his life ;—
 Now, John Nicol he sings frae morn till e’en,
 Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
 The happiest man that ever was seen,
 An’ it’s hey for Brave John Nicol o’ Whun !

DENNIS DELANY.

IN sweet Tipperary, the pride of the throng,
 I have danced a good jig, and have sung a good song ;
 On the green, as I caper’d, I scarce bent the grass—
 To a bottle a friend—and no foe to a lass.
 At hurling, my fellow could never be found,
 For whoever I jostled soon came to the ground :
 And the girls all swore that they ne’er could meet any
 Could tickle their fancy like Dennis Delany.

CHORUS.

With my whack about, see it out, Dennis my jewel,
 Och! why will you leave us? How can you be cruel?
 Paddy Whack may go trudge it, and Murtoch O’Blaney,
 We’ll part with them all for dear Dennis Delany.

Young Sheelah O’Shannon was so fond of me,
 That whenever we met we could never agree ;

Says I, " My dear Sheelah, we'll soon end the fray,
 For no longer in sweet Tipperary I'll stay."
 When the girls all found I was going to leave them,
 They swore that from death the world could not save
 them ;

" O we'll leave all our friends, though ever so many,
 If you'll let us go with you, swaite Dennis Delany !"

With my whack about, &c.

To the road then I went, and I trudged it along,
 And, by way of being silent, I lilted a song ;
 " Hey for Dublin !" says I, " where I'll see the fine lasses,
 Get married, and drink, and ne'er mind how time passes."
 But when I arrived, and found every lady
 Short-waisted—thinks I, They are married already,
 " By my shoul, now," says I, " marriage here is the fa-
 shion,

To breed young recruits for defence of the nation."

With my whack about, &c.

To the grand panorama, that every one talks of,
 Away then I goes and immediately walks off ;
 But I were astonished, as much as e'er man was,
 To see a sea-fight on an ocean of canvass.
 But some were a-weeping, and some were a-wailing,
 Where Dublin once stood to see ships now a-sailing ;
 But what in my mind made it still seem the stranger,
 Though I stood in the midst, I stood out of all danger.

With my whack about, &c.

Then to see a fine play, which I ne'er saw before,
 To Crow Street I went, without three or four more ;

And up stairs I walk'd, for to see things the better,
And bought a play-bill, though I knew not a letter.
But the crowd was so great, and the players so funny,
I laugh'd more, I'm sure, than the worth of my money ;
But the boys went all mad, and I maddest of any,
When all the musicians play'd Dennis Delany.

With their whack about, &c.

WHAT TONGUE CAN SPEAK THE GLOWING HEART.

WHAT tongue can speak the glowing heart,
What pencil paint the glistening eye,
When your command came to depart
From scenes of triumph, hope, and joy ?

Cross'd in life—by villains plunder'd,
More than yet you've given belief ;
Fortune's bolts have o'er me thunder'd,
Till my very heart is deaf.

Hard lives the willow by the strand,
To every pelting surge a prey ;
Nor will it leave its native land,
Till every root is torn away.

So I, like the poor passive willow,
Cling unto my native shore,
Till the next returning billow
Cast me down for evermore.

An ! who hath seen the desolation
Of the earthquake's dismal reign,
E'er can hope the renovation
Of his peaceful home again ?

So I, distracted and forlorn,
' Look back upon my youthful prime ;
And forward to the happy morn
That frees me from the hand of time.

I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL.

I'LL bid my heart be still,
And check each struggling sigh,
And there's none e'er shall know
My soul's cherish'd wo,
When the first tears of sorrow are dry.

*

They bid me cease to weep,
For glory gilds his name ;
But the deeper I mourn,
Since he cannot return
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

While minstrels wake the lay,
For peace and freedom won,
Like my lost lover's knell
The tones seem to swell,
And I hear but his death dirge alone.

My cheek has lost its hue,
My eye grows faint and dim,

But 'tis sweeter to fade
In grief's gloomy shade,
Than to bloom for another than him.

THE AULD HIGHLANDMAN.

AIR—" *Killiecrankie.*"

HERSELL pe auchty years and twa,
Te twenty-tird o' May, man ;
She twell amang te Heelan hills,
Ayont the reefer Spey, man.
Tat year tey foucht the Sherra-muir,
She first peheld te licht, man ;
Tey shot my father in tat stoure—
A plaguit, vexin spite, man.

I've feucht in Scotland here at hame,
In France and Shermanie, man ;
And cot tree tespurt pluddy oons,
Beyond te 'Lantic sea, man :
But wae licht on te nasty cun,
Tat ever she pe porn, man ;
Phile koot klymore te tristle caird,
Her leaves pe never torn, man.

Ae tay I shot, and shot, and shot,
Phane'er it cam my turn, man ;
Put a' te force tat I could gie,
Te powter wadna purn, man.
A filty loun cam wi' his cun,
Resolvt to too me harm, man ;

And wi' te tirk upon her nose
Ke me a pluddy arm, man.

I flang my cun wi' a' my nicht,
And felt his nepour teit, man ;
Tan drew my swort, and at a straik
Hewt aff te haf o's heit, man.
Be vain to tell o' a my tricks ;
My oons pe nae tiscrace, man ;
Ter no pe yin pehint my back,
Ter, a' pefor my face, man.

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY.

This song was written for, and published as the concluding song of, Smith's Scottish Minstrel ; a work the music of which is singular for its sweetness and true Scottish simplicity. The song, with a little variation, forms an appropriate conclusion to these simple lyrical effusions.

THE year is wearing to the wane,
An' day is fading west awa',
Loud raves the torrent an' the rain,
And dark the cloud comes down the shaw ;
But let the tempest tout an' blow
Upon his loudest winter horn,
Good night, an' joy be wi' you a',
We'll maybe meet again the morn !

O, we hae wander'd far and wide
O'er Scotia's hills, o'er firth an' fell,
An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd,
An' trimm'd them wi' the heather-bell !
We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,
The hamlet an' the baron's ha',

Now let us take a kind farewell,—
Good night, an' joy be wi' you a' !

Though I was wayward, you were kind,
And sorrow'd when I went astray ;
For O, my strains were often wild
As winds upon a winter day.
If e'er I led you from the way, "
Forgie your Minstrel aince for a' ;
A tear fa's wi' his parting lay,—
Good night, and joy be wi' you a' !

A BALLAD ABOUT LOVE.

I AINCE fell in love wi' a sweet young thing,
A bonny bit flower o' the wilder'd dell;
Her heart was as light as bird on the wing,
And her lip was as ripe as the moorland bell.
She never kend aught o' the ways o' sin,
Though whiles her young heart began to doubt
That wi' its ill paths she might fa' in,
But never—she never did find them out.

She oft had heard tell o' love's dear pain,
An' how sae sair as it was to drie;
She tried it and tried it again and again,
But it never could wring a tear frae her ee.
She tried it aince on a mitherless lamb
That lay in her bosom, and fed on her knee;
But it turned an unurpose and beggarly ram,
And her burly lover she doughtna see.

She tried it neist on a floweret gay,
And O! it was sweet and lovely of hue;
But it droopit its head, an' fadit away,
An' left the lassie to look for a new:

An' aye she cried, O ! what shall I do ?
Why canna a lassie be happy her lane ?
I find my heart maun hae something to loe,
An' I dinna ken where to fix it again.

The laverock loes her musical mate,
The moorcock loes the mottled moorhen,
The blackbird lilts it early an' late,
A-wooing his love in the birken glen ;
The yammering tewit and gray curlew,
Hae ilk ane lovers around to flee,
An' please their hearts wi' their whillie—la—lu,—
But there's naething to wheedle or sing to me.

Quo' I, my sweet, my innocent flower,
The matter's as plain as plain can be,
That this heart o' mine it was made for yours,
An' yours was made for loving o' me.
The lassie she lookit me in the face,
An' a tear o' pity was in her ee,
For she thought I had lost a' sense o' grace,
An' every scrap o' fair modestye.

The lassie she thought an' thought again,
An' lookit to heaven if aught she saw,
For she thought that man was connectit wi' sin,
And that love for him was the warst of a'.
She lookit about, but she didna speak,
As lightly she trippit outower the lea ;
But there was a smile on her rosy cheek,
That tauld of a secret dear to me.

The lassie gaed hame to her lanely dell,
It never was lovelier to her view;
An' aye she thought an' thought to hersell,
An' the mair she thought she began to rue—
If ilk sweet thing has a' mate o' its ain,
Wi' nature's law I e'en maun gang;
I never was made for living my lane—
The laddie was right an' I was wrang.

O Nature! we a' maun yield to thee;
Your regal sway gainsay wha can?
For you made beauty, an' beauty maun be
The polar star o' the heart o' man.
There's beauty in man's commanding frame;
There's beauty in earth, in air, an' sea,
But there never was beauty that tongue could name
Like the smile of love in a fond young ee.

THE MONITORS.

THE lift looks cauldrie i' the west,
The wan leaf wavers frae the tree,
The wind touts on the mountain's breast
A dirge o' waesome note to me.
It tells me that the days o' glee,
When summer's thrilling sweets entwined,
An' love was blinkin' in the ee,
Are a' gane by an' far behind;

That winter wi' his joyless air,
An' grizzly hue, is hasting nigh,

An' that auld age, an' carkin' care,
In my last stage afore me lie.
Yon chill and cheerless winter sky,
Troth but 'tis eereisome to see,
For ah ! it points me to descry
The downfa's o' futuritye.

I daurna look unto the east,
For there my morning shone sae sweet ;
An' when I turn me to the west,
The gloaming's like to gar me greet ;
The deadly hues o' snaw and sleet
Tell of a dreary onward path ;
Yon new moon on her cradle sheet,
Looks like the Hainault scythe of death.

Kind Monitors ! ye tell a tale
That oft has been my daily thought ;
Yet, when it came, could nought avail,
For sad experience, dearly bought,
Tells me it was not what I ought,
But what was in my power to do,
That me behoved. An' I hae fought
Against a world wi' courage true.

Yes—I hae fought an' won the day,
Come weal, come woe, I carena by,
I am a king ! My regal sway
Stretches o'er Scotia's mountains high,
And o'er the fairy vales that lie
Beneath the glimpses o' the moon,
Or round the ledges of the sky,
In twilight's everlasting noon.

Who would not choose the high renown,
'Mang Scotia's swains the chief to be,
Than be a king, an' wear a crown,
'Mid perils, pain, an' treacherye ?
Hurra ! The day's my own—I'm free
Of statemen's guile, an' flattery's train ;
I'll blaw my reed of game an' glee,
The Shepherd is himself again !

“ But, Bard—ye dinna mind your life
Is waning down to winter snell—
That round your hearth young sprouts are rife,
An' mae to care for than yoursell.”
Yes, that I do—that hearth could tell
How aft the tear-drap blinds my ee ;
What can I do, by spur or spell,
An' by my faith it done shall be.

And think—through poortith's eiry breach,
Should Want approach wi' threatening brand,
I'll leave them canty sangs will reach
From John o' Groats to Solway strand.
Then what are houses, goud, or land,
To sic an heirship left in fee ?
An' I think mair o' auld Scotland,
Than to be fear'd for mine or me.

True, she has been a stepdame dour,
Grudging the hard-earn'd sma' propine,
On a' my efforts looking sour,
An' seem'd in secret to repine.

Blest be Buccleuch an' a' his line,
 For ever blessed may they be ;
 A little hame I can ca' mine
 He rear'd amid the wild for me.

Goodwife—without a' sturt or strife,
 Bring ben the siller bowl wi' care ;
 Ye are the best an' bonniest wife,
 That ever fell to poet's share ;
 An' I'll send o'er for Frank—a pair
 O right good-hearted chieles are we—
 We'll drink your health—an' what is mair,
 We'll drink our Laird's wi' three times three.

To the young Shepherd, too, we'll take
 A rousing glass wi' right good-will ;
 An' the young ladies o' the Lake,
 We'll drink in ane—an awfu' swill !
 Then a' the tints o' this warld's ill
 Will vanish like the morning dew,
 An' we'll be blithe an' blither still—
 Kind winter Monitors, adieu !

This warld has mony ups an' downs,
 Atween the cradle an' the grave,
 O' blithesome haun's an' broken crowns,
 An' douks in chill misfortune's wave ;
 All these determined to outbrave,
 O'er fancy's wilds I'll wing anew,
 As lang as I can lilt a stave,—
 Kind winter Monitors, adieu !

LYTTIL PYNKIE.

LYTTIL PYNKIE caime to Kilbogye yett,

It wals on ane hallow-day ;
And the ladye babyis with her mette,
To heirre quhat sho wolde say.

For Pynkie wals the lyttilest bairne,
That ever dancit on the greinne ;
And Pynkie wals the bonnyest thyng
That evir on yirthe wals seinne.

Hir faice wals caste in beautye's molde,
And ower hir browe abone
Hir hayre wals lyke the streemys of golde
That tinssillis from the mone.

The smyle that playit upon hir faice
Wals comely to be seene,
And the bonnye blue that dyit the hevin
Wals nevir lyke Pynkie's eeyne.

Thre spannis from heelle to heidde sho stode,
But all so meitte to se,
No mayden in hir myldest mode
Ane lovelier forme colde bee.

Quhaevir lokit at hir ane spaice,
Colde nevir calle to mynde
That she possessit not fraime and graice
Of stateliest womankynde.

The Baronne caime forth to the greene,
 And hee toke hir be the hande :
 “ Lyttil Pynkie, you are welcome heirre,
 The flower of fayre Scotlande.

“ You are welcome to myne bowris, Pynkie,
 And to myne hallis so gaye,
 And you shalle be myne lammie deirre,
 And I’ll fondle you nychte and daye.”

“ Och, no ! Och, no ! myne owne gode lorde,
 For that wolde bee ane synne ;
 For if you toye or melle with me,
 To hevin you’ll nevir wyne.”

“ But I will taik myne chaunce, Pynkie,
 For lofe is sore to thole ;
 The joie of maydenis leifu’ charmis
 Can nevir stayne the soule.”

“ Better to thole than wyne the goale,
 Quhare pryze is nonne before ;
 The man quha wynnys myne lofe and mee,
 Will nevir knowe mayden more.

“ But I will syng ane sang to you,
 And daunce ane fairye, quheille,
 Till you and all youre bonny may bairnis
 Can daunce it wonder weille.”

Were I to telle Lyttil Pynkie’s sang,
 It mighte doo muckle ill ;

For it wals not fraimit of yirthly wordis,
Though it soundit sweitte and shrill.

But aye the owerworde of the sang
Which ladyis lernit to syng,
Wals, "Rounde and rounde, and sevin tymis rounde,
The elfynis fairye ryng!"

The firste moove that Lyttil Pynkie maide,
Wals gentil, softe, and sweitte;
But the seconde rounde Lyttil Pynkie maide,
Theye colde not kenne hir feitte.

"The thrydde rounde that Lyttil Pynkie maide,
Sho shymmerit als lycht and gaye
Als dauncyng of the wiry lychtis
On warme and sonnye daye.

And aye sho sang, with twyrle and spang,
Arounde them on the playne,
Quhille hir feittetheye shymmerit abone theyre hedis,
Then kyssit the swairde agayne.

Then the Baronne hee begoude to bobbe,
No longer colde hee stande,
And his lyttil maydenis in ane ryng
Theye joynit him hande to hande.

And rounde and rounde, and faster rounde,
The fairye ryng theye flewe;
And aye the langer that theye daunsit,
The madder on fonne theye grewe.

And Lyttil Pynkie in the middis
Bobbyt lyke ane flee in Maye,
And everilk spryng Lyttil Pynkie gaif,
The Baronne he cryit “ Hurraye!

And rounde and rounde the fairye ryng
They lytit and they sang,
And rounde and rounde the fairye ryng
They caiperit and they flang ;

Quhille the Baronne hee begoude to gaspe,
And his eeyne sette in his heidde ;
Hee colde not dragg ane oder lymbe,
So neirlye hee wals deidde,
And downe he felle upon the playne,
Prone lyke ane forme of leidde.

But aye quhan Pynkie made ane spryng
Betweinne him and the daye,
Hee maide a paulle with handis and feitte,
And gaif ane faynte “ Hurraye !”

Hee streikit out his lymbis in dethe,
Unpytied and unbleste ;
But “ Hurraye !” it wals the ae laste sounde
That gurglit in his breste.

The maydis theye daunsit and caiperit on
In madnesse and in blaime ;
For lofe or stryffe, or dethe or lyffe,
To them wals all the saime.

But rounde and rounde the ryng theye flewe,
Swyfte als sevin burdis on wyng ;
Regairdyng the deidde man no more
Than any yirthly thyng.

The menialis gadderit rounde and sawe
In terrour and dismaye,
Them dauncying rounde theyre deidde fader,
And Pynkie wals awaye.

“ Och-on, och-on,” the Chaiplyng cryit,
“ There’s some enchauntmente heirre ;
Haiste, haiste awaye, myne maydinis gaye,
This shaimefulle course forbeirre.”

The maidinis lefte the fairye ryng,
And ceissit theyre lychtsome fonne,
But theye colde not comprehende one thyng
Of all that had beinne donne.

The Chaiplyng ranne into the ryng
To lifte his maisteris heidde,
And callit on six young bordlye wychtis,
To beirre awaye the deidde ;

Quhan Lyttil Pynkie in the myddis
Stode lofelye als the sonne ;
Sho sang ane staife, and dauncit it rounde,
And all theyre grieffe wals donne.

The Chaiplyng hee begoude to bobbe,
And wagg his heede amayne,

For the lyttil kymmeris lythlye lymbis
Had veirlye turnit his brayne.

And rounde, and rounde, the deidde Baronne,
With caiper and with squealle,
The Chaiplyng and his six young menne
Wente lyke ane spynnyng quheille.

And ay they sang Lyttil Pynkie's sang,
Als loudde als they colde braye ;
But saife the burden of that sang,
The wordis I daurna saye.

But ay quhan Pynkie made ane ryse,
With fitfulle fairye flyng ;
“ Agayne, agayne ! ” the Chaiplyng cryit,
“ Weille profen, myne bonnye thyng !

“ Agayne, agayne ! Agayne, agayne ! ”
In maddenying screimme cryit hee,
“ Och, let mee se that spryng agayne,
That I of lofe maye de ! ”

And rounde and rounde the deidde Baronne
Theye flapperit and they flewe ;
And rounde and rounde the deidde Baronne
Theye bumpyt and theye blewe.

Quhill the Chaiplyng hee begoude to gaspe
And quhizle in the throtte,
And downe hee felle upon the greinne
Lyke ane greate mardel stotte.

He streikit out his laithlye lymbis,
His eeyne sette in his heidde,
But “ Agayne, agayne !” caime with ane ryfte,
Quhill after hee wals deidde.

Then all the lande togedder ranne
To prieste and holy fryer,
And there wals prayeris in every kirke,
And hymnis in every quire ;

For Lyttil Pynkie helde hir plaice
At lordlye Kilbogye,
And of everilk chamber in the housse
Lyttil Pynkie keepit the ke.

So wordis gone eiste and wordis gone weste,
From Solwaye unto the Clyde,
And wordis gone to the greate Mass John
That livit on Cloudan syde.

So he is awaye to Kilbogye halle
These lordlys maidis to saive,
And conjure that wylde thyng away
Into the Reidd Sea’s wave.

Quhan he caime to Kilbogye yette
He tirlit at the pynne,
And quha wals so readdye als Lyttil Pynkie
To ryse and let him in.

“ Bairne, I haif wordis to say to you
On matter most sincere ;

Quhare is the countreie you caime frome,
And quha wals it sente you heirre?"

" I caime from ane countreie farre awaye,
A regiounne caulme and sweitte,
For all the sternis of the milky waye
Werre farre benethe our feitt.

" But I haif romit this yirthlye sphere
Some vyrgin soulis to wynne,
Since maydis were born the slaives of love,
Of sorrowe, and of synne.

" By nychte and daye and glomyng graye,
By grofe and greinwode tree ;
Oh if you kennit quhat I haif donne
To keippe them fayre and free !

" I haif satte upon theyre waifyng lockis
Als daunceyng on the greinne,
And watchit the blushes of the cheeke
And glances of the eeyne.

" I have whysperit dremys into theyre eirris,
Of all the snairis of lofe ;
And coolit theyre yong and hopyng brestis
With dewis distyllit abofe."

" But O thou wylde and wycked thyng,
Thynk of this virgyn bande,
Thou'st taiken theyre fader from theyre heid,
Theyre pastor from theyre hand."

“ That fader wals ane man so wylde,
Disgraice of human fraime;
Hee keipit sevin lemanis in his halle,
And maide it house of shaime;
And his fat Chaiplyng—worste of alle,
Theyre dedis I maye not naime.

“ Before ane of those maydis had blomit
In lofely laidyhode,
Each wold haif loste hir quhite cleethyng,
But and her sylken snode.

“ Then blaime me not now, good Mass John,
For workyng of this skaithe;
It wals the mennis besettyng synne
That tosted them to dethe.

“ But now, Mass John, I know you are
A gude man and ane true;
Therefore I yield my vyrgin chairge
With plesure up to you.

“ For O there is moche for me to doo
’Mong maydenis mylde and meike;
Men are so wycked heire belowe,
And wemyng are so weake.

“ But I will baithe your eeyne, Mass John,
With unguent of the skye;
And you shall heirre with oder eirre,
And se with oder eye.

“ And you shall se the richte and wrong,
With soule of dredde withynne ;
Quhat habitantis you dwelle amang,
Quhat worlde you sojourne in.”

Sho touchit his eye, sho touchit his eirre,
With unguent of the skye,
Distillit from flowris of hevinlye boweris,
That nevir nevir die.

Mass John hee turnit him rounde aboute,
To se quhat hee colde se ;
“ Quhat’s this ! quhat’s this ! ” cryit goode Mass John,
Quhat hath befallen mee !

“ For outhir I am sounde asleippe,
And in ane feirsome dreime ;
Or else I’m deidd, and gane to hevin,
Which raither wolde beseime.

“ For spyritis come and spyritis go,
Of eviry shaipe and shaide,
With ghostis and demonis not ane few,
Sothe I am sore afrayde !

“ Quhare is—quhare is Lyttil Pynkie gone ?
I cannot brooke this payne ;—
Oh ! taik this oyntment off myne eeyne,
And maike mee blynde agayne.

“ How can I live, or moove, or thynk
With spiritis to congree ;

I no acquaintance haif of them,
And they haif nonne of mee !”

But Lyttil Pynkie she wals gane
Awaye by daille and glenne,
To garde the vyrginis of the lande
From wylis of wycked menne.

And goode Mass John is lefte alone
’Mang spyritis of everilk hue ;
There were spyritis blacke, and spyritis quhyte,
And spyritis greene and blue.

And theye were moovyng too and fro
’Mang thyngis of mortal birthe,
Als thicke als burdis upon the bough,
Or human thingis on yirth.

Eache vyrgin had ane guardian fere,
Als fayre als flowir of Maye ;
And hee himself ane great blacke dougge
That wolde not pass awaye.

And some had devilis to bee theyre maitis,
And some had two or thre,
That playit soche prankis with maidis and sanctis,
As wals ane shaime to se.

And then the dougge—the great blacke dougge,
Kept lokyng in his faice,
With many a dark and meanyng scowlle,
And many a sly grimaice.

It wals ane lyffe hee colde not brooke,
He wals so hard bestedde;
He colde not preiche, hee colde not praye—
He colde not sleippe in bedde.

For evin within the haly kirke,
By that amaizyng spelle,
He saw some scenis before his faice
Als I can hardlye telle.

Soche als ane spyrit spreddyng clothe
Before ane tailoris eeyne;
And hee wals steillyng in his herte,
Trowing hee wals not seene.

And some wolde shaike ane mychtie purse
Before the courtieris sychte,
Quha solde his countrie for the saime
With very greate delychte.

And some were throwyng cairdis and dysse
To many a drowsye wychte,
Quha playit and cursit, and cursit and playit,
Before theyre pastoris sychte.

And some were wooyng maydinis dynke
With sylkis and satynis fyne,
And some with vowis and wycked teris,
Ane very deirre propyne.

And some were tyckelling maydinis ould
With thoughtis of manlye youth ;

Yea, half the scenis the kirke withynne
Were synnfulle and uncouth.

Mass John aft tryit to close his eeyne,
And shutte them from his sychte ;
For there were prankis so very drolle,
Theye maide him laugh outrychte.

There wals no thoughtis withynne the hertis,
Though secret and untolde,
But theye were acted in his sychte
By spyritis manifolde.

He wyshed for dethe, and colde not lie
Suche strange enchantment under,
Thus wanderyng with a spyritis eye
Amid a worlde of wonder.

For manne moste be ane mortyl thyng,
With ane immortyl mynde,
Or passe the dore of dethe, and leive
Mortalitye behynde.

So goode Mass John longit ferventlye
That lyffe with him were donne,
To mix with spyritis or with menne,
But only with the onne.

And then the dougge, the greate blacke dougge,
Wals ever in his plaice ;
Evin at the altar there it stode,
And stairit him in the faice.

Mass John wente home and layit him downe,
And soone wals with the deidde,
And the bonnye maydis of Kilbogye
Are leste withoute ane heidde.

Quhan sevin long yeris had come and passit,
With blynke and showir awaye,
Then Lyttil Pynkie sho caime backe
Upon ane Hallow-daye.

But the straynis that Lyttil Pynkie sung
At setting of the sonne,
Were nevir forgotte by old or young,
Quhill lyffe with them wals done.

Quhat then wals sayit, or quhat wals donne,
No mynstrelle evir knewe;
But the bonnye maydis of Kilbogye
With beauty blomit anewe.

Some demyt that theye wolde pass awaye
To oder lande than this;
But they lyvit the lyvis that wemyng lofe,
Of sociale yirthlie blisse.

But many a talle in westlande daille,
Quainte rhyme and fairye laye,
There yet remaynis of Pynkie's straynis,
Upon the Hallow-daye.

THE LORD OF BALLOCH.

THE eagle flew over the Laggan Loch,
And down by the braes of Badenoch,
And eastward, eastward sped his way,
Far over the lovely links of Spey,
Till the lord of Balloch turn'd his eye
To the haughty journeyer of the sky,
And he said to his henchman, "Gill-na-omb,
What brings the eagle so far from home?"

Then Gillion watch'd his lord's dark eye,
And his voice it falter'd in reply;
And he said, "My lord, who needs to care
For the way of the eagle in the air?
Perhaps he is watching Lochdorbin's men,
Or the track of the Gordons of the Glen,
For he spies, from his stories of the wind,
That the dead are often left behind;
Or, haply, he knows, in our forest bounds,
Of some noble stag dead of his wounds."

"Go, saddle my steed without delay,
I have mark'd yon eagle, day by day,
Still hovering over yon lonely dell—
There's a dread on my soul which I dare not tell.
Gillion, no mystery may I brook,
I like not your suspicious look,
And have noted your absence from my hand
More than I approve or understand;
Say, have you heard no word at all
Of some one miss'd from her father's hall?"

“ No, my good lord—No, not one word,
As I shall be sworn upon my sword;
And why should the eagle’s yelling din
Awake suspicions your heart within?”

That lord he mounted his gallant steed,
But at his henchman he shook his head,
And gave him a look as bounding away,
That fill’d his black heart with dismay;
And he fled to hide in the bosky burn,
For he durst not wait his lord’s return.

The lord of Balloch away is gone,
With beating heart, to the wild alone;
For in the dead of night he had dream’d
Of that dell o’er which the eagle scream’d,
And there, with his mortal eye, had seen
A vision of terror and of teen;
And something was borne on his soul oppress’d,
Of a deed that would never be redress’d;
For there are spirits that the truth can scan,
And whisper it to the soul of man.

The eagle he sail’d upon the cloud,
And he spread his wings, and scream’d aloud,
For he durst not light in the lonely dell,
But his rage made all the echoes yell;
For he saw the blood below his feet,
And he saw it red, and he knew it sweet,
And though death was pleasing to his eye,
The silken tartans stream’d too nigh.

The lord of Balloch rode on and on,
With a heavy gloom his heart upon,
Till his steed began to show demur,
For he snorted and refused the spur,

And, nor for coaxing nor for blow,
Farther one step he would not go ;
He rear'd aloft and he shook with fear,
And his snorting was terrible to hear.
The gallant steed is left behind,
And the chief proceeds with a troubled mind.

But short way had that good lord gone,
Ere his heart was turn'd into a stone ;
It was not for nought that the steed rebell'd ;
It was not for nought that the eagle yell'd ;
It was not for nought that the visions of night
Presented that lord with a grievous sight,—
A sight of misery and despair :
But I dare not tell what he found there !
For the hearts of the old would withhold belief,
And the hearts of the young would bleed with grief,
Till the very fountains of life ran dry !
Sweet sleep would forsake the virgin's eye,
And man, whose love she had learn'd to prize,
Would appear a monster in disguise—
A thing of cursed unhallow'd birth,
Unfit to dwell on his Maker's earth ;
The very flowers of the wilder'd dell
Would blush, were I that tale to tell !

Ah ! the clan of Lochdorbin for ever may rue
That the dream and the result proved so true,
For twenty ruffians of that dome,
And at their head base Gill-na-omb,
Were hung by the necks around that dell,
To bleach in the snows and rains that fell,
And there they swung, the wild within,
Till the dry bones rattled in the skin ;

And they hung, and they hung, till all was gone
Save a straggling skull and white back-bone,
A lesson to men of each degree,
How sacred the virgin form should be.

As for Lochdorbin's brutal chief,
He was pinion'd like a common thief,
And cast into a dungeon deep
Below the Balloch castle-keep,
Where he pined to death, there not the first
Who had died of hunger and of thirst ;
On his own flesh he strove to dine,
And drank his blood instead of wine,
Then groan'd his sicken'd soul away,
Cursing the lord of Balloch's sway,
And wishing, with dying grin and roar,
That twenty maidens, and twenty more,
Were in his power in the lonely dell,
And all by that lord beloved as well.

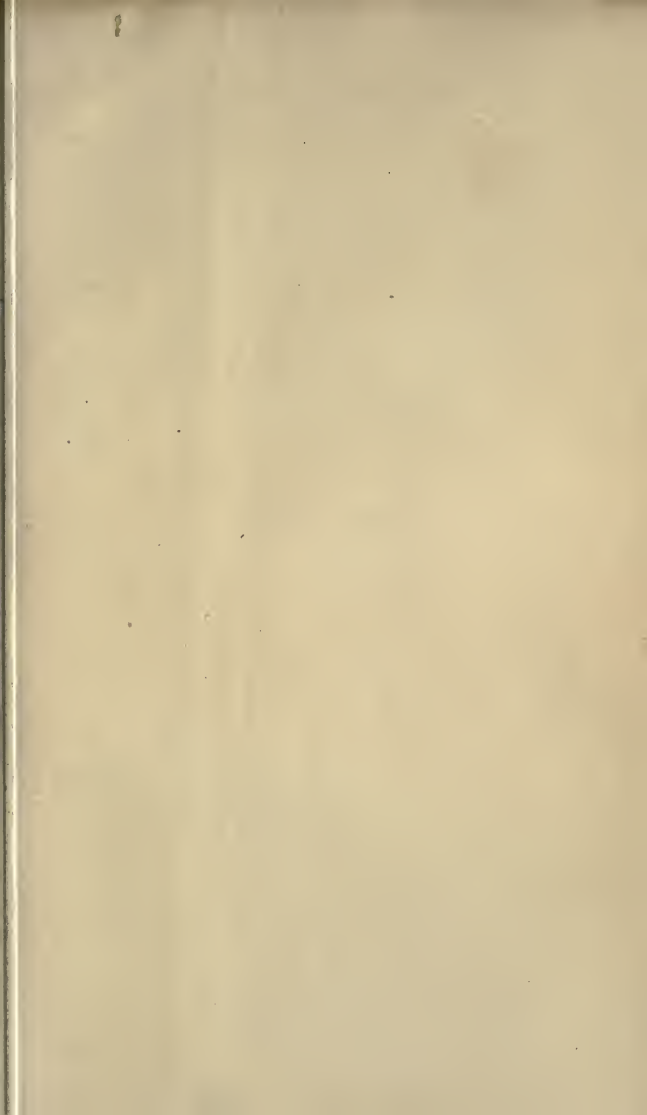
He is gone—extinct, and well away—
His castle's a ruin unto this day,
And neither the shepherd nor hind can tell
The name of the chief that there did dwell,
And all that remains of that cruel beast,
Who laid the Buchan and Bogie waste,
Are some shreds of bones in the Balloch keep,
Still kick'd about in that dungeon deep ;
Or haply some films of dust unshrined,
Whirl'd on the eddies of the wind.
So perish all from noble range,
Who would wrong a virgin for revenge !*

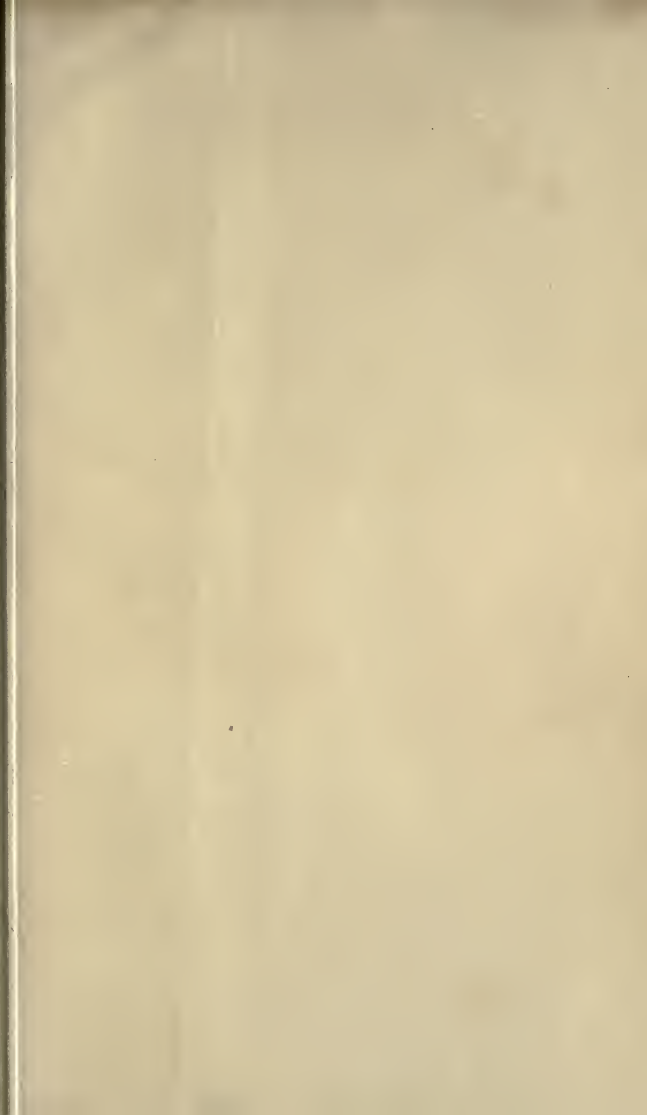
* The scene of this ancient and horrible legend seems to have been in the country of the Grants, whose chief may have been the Lord of Balloch. In

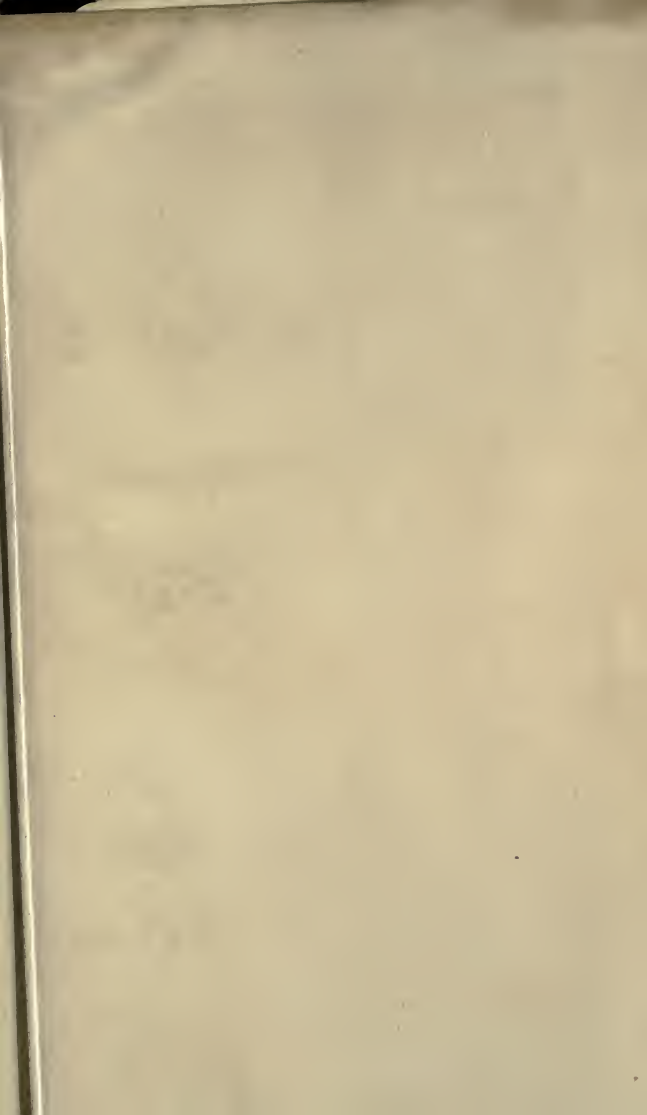
the same district, also, there is an ancient castle, or rather garrison, of great strength and magnificence, called Lochindorb. It is situated on an island. Its walls are twenty feet thick, and it covers fully an acre of ground. It has a spacious entrance of hewn stone, and strong watch-towers at each corner. The inhabitants of the district can give no account of it, but say it was the residence of a great cateran chief, who was put down by the Earl of Moray and the Laird of Grant. Another account is, that he and all his followers were surprised, and cut off to a man, by the Laird of Grant. It is not improbable that this cateran chief may have been one of King Edward's officers.

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